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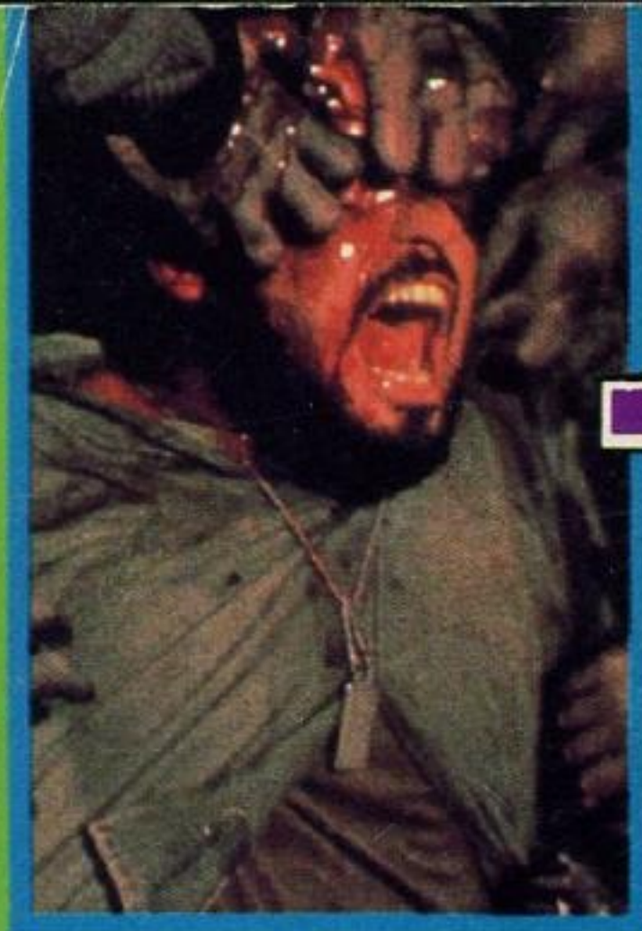

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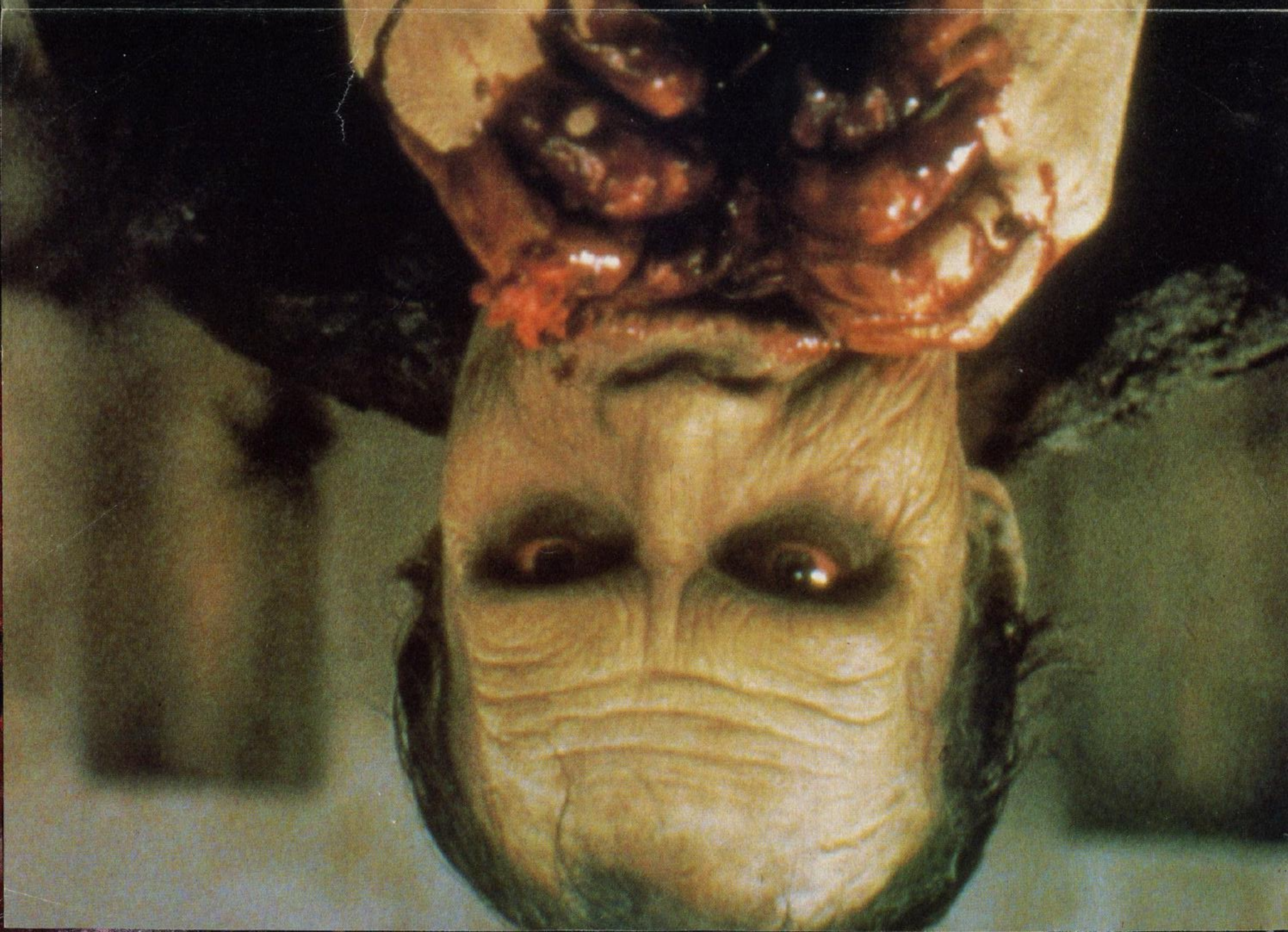

SCREAM GREAT #23
'DAY OF THE DEAD'

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'DAY OF THE DEAD'

FANGORIA

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FANGORIA

October 1985 Issue #48

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Dedicated to Vincent Kehoe.

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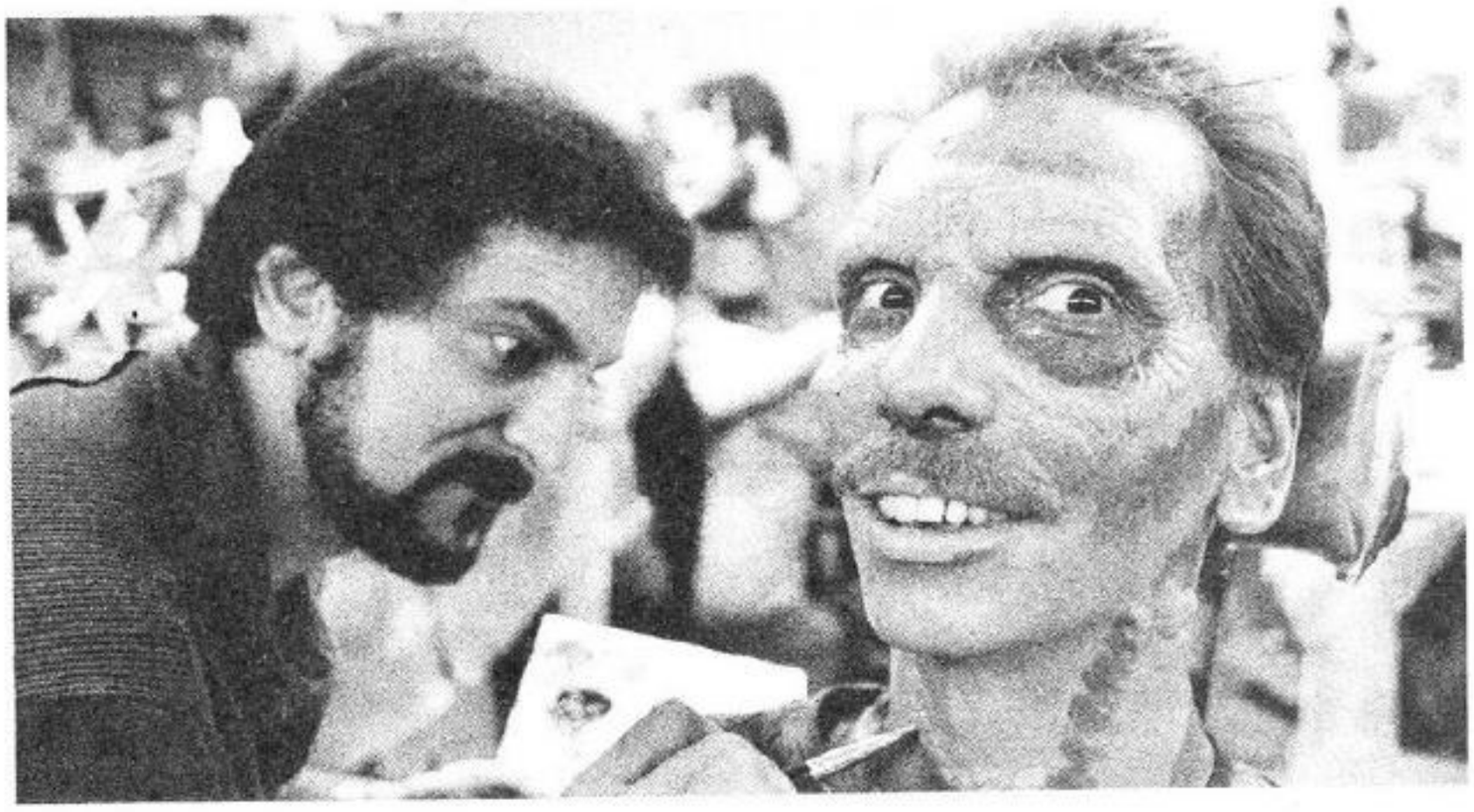


Uncle Bob: The Final Chapter!

What can I say? It's been great. Helping to bring this magazine into the world, and giving it shape in its first years, has been the most exciting, wonderful thing I've ever done, and I've enjoyed sharing it with you.

But Fango is no longer in its first years. It is, on its own level, a successful magazine, and various reasons for its success have been contemplated, formularized and memorized by all concerned; as a result, a lot of my work here has been a matter of fulfilling expectations; yours, mine and everyone else's. I'd much rather surprise people.

Some time ago, I told the publishers of this magazine that I was feeling restless, and that I would be interested in a new challenge. That challenge has arrived.

Rock Video is no doubt a familiar title to many of our readers, at least from the ad that's frequently appeared in our pages. The next issue of that mag to hit the stands will bear the title *Hard Rock Video*, and with that issue I'll be joining Danny Fields as his co-editor. There are other changes in store for the future, with the title some indication of its new direction. I hope that all of our readers who enjoy loud, fast, guitar-based music (whether it's called hard rock, metal, or hardcore) will consider joining us there.

Before I go, some thank yous: to Mick Garris, who was of more help to this book at the beginning than anyone but the two of us will know (I'll be applauding your *Amazing Stories* credit *loudly* every week, Mick); to everyone whose name has ever graced an article, particularly to Alex Gordon, Michael Weldon, Tim Ferrante and Johnny Legend; to my former managing editors, Bob Woods and Robert Greenberger, whose energy allowed me freedom; to publicity folk Tom Phillips of Paramount, Barbara Pflughaupt of England-Strohl-DeNegris, Gery Herz of New Line, and every other publicist who never asked me how to spell "Fangoria"; and to all the "Hall of Famers": Baker, Carpenter, Craven, Cronenberg, King, Hooper, Romero, Savini, Smith; plus folks like Frank Henenlotter, Craig Reardon, Don Coscarelli, H.G. Lewis, Sam Raimi, the Coens, Joe Dante, Steve Miner, Brother Theodore, Ed French, Steve Johnson, Randy Cook, David Miller (I could go on all day); all of our efforts would have been a bad joke if you guys weren't around.

And thanks, of course, to David Everitt. In the last year, as I've battled my case of dry rot. David has worked tirelessly to keep the magazine fresh. The challenge is still here for him, and I'll enjoy seeing *Fangoria* thrive under his care.

As always, final thanks go to (who else?) you, the readers. Couldn't have done it withoutcha. If we ever run into each other in the street, ask me to tell you the story about Spielberg and the Sword of Conan.

For the last time,
Your Uncle Bob

P.S. It doesn't have to be the last goodbye! If you're into hard rock, write and let us know what you'd like to see happen in *Hard Rock* magazine; include an S.A.S.E. and you'll get something or other back: Bob Martin, O'Quinn Studios, 475 Park Avenue South, New York 10016.

The Postal Zone

A Moment of Silence

Dear FANGORIA:

I am proud to say that I live in Harmony, Pennsylvania—George Romero country, U.S.A.!

But, I have some bad news to tell you. On Friday, May 31st, a tornado hit this area. It almost destroyed the cemetery in Evans City where *Night of the Living Dead* was filmed. It uprooted coffins, destroyed tombs, and caused many people to be on the lookout for flying corpses. I think all Fango readers should observe a moment of silence for that place we all know and love, the place that started it all, the Evans City Cemetery.

Keep up the good work,
Marc Walkow
Harmony, PA

Tragedy strikes *Living Dead* land.

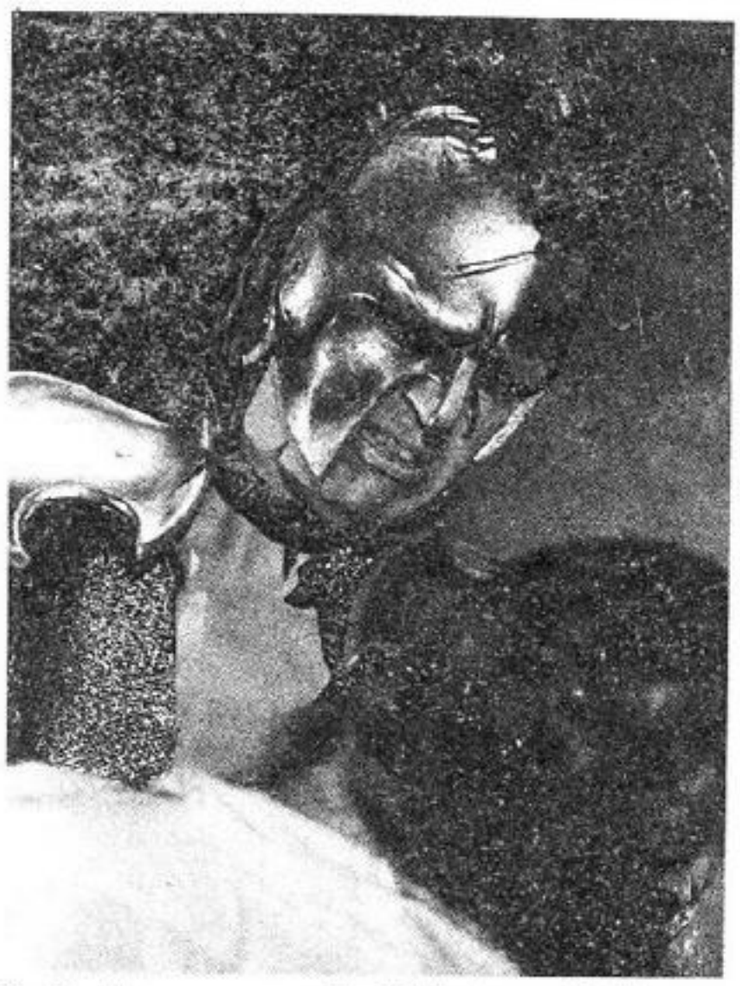
PHOTO: © 1968 LAUREL

Karloff, Gangster

Dear FANGORIA,

In the Postal Zone (Fang #46), Mr. Richard Gordon expressed dismay at the faulty memory and sour reminiscences of my recent interviewee, Curt Siodmak. Mr. Gordon raises some valid and interesting points in defense of Messrs. Karloff and Lugosi, but in discussing *Black Friday* his memory slips a cog itself.

Mr. Gordon asserts that Bela Lugosi was originally slated to play *Black Friday's* "professor-gangster," then elaborating on this, he describes the fellow as "a surgeon" and "a European refugee." This description takes in *both* lead characters, combining the film's avaricious surgeon and his college professor-friend in a single entity. *Karloff* was originally assigned the Jekyll and Hyde role and Lugosi was to have played the surgeon. Reportedly the powers-that-be were unhappy with Karloff's gangster portrayal and the role-swapping commenced: Karloff became the surgeon and Stanley Ridges took on the dual role. Lugosi landed with a thud in the supporting cast, playing Ridges' gangland rival.



***Splatter* now called *Future Kill*.**

Checking further, I contacted the film's director, Arthur Lubin. Mr. Lubin frankly admitted that *Black Friday* was made too many years and too many films ago, confessing that he had no recollection of Boris and Bela in any roles other than those they played in the release version. He suggested that I contact the film's producer. Associate producer Burt Kelly I traced to the Motion Picture Country House; an administrator there told me that he passed away in March 1983. Additional information on *Black Friday*'s jumbled genesis might well be lost in time.

To infer, however, that Karloff may have been uncomfortable with the dual role in *Black Friday* hardly seems a slight or a sacrilege. With his British accent and lisp, Karloff was hardly suitable to play American gangsters. It's quaintly enjoyable to see Karloff as a thug or racketeer in some of his early sound pictures, but step back and look at these films with a critical eye and see that his presence effectively robs them of what verisimilitude they had. Edward G. Robinson or James Cagney as the Frankenstein Monster or the Mummy would have spoiled those films. Karloff in the dual role would have done the same to *Black Friday*.

Tom Weaver
North Tarrytown, NY

Craving Craven

Dear FANGORIA,

Everyone has to know that for this year there is *no more* competition. After seeing the world premiere of Wes Craven's *Chiller* on TV and this year's *Nightmare on Elm Street*, Wes Craven is the director of the year. Not even if Mr. Romero's *Day of the Dead* is an epic should the title be taken away from Mr. Craven. Mr. Romero's status will only be more solid, but fans must not forget what Craven has done for horror this year.

Sincerely,
Frank Granda, Jr.
2310 Knollwood Place
Tampa, Fla. 33604

Movie Search

Dear Bob and Dave,

What happened to a couple of films you

PHOTO: © 1984 FILM VENTURES

***Night Shadows*/*Mutant*/whatever —where was it?**

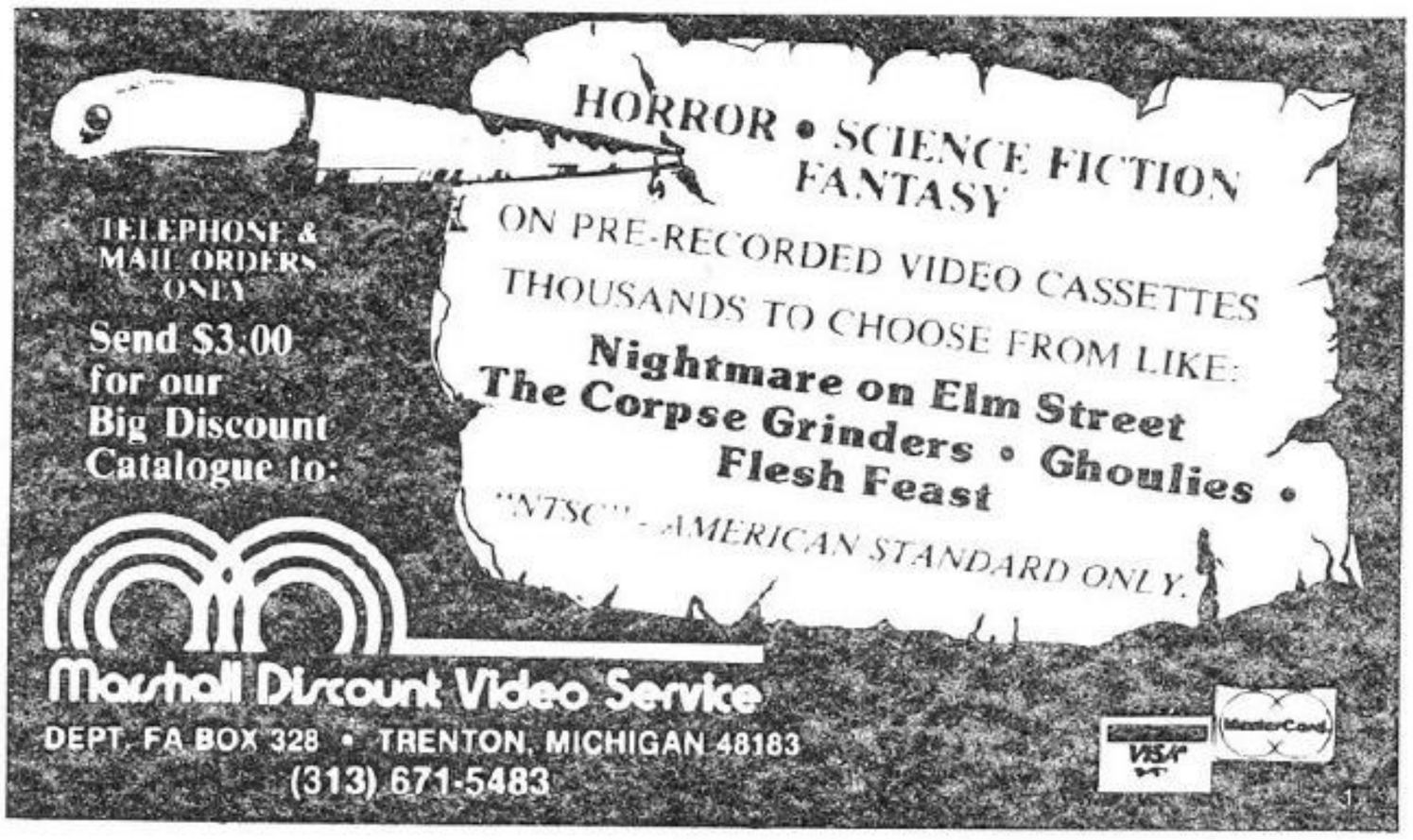


PHOTO: © 1985 CARDINAL ENTERTAINMENT

***Creature* (a.k.a. *Titan Find*) a good bet, says Kevin Lindenmuth.**

had articles on in issues #33, 34 and 35: *Splatter*, a Ronald Moore film, and *Tenebrae* by Dario Argento? A lot of movies you write up in your magazine never seem to make it into theaters around here. Some films either go directly to video or drop out of sight. Some seem to drop out of sight because of a name change. Did *Splatter* and *Tenebrae* have a name change or end up on video?

Sincerely Yours,
Phillip A. Karntz
462 Robert Road
Vacaville, CA 95688

Splatter has been retitled to Future Kill, *a name that seems to have more to do with the theme of the movie. It still may play in theaters, though you might be better off looking for it in a video shop.* Tenebrae, *the last we heard, was picked up for U.S. distribution by Bedford Entertainment. As yet there has been no word about theatrical distribution.*

It Never Came Here!

Dear Fango,

Lately things have gotten a little confusing. In issue #43 on page 63, you had a short article stating that the company that made *Night Shadows (Mutant)* has gone bankrupt due to poor box-office returns of *Night Shadows* (partly). *Night Shadows* never came here! That's what confused me first. But then I realized we don't always get films right when they're released. But, today I was in a VCR movie rental store and sitting on a shelf was the video box for *Mutant*. Not *Night Shadows—Mutant*. Okay, so the company changed their mind and decided to call it *Mutant*. Still, what was it doing here!? The company went bankrupt! That is problem #1.

Here is #2. Also in issue #43 you have an article on page 50 on what you called a current mystery-thriller, *Too Scared to Scream*. This was a movie I was also looking forward to seeing in the theater. Only it never came here! Oh, but wait! Today in the same VCR store, sitting up on the shelf of movies to rent, right next to *Mutant*, was *Too Scared to Scream*.

What's going on? Will this keep happening? HELP!

David Nickol
1555 S. 84 St.
Lincoln, NE 68506

As you've already started to notice, David, more and more exploitation movies are bypassing wide theatrical release and going straight to video. In the case of Night Shadows/Mutant, *the film may have already been sold to video before Film Ventures went bankrupt. In any event, executives in that company have been trying to rebuild the firm and would have certainly looked to video to generate some income. As for* Too Scared to Scream, *it had very limited theatrical distribution and apparently didn't attract enough business to stay in theaters any longer. Then, of course, there is also the bigger issue of movies in general going directly, or almost directly, to video. Will it keep happening? Yes, it looks that way. It seems that the bigger pictures are increasingly dominating the theatrical market, and by the same token, producers of smaller films (like independent horror movies) are finding they can make a large part of their money back in the growing video market. Like it or not, this seems to be the trend. Many people will only get to see independent horror pictures on video. For more information on how some producers are dealing with this new situation, take a look at John Wooley's "Blood Video" story on page 40.*

Video Monster

An Open Letter To All Fangorians;

How many times have we read about a horror movie having to edit out violent scenes in order to avoid an X rating? Too many, if you ask me, and I think we can do something about it.

What I'm proposing is a new rating, an R-V (Violence) rating. It will alert the public that a film contains graphic violence, not graphic sex, as the X rating has come to represent.

Here's what you do, start up a petition. At the top of *each* page write the words "Petition to create an R-V (Violence) Rating." Only include names that are legitimate; names like Joe Blow make us all look bad.

When you think you have all the signatures that you can possibly get, mail the petitions to:

R-V Petition Campaign
c/o Video Monster
530 Bridgeton Pike
Mantua, N.J. 08051

On November 1st I'll bundle them all up and send them to the MPAA. The way I see it, they'll have to at least consider the idea.

So don't wait, get those petitions circulating—around your school, in the dorms, even at the office! Just remember, horror films are *big* business. If we band together and speak as one voice we can get things done.

Sincerely,
Cliff Henderson
Video Monster

Titanic Find

Dear Fangorians,

I hate it when horror movies only play at the theatre for a measly week, particularly one as entertaining and well made as *Creature* (previously called *Titan Find*). Although it is seemingly another movie "inspired" by *Alien*, the decent acting, great production values, and high level of suspense keep this film from being just another exploitation flick, as its rather insipid title suggests. In addition to having an interesting story, which expands somewhat on familiar *Alien* territory, the SPFX are enough to satisfy the blood quota of the most ardent gore fanatic. I haven't seen such grueling mutilations of a person since Jason's untimely demise in *Friday the 13th: The Final Chapter*. But unlike the Friday the 13th carbon copies, director Bill Malone is successful in repeating an established formula in that he doesn't take his material all that seriously. *Creature* not only pays homage to *The Thing*, *Heinlein's The Puppet Masters* and *Alien*, but employs material that would more often than not be seen in a vampire or zombie epic. Malone even goes so far as to make a reference to his first film: As the female lead reads a book, coincidently entitled *Scared to Death*, the captain of the ship tells her that reading such trash will rot her mind. While *Creature* probably won't rot our minds, it at least gave me something to think about—why such enjoyable movies as this vanish so quickly into the void, while others, such as *Ghoulies*, arise from the muck of a toilet.

Kevin J. Lindenmuth
36038 Crompton Circle
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Stephen King on *Overdrive* and *Pet Sematary*

And On Capturing the Spirit.

By R.H. Martin

First, a few words of explanation regarding the illustrations accompanying this article:

The last thing I expected to do for this issue was a Stephen King article. In the course of preparing our news section, I thought it might be a good idea to call Dino DeLaurentiis's North Carolina Film Corp., and get the available details on *Overdrive*, the film that will mark the directorial debut of Stephen King. No publicist had as yet been assigned, however, so I was put through to Stephanie Fowler, King's assistant, who felt that she should consult with the man himself in order to determine what I should be told. The always-quotable King then got on the line, and what was supposed to be a fact-finding mission became an interview, almost by happenstance.

Magazine articles, however, must be illustrated, and it's a bit early for the release of *Overdrive* publicity photos. And, since this interview occurred late in our production schedule, we did some mad scrambling to find any visual material that has a King connection. The jackets from *Pet Sematary* and *Cycle of the Werewolf* are justified, as the movies based on these books are mentioned herein. The Stephen King calendar and the NAL/Plume edition of King's Bachman books are here just because we're sure you'd like to know they exist. JK Potter's illustration for King's story "The Raft" is here by his kind permission, and because it's a nifty piece of art. The same illustration, on much nicer paper, can be found in Scream/Press's limited edition of *Skeleton Crew*. That is, it can be found in there if you can find the book, which is now out of print. If you'd known about this edition six months ago, you could have ordered it for $75, and today you could sell it for a couple hundred (but of course you wouldn't—it's a beautiful book). To avoid this happening again, you can get on Scream/Press's mailing list by sending a card or letter to S/P, P.O. Box 8531, Santa Cruz, CA 95061. And now, the interview:

FANGORIA: First off, my understanding is that *Overdrive* is an expanded version of your short story "Trucks," expanded by you, correct?

Stephen King: Correct, much expanded from that. I did the screenplay and I'm directing it, and all that stuff, and now we're down here playing with our trucks. We're having a real good time; we've got a guy named Steve Gallich doing special effects, Julius LeFlore, who was stunt man of the year last year, is doing our

King compares mugs with a Rambaldi werewolf head, built (but not used) for *Silver Bullet*.

stunts; Armando Nannuzzi, who did a fine job on *Silver Bullet*, is our cinematographer, and Emilio Estevez is gonna star...we're having a heckuva good time, more fun than any human being should be allowed to have.

Fang: On *Creepshow's* set, you mentioned to me your desire to direct. Why is the leap from novelist to film director happening just now?

King: Well, actually, Dino has been asking me to direct a picture for four years, and I've been saying no. And I think that, if I had gone to a major studio with a proposal to direct a picture, I could have made a deal there as well. But, when *Creepshow* happened, my wife Tabitha understood that I was not simply there to see that no one mutilated my baby. I was there largely to study under Romero; she knew that I wanted to direct. I was gone for the whole summer, and she said, 'This is kind of hard on the family: what do you think?' I said, 'Okay.' Now the kids are older; I think it was last winter some time she said, 'If you want it, go for it.' So I called up Dino, and said, 'You've got this script of mine, *Trucks*; if you want me to direct it, I'll direct it.'

I think he's wanted me to direct because of the built-in draw; the idea that people will come to see the film the way they come to see the two-headed cow...

Fang: I hope not...

King: No, seriously, I think that's a real reason...

Fang: Why this particular property for your directorial debut?

King: For one thing, it was always my favorite story; for another, I loved the way the screenplay turned out. The third reason is because of the human element in the story; the people stand forward of the machinery, but there's so much coming from the machinery that they can react off of, that it makes this a director's dream, like a mechanical *Birds*. You don't have to deal with all the birdshit or the fact that birds won't act.

Fang: Since you mentioned it, there are parallels between the story "Trucks," and the movies *Duel* and *The Birds*: Spielberg and Hitchcock territory. Does that make you nervous?

King: Before Spielberg made the movie *Duel*, it was a story by Richard Matheson. My story "Trucks" was written at the same time as Matheson wrote "Duel," and they were published within about a year of each other—his in *Playboy*, for about $2,000, and mine in *Cavalier*, for about $250. I was living in a shitty little mobile home with my family at the time, and if I'd known then that someday I'd be involved in a $10 million project as director from this story, I probably would've taken my typewriter and thrown it down the nearest well!

But as far as the comparisons to Hitchcock, Spielberg and whoever else...I'm just going to go and do what I can do with the material I have without worrying about that. I'm not out to do things that they have done: I want to see whether I can do on film what I can do in a book. It's like the movie *Stick*...If you've read the book—or any of Elmore Leonard's books—it's like the spirit of Elmore Leonard that hovers in those books: it's not in the lines, but between the lines. In the movie, even though Leonard wrote the screenplay, that spirit was gone. The story was close, but whatever it is that makes his novels unique was not in that movie. And that's been the case with a lot of the films made from my stuff, so I sort of wondered...if I go after it myself, maybe I'm going to get it; and maybe I'll have the same problem capturing it as everybody else.

Fang: Around the time that *Children of the Corn* and *Dead Zone* were released, *Variety* quoted a producer who was holding rights to one of your stories. He was saying something to the effect that a King movie, whether large budget or small, will always gross about $30 million, and therefore all Stephen King movies should be made low-budget.

King: I don't recall seeing that. It's not true, though. What there's been is a descending curve, over the years since the release of *The Shining*, which grossed $72 million, though it *still* hasn't broken into profit, down to *Cat's Eye*, which grossed maybe $8 million. By the way,

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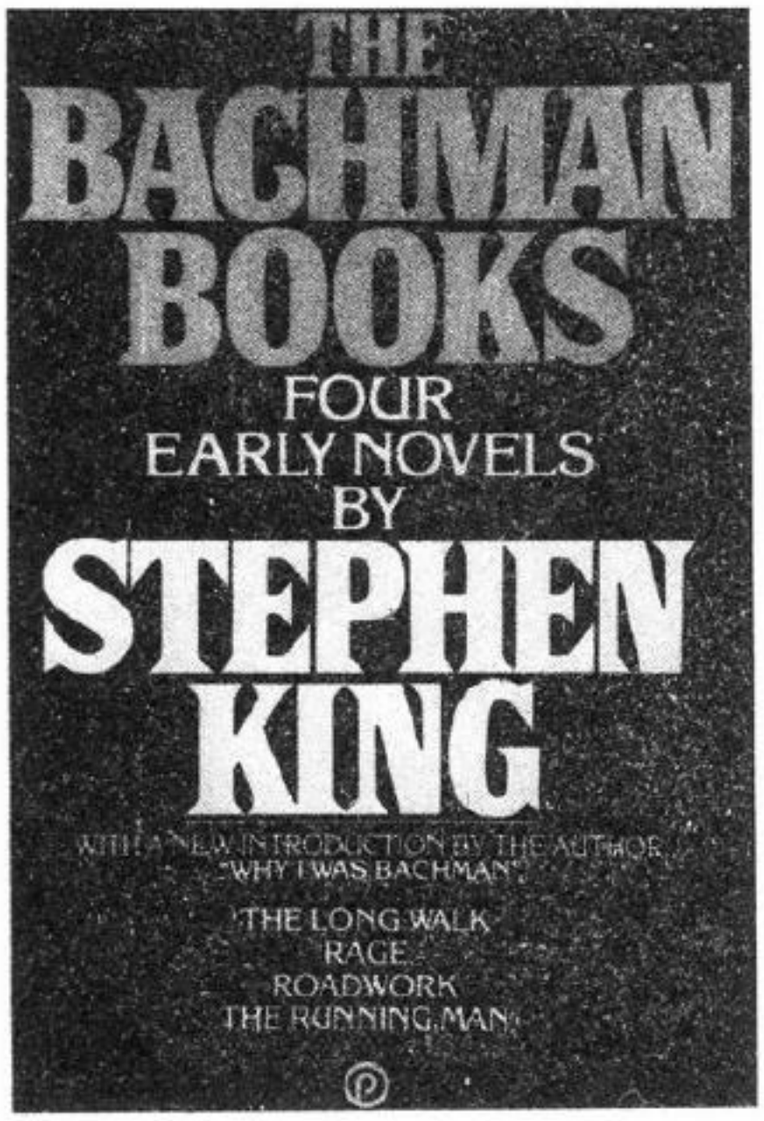


have you seen *Cat's Eye*?

Fang: (obviously embarrassed) I'm afraid not.

King: I've gotten that reaction a lot—"I haven't seen it." I think *Cat's Eye* is a good little film. But the entire top management at MGM toppled about three or four weeks before it opened. Then, even though there was very little advertising, no advance previews or anything like that, they sent it out like the Titanic, with 1200 prints or so. It was almost doomed to failure from the beginning.

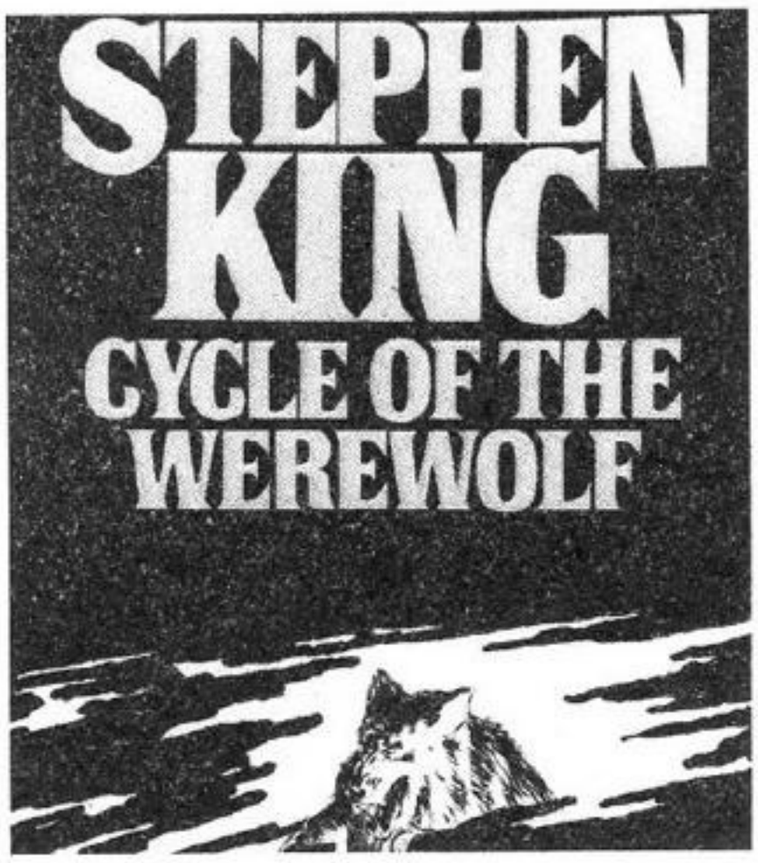
It's another anthology film, and it's cute; it was Dino's idea that it should be cute and a little funny, so we played with that, and I think it came out pretty well. People going to see *Silver Bullet* in October are going to get something a little nastier.

Fang: Do you ever feel that other directors handling your work have approached these projects as a "Stephen King film" and so not really their own?

King: Not really...except, I suppose for John Carpenter. You know, you can't go backwards in this business, so when he was doing *Christine*, after doing *John Carpenter's The Fog* and *John Carpenter's Escape From New York*, it was in his contract that it would be *John Carpenter's Christine*. That had my business manager and my agent boiling, but I felt, who cares about this crap? Let the audience go see it, and let them decide whose *Christine* it is. And then, even though it said, in the ads and up on the screen, *John Carpenter's Christine*, on most of the theater marquees it read Stephen King's *Christine*, and I think that bothered him.

Fang: In adapting your own work to the screen, are you concerned about the part of the audience who, having read the book, know how it's going to end?

King: (laughs) In most cases, they know how the book is going to end *as soon as they pick it up!* You can see the end of *Pet Sematary* coming from 200 pages away.



That doesn't make it not happen; in fact, it makes it worse, like being tied to the train tracks so you can see the train coming.

Maximum Overdrive, though, doesn't end the way "Trucks" ends; well before the ending it goes off in a completely different direction, so that it's a lot wider and certainly a lot wilder than the story.

Fang: (confused) *Maximum Overdrive*?

King: *Maximum Overdrive* is my title for it; it's being referred to in memos and so on as *Overdrive*. I think they're trying to tell me something.

Fang: When I read *Pet Sematary*, I felt that a lot of it was unfilmable. Did you have similiar feelings?

King: I thought that the book was too gross to ever be *published*. When it was published, my feeling was, if you're going to be fucked, you might as well relax and enjoy it; I don't know how to put it more delicately than that. Then it occurred to me one night, as I was driving my car back into my driveway, drunk out of my mind as I was returning from a local bar, that it would make a wonderful picture for George Romero, that it could be a synthesis of his *Dead* pictures and *Martin*, which I think is the finest picture he's made to date. And, in between those two things, there was also a place to produce a picture with the kind of grossness that *The Exorcist* has. And, if we did it through Laurel, I felt that it could be done almost on a cottage industry basis, allowing me to participate, not just in writing the screenplay, but in the production, including the casting and all that other stuff, so I decided to go ahead.

Fang: What struck me as unfilmable wasn't its grossness...it was more the emotional content, a father's concern for his child's life.

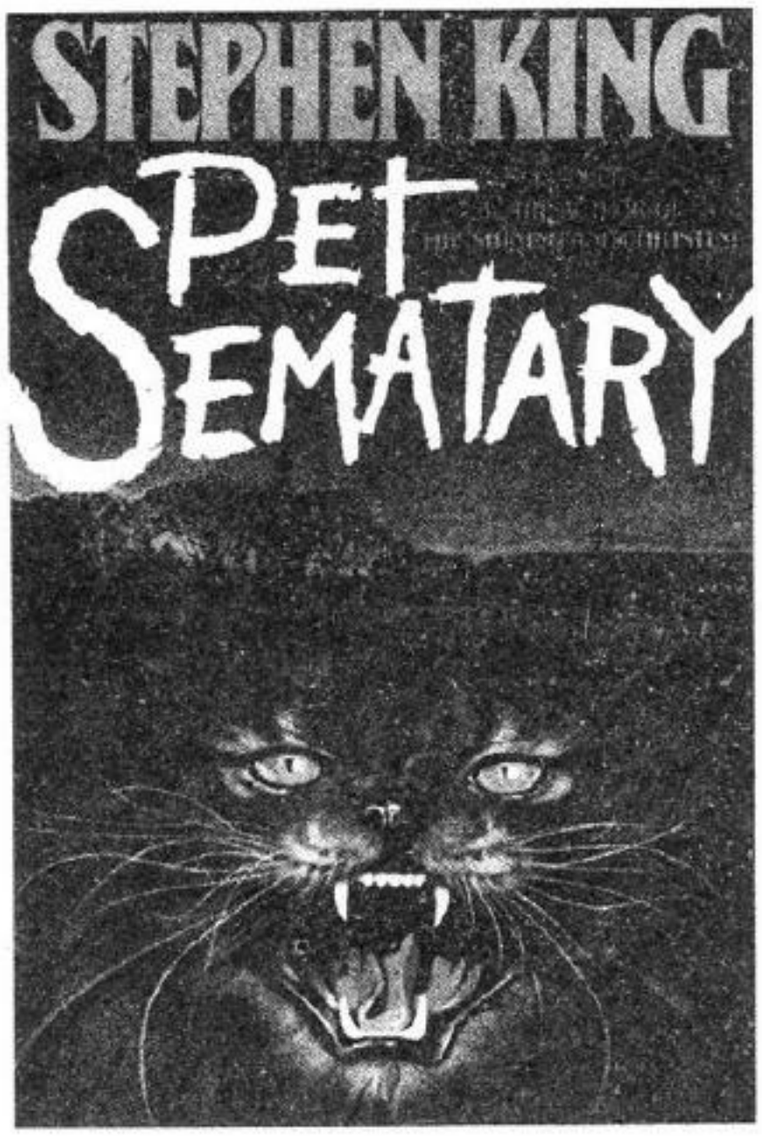
King: That was painful for me, from the time the book was written, through the rewriting, and right through the publishing process. It didn't bother me so much in writing the screenplay, because the kids have gotten older; my "Gage" is now a sturdy 8-year-old, going off to summer camp. It's no longer that kind of personal, close thing. Still, I hope that I was able to preserve that in the screenplay, because I'd like to have people sweat bullets; if people are going to go out there to see this particular picture, then they ought to have it shoved in their faces, and that's what we're going to do.

Fang: David Cronenberg did *The Brood* out of the same sort of paternal emotions, it was that kind of personal thing for him. I was wondering whether this might have been something you would direct yourself.

King: No, I would not touch that with a 20 foot pole. It's too horrible, and it's too close to home. I'm much more drawn to doing a picture like *Overdrive*, which should come across like what Spielberg might do if he were to allow himself the luxury of an R-rated picture again; if he were to decide to do a picture for grown-ups—he is going to do *The Color Purple*, from Alice Walker's novel, this summer; I doubt if he would object to an R rating on that.

But so far, because his pictures gross so much money, he's been the one producer-director able to wag Jack Valenti, instead of Jack Valenti wagging him, where ratings are concerned, and he's adamantly stuck with the PG. On *Overdrive*, we've got an R contract so my hands are untied; heads will roll, bodies will get mashed under trucks, people will get cut up by electric knives that turn themselves on; hopefully, there'll be an older gentlemen who is battered to death by battery-driven toy cars. So we're talkin' Spielberg territory in that sense, of things going berserk on Maple Street. But at the same time, because of the R rating and because of Dino's support,

(Continued on page 64)



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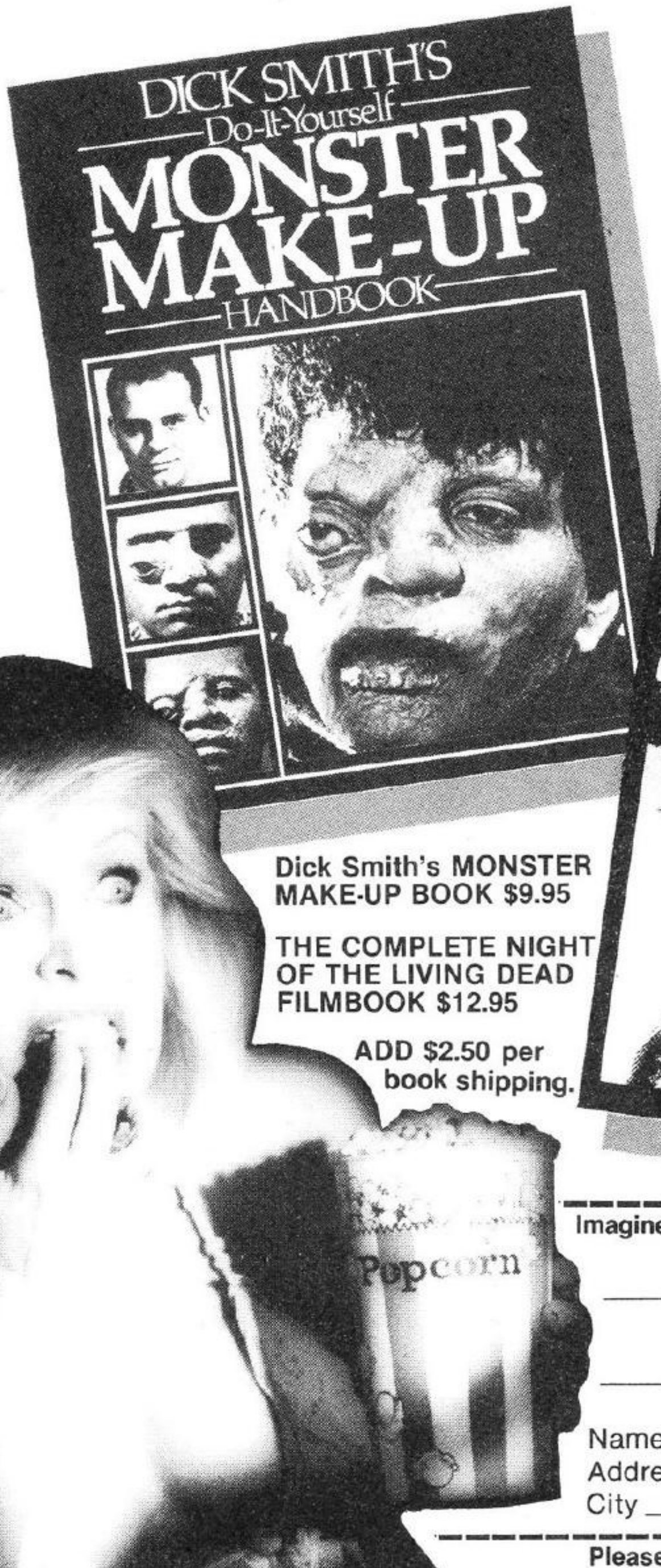

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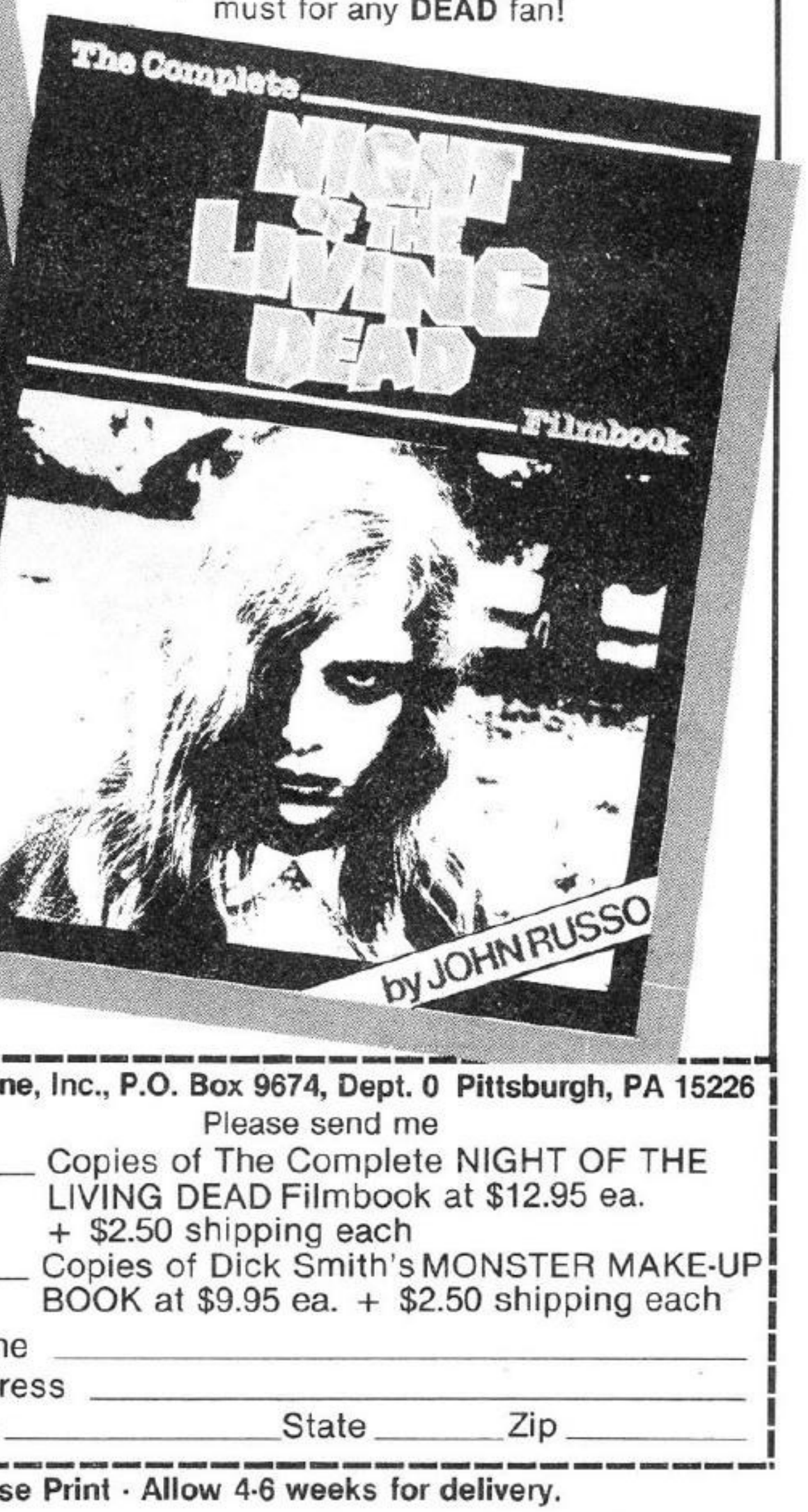

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Tales from the Darkside
The Second Season

New episodes of Laurel's independent series are on their way to syndicated TV.

By David Everitt

The second season of *Tales from the Darkside* has begun. The unusual tactic of producing a dramatic series for first-run syndication has paid off for Laurel-TV and they have once more swung into action with another full slate of episodes. At parallel production units on the East and West Coasts, teams of young filmmakers have devised ways to get the most out of tight schedules and limited budgets to make the needed 24 shows.

During the first season the series had to concentrate on stories that could be produced quickly, that relied more on plot twists than on the sort of bizarre action that has highlighted such Laurel feature films as *Day of the Dead* and *Creepshow*. Have the allotments for budget and time become any more generous the second time around?

"Not really," says Richard Rubinstein, who is executive producer of the series along with George Romero and Jerry Golod. "The budgets increased slightly, but only enough to cover the statutory increases [in salaries] of the Writers Guild and Screen Actors Guild. But that's about all it did for us."

Despite the fact that there hasn't been any real increase in budget, Rubinstein does feel, however, that Laurel is getting more for its money in the second season. "We're using less new directors this season," Rubinstein explains. "We're using a lot of the directors who worked for us the first year, and this added experience has allowed us to get more from basically the same resources."

Last spring, FANGORIA was invited to visit the set of the "Monsters in My Room" episode to see how the new season was progressing.

The East Coast production headquarters for *Tales from the Darkside* is located in a converted building in Queens. The studio's pink exterior stands out brightly amongst the street's row of brick warehouses. Inside, two sets stand side by side—one a living room, the other a boy's bedroom—while in the adjoining section of the building the busy production schedule is maintained as new sets are sawed and hammered into shape for the next episode to go before the cameras a week later.

ALL PHOTOS: © 1985 LAUREL-TV

Leona Cyphers underneath Tyler Smith's makeup in the "Monsters in my Room" episode of *Darkside*'s second season.

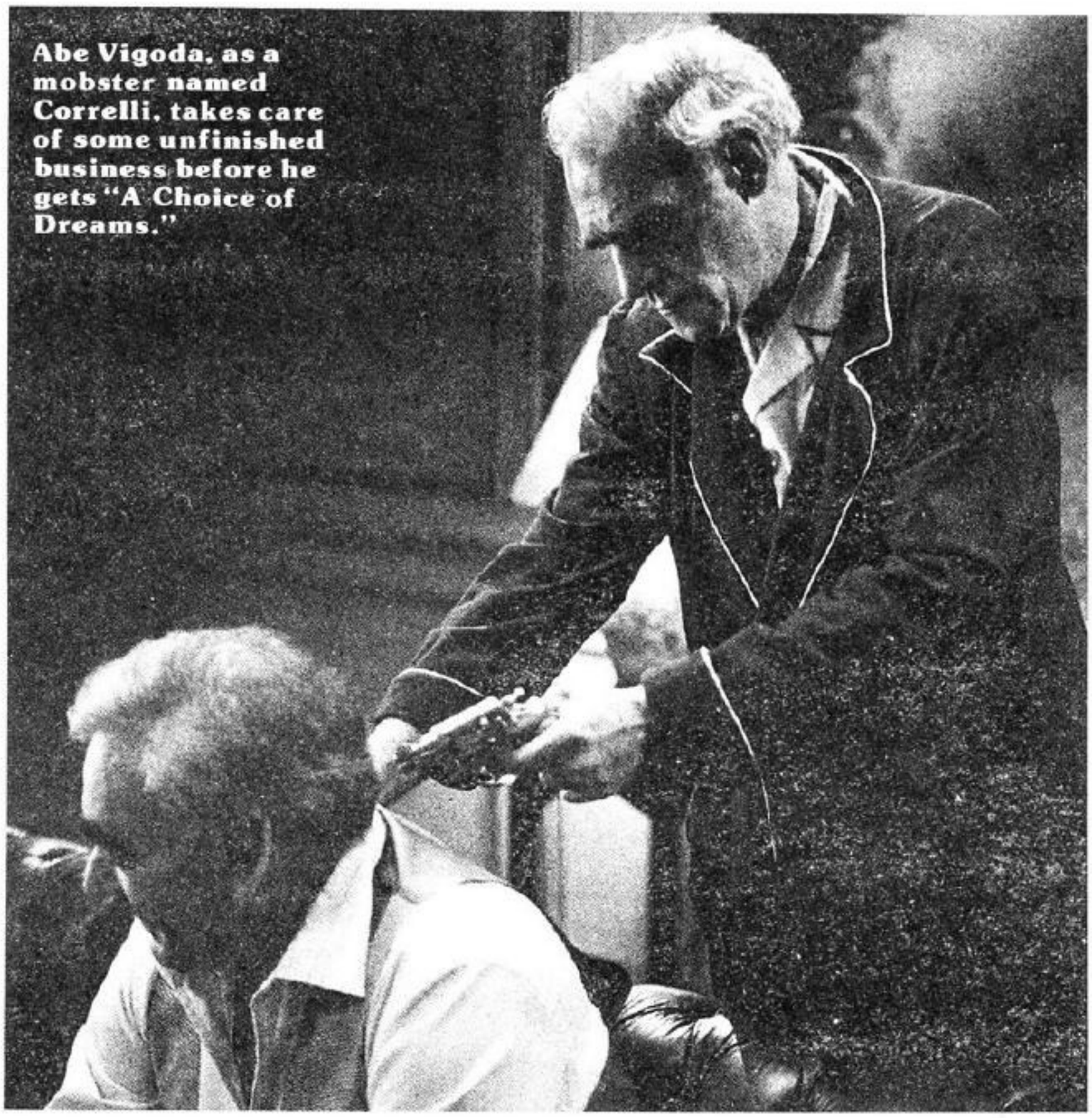
While James Sadwith, the writer/director of "Monsters in My Room", is, like many *Darkside* directors, a veteran of the first season, the show has not given up on bringing in new talent. Downstairs in a makeshift makeup room, *Darkside* newcomer Tyler Smith puts on the finishing touches on his old-witch appliances being worn by actress Leona Cyphers.

New Jersey-based Smith was first featured in Fango in issue #24 for his work on *Geek Maggot Bingo*, and has since gone on to do effects work on commercials and a Sam Sherman horror movie. As he adds the last wrinkled details to his witch, he gives me the gist of the current *Darkside* episode. "Monsters in my Room" has to do with a troubled little boy (Seth Green) who is beset both by a hard-nosed father (Greg Mullavey) who often beats the boy for not being manly enough, and a host of spooky creatures that emerge regularly in his bedroom. In addition to the witch, Smith has had to create an octopus that hides under the

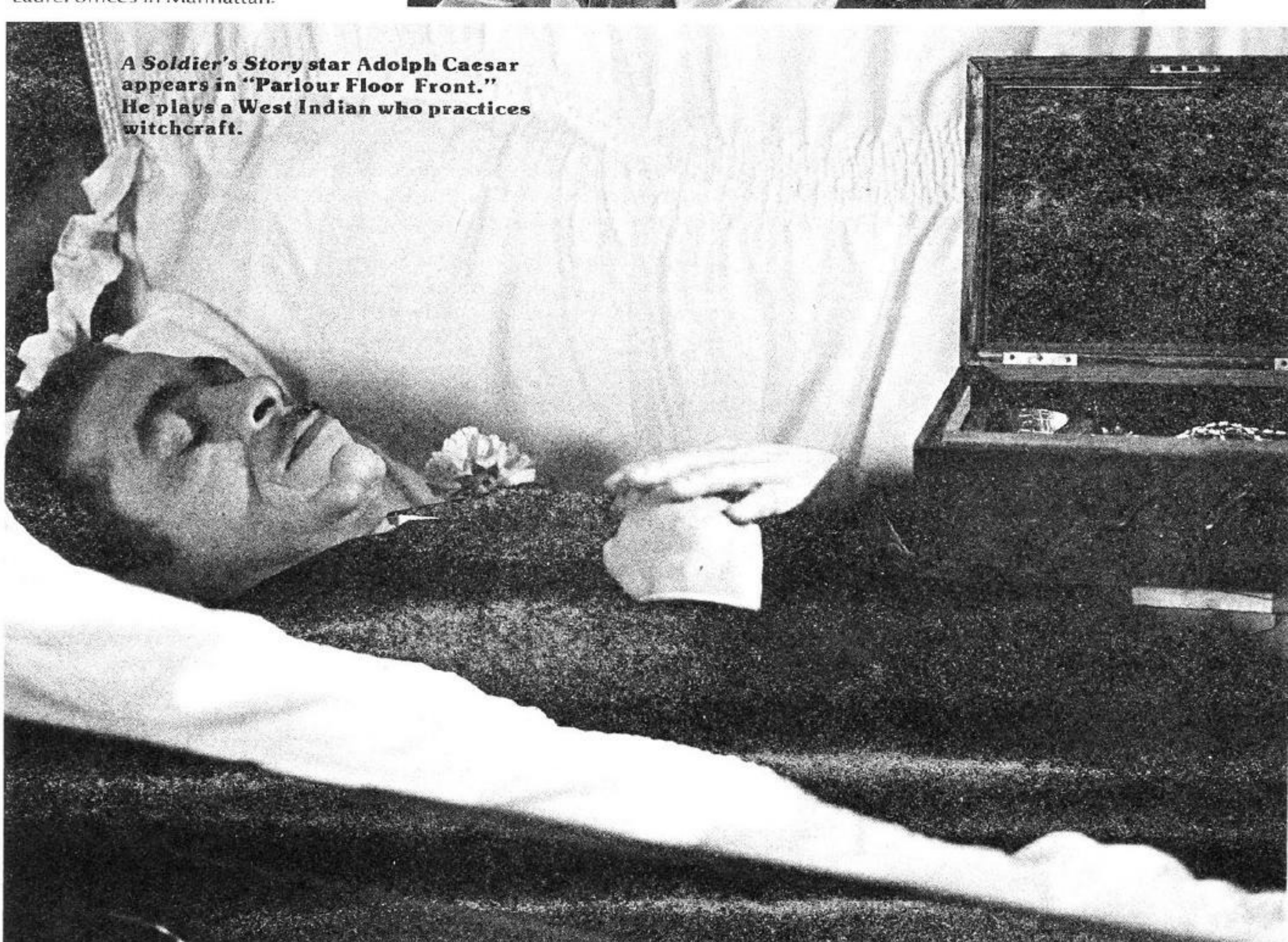
boy's bed, a flying buzz saw that slices across the bed, and a boogie man that jumps out of the closet.

With considerable ingenuity, Smith has engineered these effects on a shoestring. For the octopus effects, for instance, Smith knows that only the shadow of the creature will be seen under the bed at first, and has made a black foam-rubber outline of the octopus to suit that specific purpose. For the scene of the octopus grabbing at the boy with one of its tentacles, Smith has constructed the limb using a segmented pool cue stick as an armature and a monofilament-wire rig for its operation. Working on the series on a fairly regular basis, Smith has also contributed a demon-possessed Teddy bear and a full-sized bear arm for the "Ursa Minor" episode, and a full-body goblin costume for "Halloween Candy."

Back upstairs, Leona Cyphers in her witch disguise is positioned on the bedroom set so that the next shot can be set up. Although the hammering of sets next door is a reminder of the tight schedule, the crew doesn't seem to be hurried, as if they have the situation under control and know exactly what they must do to keep up the proper production pace. While the witch scene is blocked out, Rubinstein has time to speak to me before getting back to other business at the Laurel offices in Manhattan.



Abe Vigoda, as a mobster named Correlli, takes care of some unfinished business before he gets "A Choice of Dreams."



***A Soldier's Story* star Adolph Caesar appears in "Parlour Floor Front." He plays a West Indian who practices witchcraft.**

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A makeup effects creation to be seen in "The Last Car."

He tells me about some of the other talent that will appear in the second season. Among the performers will be Darren McGavin, Abe Vigoda, Bill Macy, former New York kiddie-show host Chuck McCann, Adolph Caesar of *Soldier's Story* fame, and Fritz Weaver, who makes his third Laurel appearance after *Creepshow* and the "In the Closet" episode of *Darkside*'s first season. Comedian Jerry Stiller will appear in an episode written by George Romero about a late-night talk-show host who, according to Rubinstein, "is not what he appears to be."

The mention of Romero naturally leads to the subject of *Day of the Dead* which at the time of this visit is still in post-production. Rubinstein mentions that this latest zombie chapter is unrated once again and discusses what was involved in choosing to take this route. "We basically had a choice," he says, "between making a six million dollar movie and delivering an R-rated picture, or making a three-and-a-half million dollar movie and being free from that restraint. There really wasn't much of a choice. The most restrictive aspect to me is the rating, not the money. That's not to say that we didn't have to scramble our butts off to pump as much script as possible into a more limited budget, but in terms of what's the most damaging to the third movie in George Romero's zombie trilogy, trying to make it as an R movie would have been almost ludicrous."

The subject of Laurel feature films, it turns out, also has something to do with their TV series. When commenting on the use of directors who worked on the first season, Rubinstein says, "All of this is orchestrated, as far as features go, toward moving people out of *Darkside* into doing feature films. I'm commissioning a script by Michael McDowell [see Fango #40] for Tom Savini as a director; we have a project for Michael Gornick as a director, and another one being written for John Harrison. What I'm doing in the second season is trying to give them more time, more directing experience, while at the same time getting scripts written for these people. We hope to be able to take the potentials of a director and match them with a good script, and start spreading Laurel out in terms of doing more than one picture a year."

With a second season under his belt, does Rubinstein see this series primarily as a means to develop feature-film talent, or is he still eager to pursue TV production as well? "I feel that it is both," he says. "I feel that there is tremendous value in maximizing *Tales from the Darkside* as a feature-film resource. On the other hand, I have found both the business-end and our working relationship with our *Darkside* distributor to be very satisfactory. As a matter of fact, we have begun to develop pilots for other first-run syndicated series..." He adds, "...in the genre," for the benefit of Fango fans.

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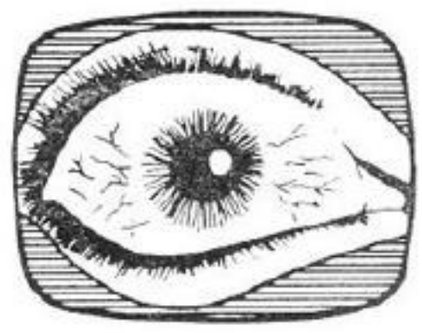

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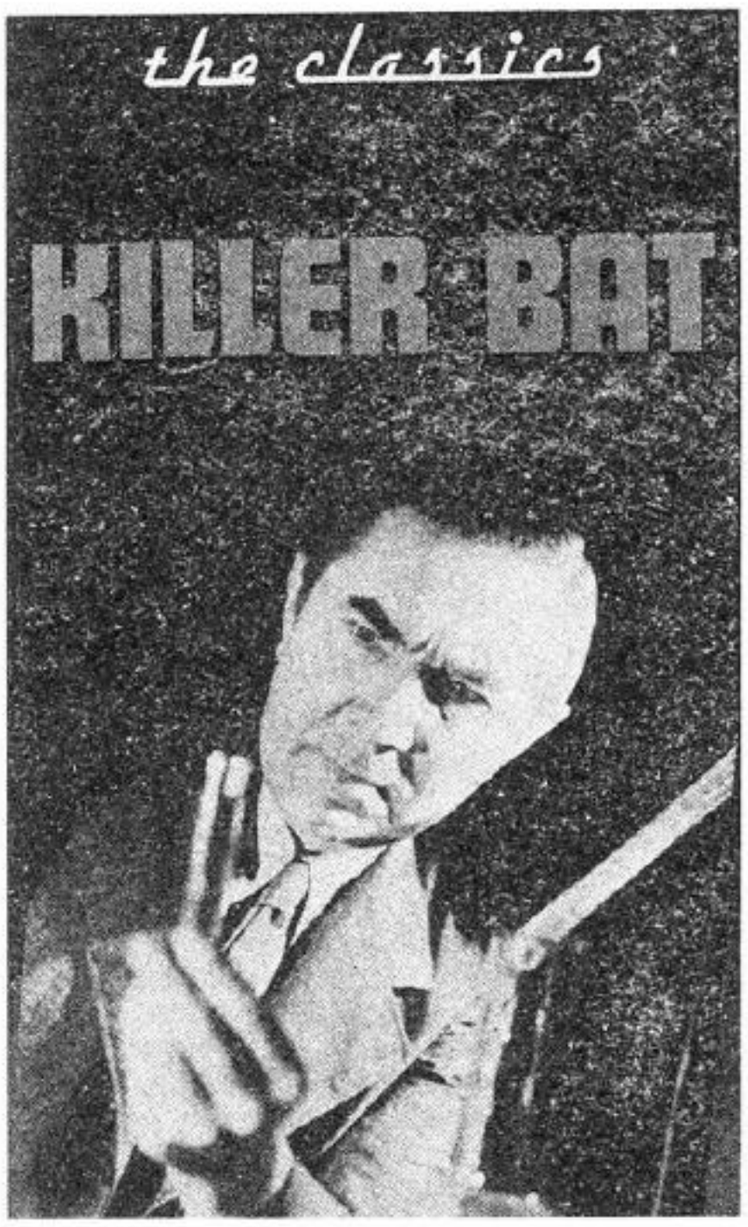
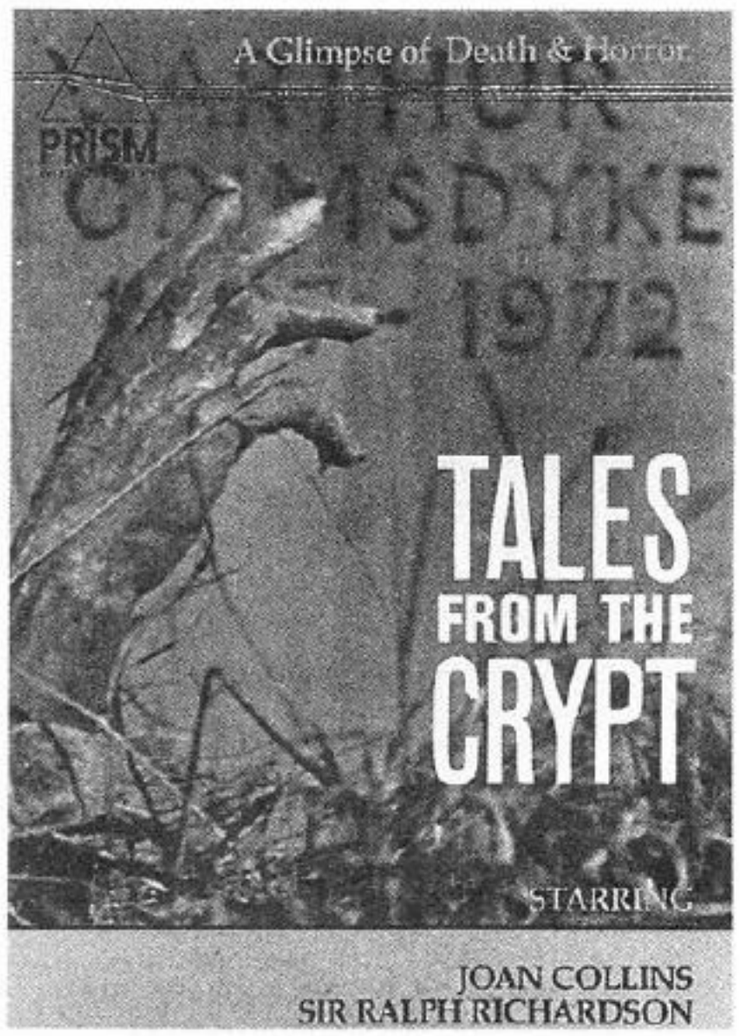
COSMIC MONSTERS (VCI): Outside of a small English village, a British egghead is conducting top-secret experiments on the possible military uses of magnetic fields. Assisted by Forrest Tucker, his burly American assistant, the scientist finds that by altering magnetic fields he can make metal brittle; if he can project this effect over long distances, he would be able to weaken enemy aircraft. After miles and miles of scientific chatter, it turns out that after all is said and done, this is not a feature version of *Mr. Wizard*, but another radiation-mutant monster movie. How did we go from magnetic fields to radiation, you ask? Well, it seems that all this tampering with magnetics has punched a whole in the stratosphere and allowed cosmic rays to pour down full force. The action really picks up when a radiated old guy in ratty clothes reaches out from behind some bushes at one of the local girls. Talk about excitement. The cosmic rays also make insects big. This is because the mutations are accelerated by the insect kingdom's rapid generation turn-over. Why old guys in ratty guys are also singled out, I don't know. Suffice it to say that the heroes waste no time in going nose-to-nose with photographically-enlarged insects that would've made Bert I. Gordon proud (maybe). Viewers will no doubt be confused by the fact that *Cosmic Monsters* opens with the film's original title of *The Strange World of Planet X*—but only if they are desperate enough to pick up this cassette in the first place.



KILLER BAT (VCI): We PRC fans just can't get enough. In this retitled edition of 1942's *Devil Bat*, the bad Dr. Lugosi is at it once again. In a small Midwestern town, he works day and night in his cheapo-gothic laboratory. Sparks fly. Electricity hums. Nyah-hah-hah and all that stuff. But the townsfolk aren't worried. The guy's just working on a new shaving lotion, right? Allow me to reiterate: *Nyah-hah-hah*. Bela is employed by a cosmetics firm that has based its fortune on one of the lotions concocted by Lugosi. They get millions, and what does Bela get? Bupkis, that's what. A humiliating experience, to be sure, and Bela takes the only reasonable course of action open to him. He shoots up bats with some glandular fluid, hooks them up to his electrical whatsis, and socks them up with juice to make them 10 times their normal size. As a masterful finishing touch, he cooks up a new shaving lotion that makes his Devil Bats kill-crazy. All he has to do is convince his enemies at the cosmetics firm to slap on some of the stuff ("On the tender part of the throat," Bela intones) and the bats pick up the scent and swoop in for the kill. Any fan of PRC and Monogram pictures from the 40's who hasn't already seen *Killer Bat* will most likely be hooked by now. Those who aren't PRC and Monogram fans probably wouldn't understand anyway.

TOO SCARED TO SCREAM (VESTRON VIDEO): Mike Connors produces and stars in a murder thriller that he hoped would appeal both to the youth market and older audiences (see Connors interview in Fango #43). This cross-over approach seems to be part of the movie's problem. The stalker element is not whole-hearted enough to satisfy splatter fans and the mystery aspect geared for older viewers is not developed enough to be compelling on its own. Connors plays Lieutenant Dinardo of New York City Police's homicide division. Along

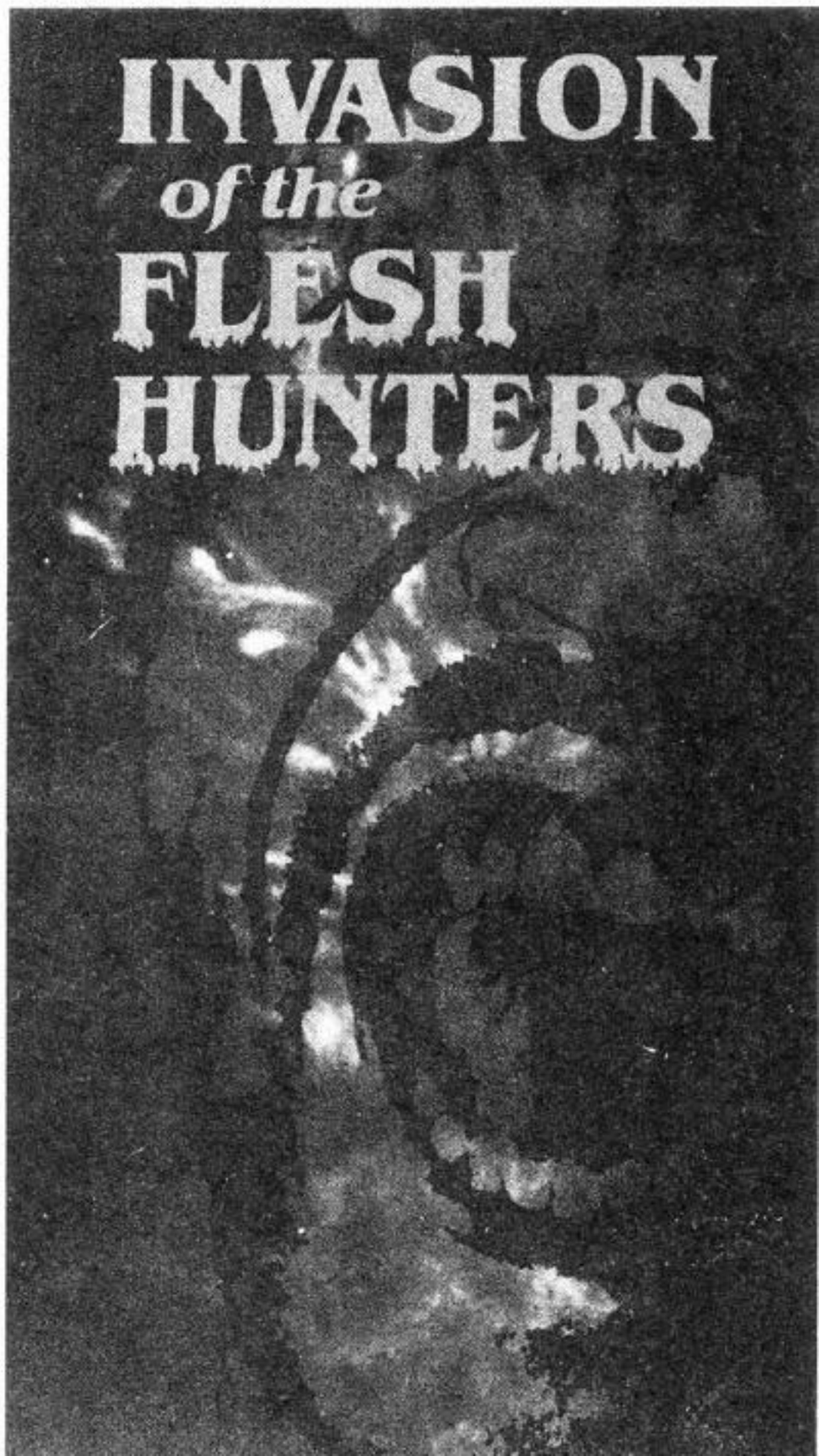
with a female detective (Anne Archer), he investigates the brutal murders that take place in an upper-class apartment building. Suspicion centers around the building's effete, cultured doorman (Ian McShane) who has an odd home-life with his paralyzed mother. Connors makes a likable hero and the acting in general is better than in most independent horror pictures; there is even a surprise or two in the climax, but most of the film is too routine and non-committal to be of much interest.



TALES FROM THE CRYPT (PRISM): Milton Subotsky started his horror-anthology career with *Dr. Terror's House of Horrors* in 1965, but it took 1972's *Tales from the Crypt* to establish this format as the basis for a successful series of films. As the title suggests, *Tales from the Crypt* is based on stories from the old E.C. horror comics. The episodes are strung together by the typical Subotsky thread of a group of people finding themselves confronted with a spooky guy who shows them their futures. The spooky guy this time is the great Sir Ralph Richardson who reveals the following tales: a woman (Joan Collins) is menaced by a maniacal killer dressed in a Santa Claus outfit; a married man runs away with an extramarital lover to discover a grisly twist of events on the highway; a ruthless businessman tangles with a magical statuette that allows him three wishes; a nasty, wealthy young man wages a vicious campaign to rid his neighborhood of a kindly old trashman (Peter Cushing); and a heartless ex-army officer takes one harsh measure too many at a home for the blind. Freddie Francis' strong, visual direction will please fans of Subotsky's anthology series, and the movie captures enough of the sardonic, grisly tone of the old E.C.'s to satisfy fans of the *Tales from the Crypt* comic books.

VILLAGE OF THE GIANTS (EMBASSY HOME ENTERTAINMENT): Bert I. Gordon at his dopiest. A car-load of wild teenagers, circa 1965, gets stuck in a mud-slide, and, pausing just long enough to have a 10-minute, co-ed mud wrestling bout, marches off to the nearest hick town. There, former Disney star Tommy Kirk makes out with his girlfriend while the girl's genius little brother (Ronny Howard) fiddles in his lab to invent "goo", a miracle substance that makes things big. The wild teenagers, led by a young Beau Bridges, come to the local discotheque, and get to see the wonder substance at work. After watching a couple of giant ducks do the frug, they figure that goo is what they've been looking for. They steal the substance, eat it, sprout to gigantic proportions (bursting out of their clothes in the process), and take over the town. Here's where the really hip, with-it stuff comes in. The giant teenagers turn the tables on the square grown-ups and forbid them to stay up late and do all that other jazz that teenagers want to do but can't. Upon reading this synopsis, I'm sure that you recognize that the movie is based on H.G. Wells' "Food of the Gods" (Wells may not have put in a whole lot of swingin' teenagers in his story but I'm sure he would have if they'd been invented back then). The special effects engineered by producer/director/writer/effects-man Gordon are actually not as bad as some of his earlier efforts (perhaps because he was assisted here by process-shot pioneer Farciot Edouart), but they still sure look goofy at times. But camp-movie fans won't just enjoy the silly effects in *Village of the Giants;* they should get a charge out of just about everything, particularly the countless dancing scenes which seem to crop up at regular five-minute intervals, regardless of what might be going on in the story. Accompanying these sequences is the boss music of the Beau Brummels, Freddy Cannon, Mike Clifford and the film's scorist Jack Nitzsche. To be seen by everyone determined to see the first movie shot in "Perceptovision".

INVASION OF THE FLESH HUNTERS (VESTRON): Like Bob Clark's *Deathdream,* this 1982 picture tried to bring the horror of the Vietnam War home. Actually, since this was an Italian film, it was a case of bringing the Vietnam War to someone else's home. Made by junk-movie specialist Anthony Dawson (a.k.a. Antonio Margheriti), *Invasion of the Flesh Hunters* (a.k.a. *Cannibals in the Streets*) opens in Southeast Asia where Green Beret John Saxon leads an attack to free American P.O.W.'s. The prisoners he finds have been infected by a rare (I'll say) tropical virus that creates an insatiable appetite for human flesh. This condition can also be transmitted by biting another person, which is actually what happens to Saxon. Back home in Atlanta, Saxon finds that there are strange things happening to him, such as wanting to bite 13-year-old girls where it'll do them the least good. His cannibal Army buddies escape from a nearby looney bin, and Saxon, still the commander, takes them underground into the sewers. Lots of shotgun shootouts and cannibalistic flesh-tearing. The Fango pick as the violent trash video of the month.



Richard Edlund

A Conversation with the Boss of Boss!

Edlund in conference with Steve Johnson and Randy Cook (left) and art director John Bruno (right).

By David Hutchison

Pyrotechnician Thaine Morris readies the gas jets for a vampire meltdown.

Editor's note: Heretofore, Richard Edlund has been a film craftsman whose body of experience in SF film has made him a more suitable interview subject for our illustrious sister magazine, STARLOG. With *Poltergeist* and *Ghostbusters*, however, Edlund has begun to wield considerable influence in the realm of state-of-the-art horror effects as well. Early this year, STARLOG's David Hutchison visited Edlund's Boss Film Company, chatting up several of Edlund's key employees, as well as the Boss boss himself.

FANGORIA: Did Columbia seek you out for *Fright Night*, or did you go to them?

Richard Edlund: They came to us. It has to be that way, since we don't know what's cooking in the back room of the studios, you know? We happen to have a very good relationship with Columbia, because we did *Ghostbusters* for them. And naturally they want to keep that going, as we do.

Fang: *Fright Night* isn't the sort of $20 million fantasy spectacular you're known for...

Edlund: I want us to be able to service shows that don't necessarily have blockbuster-level effects. I want to be able to do smaller shows; that helps us in terms

of keeping our talented staff employed. A flow of smaller pictures helps us to keep a comfortably large staff, which has benefits for both small and large pictures.

Fang: I notice that your studio makes a real effort to give individual recognition to its effects artists for their work, in contrast to the way things were done in the old studio system.

Edlund: What I'm trying to do is break away from the attitude of keeping every staff member invisible, hiding behind a billboard that has a company name on it. I get a lot of press because I'm the guy that signs the contracts and makes the deals and hires the people and all that; but I couldn't do it without these particular people. I don't believe that people are directly replaceable; when you get a team together that is as finely tuned as this one is, when you lose one member it can be like losing a vital organ. Thane Morris, for instance, is a master pyrotechnician, but he also knows all about machine processors, and he is excellent at controlling the logistics of a project—he has an enormous hand of cards to play with. Garry Waller knows robots, knows chemistry, knows lasers; and besides that, he is basically an artist, with an artist's eye. To replace Waller...you could find a laser person, or a chemist, but whoever you found would have a different range of talents, and would fit it in a different way, so every person affects everybody else...certainly not least among these are my talented associates Mark Vargo, the optical supervisor, John Bruno, the art director, our matte department supervisor Neil Krepela, our matte artist Matt Yuricich and Terry Wendell, the animation supervisor. The theory is that this is a team like Blackhawks.

Steve Johnson and Randy Cook are also like that; they're working out very well in the rubber department here. Randy Cook is a great stop motion animator, and there's probably three or four guys in the world who are any good at it, but he's also a great sculptor; Steve Johnson—another outrageously talented guy—is a very advanced sculptor, and he has also has an organizational ability, which you have to have in order to run a department like that. I deal with department heads pretty much, and get around to talk to the guys occasionally—but I have so many things on my agenda—

Fang: I saw the stack of phone messages waiting for you...

Edlund: Right—this is the deal-making pantheon. Plus trying to get the word out so everybody knows where we are. Right now I'm almost to the point of saying that I don't *want* anyone else to know where we are, because we've got enough work. But then, you want to keep the doors open for future projects and so on. You know, we've got scripts, probably two feet high, that were added in the last six to eight months; we're doing the contracts. Plus we have a couple of pet projects, and it's possible that, as a group, we will produce a picture before long.

Roddy McDowell confronts *Fright Night*'s vampire in its lupine form!

The chilling aftermath of vampire meltdown!!!

Fang: I would have thought *Poltergeist* had exhausted your bag of tricks, but then you topped yourself with *Ghostbusters,* and again with *2010.* Now you face topping yourself again with *Poltergeist 2*...

Edlund: Well, we did use everything that we had in our bag of tricks at the time of *Poltergeist*, as limited by budget and time constraints. The attempt to top yourself is inevitable in this business. For some reason, in visual effects, it's a thing where, when you start climbing the ladder, you don't know how far up it will take you; there are always a few rungs left, and sometimes you seem to see the rungs going into the clouds.

I think that any idea that can be thought about or sketched can be converted into a very interesting, visual moving image. That's what is driving all of us along in the group, because we love what we're doing, and I don't see any end to it. It's like saying to a writer, "You've written so many books, and the library is already full of really great, interesting books." But we keep getting better at what we do, and at the same time the audience gets more sophisticated visually, and it takes more sleight-of-hand in order to trick them into believing what you want them to believe. The responsibility is therefore on us to keep coming up with new images.

Dan Ayckroyd, for instance, used *Poltergeist* as a sort of palette when he was writing *Ghostbusters;* he saw *Poltergeist* and said, "Hey, that's fantastic—I didn't know they could do that kind of stuff!" and he wrote *Ghostbusters* with those capabilities in mind. I think that *Poltergeist* was the most interesting single project I worked on at ILM, in that it had so many various things involved in it. And I was actually involved in conceptualizing a lot of the stuff with Steven Spielberg, because when we were shooting the background material, when the movie itself was being shot, we didn't know yet what we were going to do. Once the movie was rough-cut, then we started figuring how to balance the intensity of the picture's various effects, and they were, in every sequence, the punch-line. The effects reel for *Poltergeist* is a very intense reel, because it's all of the climaxes and sub-climaxes of the movie; the scares and so on. We got a lot of ideas along the way that we didn't get to use—so we'll use 'em this time.

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The Pit & the Pen

of

Alex Gordon

Joe Rivkin was a very unpleasant man. That he was also casting director for Allied Artists presented a problem. I had always done my own casting at American International, not only for my productions but others. A notable exception were Roger Corman's films, as Roger liked new faces and virtual unknowns, partly because they worked for less money, while my preference ran to movie old-timers and recognizable names so that I could chat with them on the set about their past. That's how Roger ended up discovering the likes of Jack Nicholson and Robert DeNiro while I talked with Lloyd Bridges and Richard Denning.

But now I was no longer at AIP. My casting there of Audrey Totter in *Jet Attack* had caused an irreparable rift between myself and co-head Sam Arkoff. I was looking for other pastures and pedalling small British films for the American market and had just delivered *Life in Danger* to Allied Artists for screening.

One morning I was in my bath tub when the telephone rang. It was Steve Broidy, the bullfrog-voiced head of Allied Artists who was better known for his multitude of humanitarian awards than the films his company was turning out at the time. He was interested in *Life in Danger* and would buy it outright for American release. We settled for $12,500 cash and I settled back among the suds. He had made my day. How could I know that his son-in-law, lawyer Jack Sattinger, would take six months to complete the simple contract, but Allied was short of money then and I had nowhere else to go with the film. It eventually played Los Angeles drive-in theaters as second feature to the umpteenth reissue of *Gone with the Wind*.

I felt that the doors of Allied Artists were open. And in I marched with the story treatment for *The Atomic Submarine*, a science-fiction/horror epic suggested by Jack Rabin and Irving Block, and developed into a suspenseful script by one of the masters of the genre, Orville H. Hampton.

Broidy bit. Allied would put up 60% of the budget in first position if I would dig up 40% in cash and permissible deferments for the balance, plus a completion bond.

That night I celebrated a hoped-for long association with the studio that had produced "The Rough Riders" western series with Buck Jones, Tim McCoy and Raymond Hatton in 1941-42, nine films that through my efforts in wartime England had eventually been imported there despite governmental restrictions on American movies at the time.

The budget for *The Atomic Submarine* was $135,000, including in that figure a deferred salary for producer, script and special effects, except for $23,000 for actual labor costs for the latter. There was a six-day shooting schedule. "Superman" serial director and action veteran Spencer Gordon Bennet was the director and Gilbert Warrenton the cameraman. His credits included the original *Cat and the Canary*.

For the leading man's role we had $1500, less than the budget for tooth picks on a Burt Reynolds movie. I wanted John Agar but he couldn't cut his price. Arthur Franz and Marshall Thompson were friends and I wanted both, but again I came up short and, as Franz needed the money more, Thompson suggested I use him. Marshall went to England and did *First Man into Space* and *Fiend without a Face* for my brother Richard Gordon. A strong supporting cast came aboard: Dick Foran from Universal's *Mummy's Hand* and its sequels, Tom Conway from "The Falcon" series and Val Lewton's acclaimed thrillers, the up-and-coming Brett Halsey, and veteran Victor Varconi, plus cowboy ace Bob Steele in a change of pace. For the brief love interest, Joi Lansing worked one day. But I still had a problem.

When I was a kid in England, my parents gave me a 9.5 projector and a short silent film. It was "Four Square Steve" and the star was Edmund Cobb. For Christmas a second film followed, "Courage of Collins." The star? Edmund Cobb. Years later in Hollywood, Eddie and I became firm friends and he appeared in over a dozen of my films. But now he was slightly beyond the age of an atomic-submarine crew-member, and the same applied to Frank Lackteen, great Asiatic villain of Spencer Bennet's serials who had also become a regular member of our little company. Finally the idea came to me: though both players were in the actors' guild, I would have them walk by on the dock while the submarine crew came aboard. Thus they would work "extra" but be paid as actors. But I had counted without terrible Joe Rivkin.

No way, he hollered.

The one day acting minimum was $100 compared to $24 for an extra. I told him I would pay it out of my own pocket, but to no avail, and I was told that when Rivkin screams, Broidy listens. What would Spielberg have done? He was just barely born then. I had to ambush Broidy, to convince him. After all, he still had dozens of humanitarian awards to come. And we were talking about a total of $200—out of my pocket! So what if I went without meals for a month and my wife took in washing—Cobb and Lackteen had to be there or the submarine would not sail.

The next morning I drove to the studio at 6 a.m., parked my car and waited at the gate for Broidy. Rivkin would arrive at 9:30 and try to phone him. At 9:15 I spied Broidy's car and as he drove through the gate I jumped in. I had five minutes while

The alien from *Atomic Submarine* that producer Alex originally didn't want to show on screen.

From left to right, Dick Foran, Arthur Franz and Paul Dubov lead the search for the undersea flying saucer.

he parked and we walked together to his office. Hurriedly I explained my position—we were talking about two great silent movie old-timers who were my regulars, without whom I never made a picture. At once I realized why Broidy was showered with humanitarian awards, why the man phoned people taking their morning baths to make deals for small British films. No problem. "Have Rivkin call me for confirmation. It's O.K." What a father-in-law. For a moment I envied lawyer Sattinger. Then I rushed to my office with the good news. We were set to go.

Spencer Bennet brought the film in on time and budget in the scheduled six days, and Rabin and Block worked on the special effects. I had not wanted a monster, the one-eyed creature in the undersea flying saucer that became a cult favorite, but Broidy insisted that it must be shown. We had cooperation from the Navy Department and actual footage of atomic submarines to intercut with scenes shot on the studio stage. Apart from the Nautilus, U.S. atomic submarines then in service included the Sea Wolf, the Skate, the Skipjack, the Sargo, the Swordfish, the George Washington, the Sea Dragon and the Triton. Our fictional name was the Tiger Shark, a nod to the famous Edward G. Robinson movie of the same name and the mysterious villain in the Mascot serial, *The Fighting Marines*.

The Atomic Submarine opens with Admiral Terhune (Selmer Jackson) calling a meeting after the seventh atomic submarine and four surface vessels have either disappeared or been destroyed in the artic sea lanes. Present are Capt. Dan Wendover (Dick Foran), skipper of the Tiger Shark, and Dr. Clifford Kent (Victor Varconi) and Sir Ian Hunt (Tom Coway), scientists. Wendover is ordered to take the Tiger Shark into polar waters to determine the cause of the disasters and possibly put an end to them, with Dr. Kent and Sir Ian to go along as advisors. In the crew are Commander Richard (Reef) Holloway (Arthur Franz), Lt. David Milburn (Paul Dubov), the ship's navigator and Reef's friend, and Carl Nielson (Brett Halsey), son of the inventor of a depth explorer.

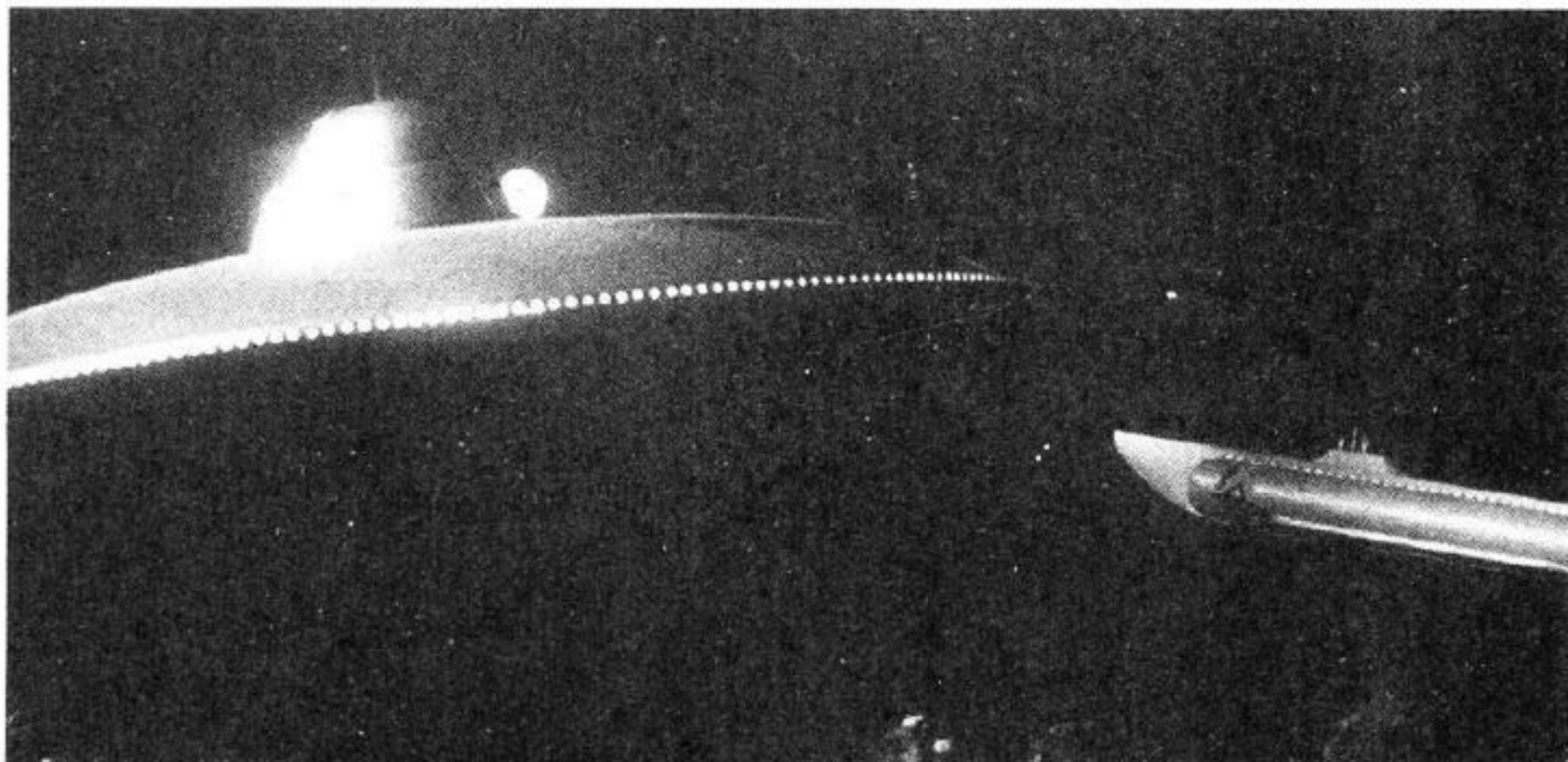
Later, while cruising in arctic waters, the Tiger Shark is jarred by a tremendous crash as a nearby freighter is destroyed and icebergs around them break up. Wendover, keeping his eye on the TV monitor, sees what he believes to be an enemy object responsible for the losses in the artic. The Tiger Shark submerges to await whatever may come.

When the strange circular craft draws close, Wendover orders his submarine to plow into it. After the crash, the submarine and unidentified craft are locked together and begin to sink. The Tiger Shark must be cut loose if all its crew is to be saved from a living death. A small group of volunteers enters the depth explorer which moves toward the mystery craft and attaches itself to same.

The investigators go aboard and check out the fascinating interior of what appears to be an undersea flying saucer. Suddenly a voice is heard and they are confronted by a brain fronted by a giant eye. An attempt to outwit the creature results in several horrible deaths. The climax becomes a battle of wits in a desparate attempt to destroy the saucer.

I leave it up to the viewers to decide whether the extra $200 was worth it.

The Navy submarine closes in on the UFO.



Shake it up, baby!

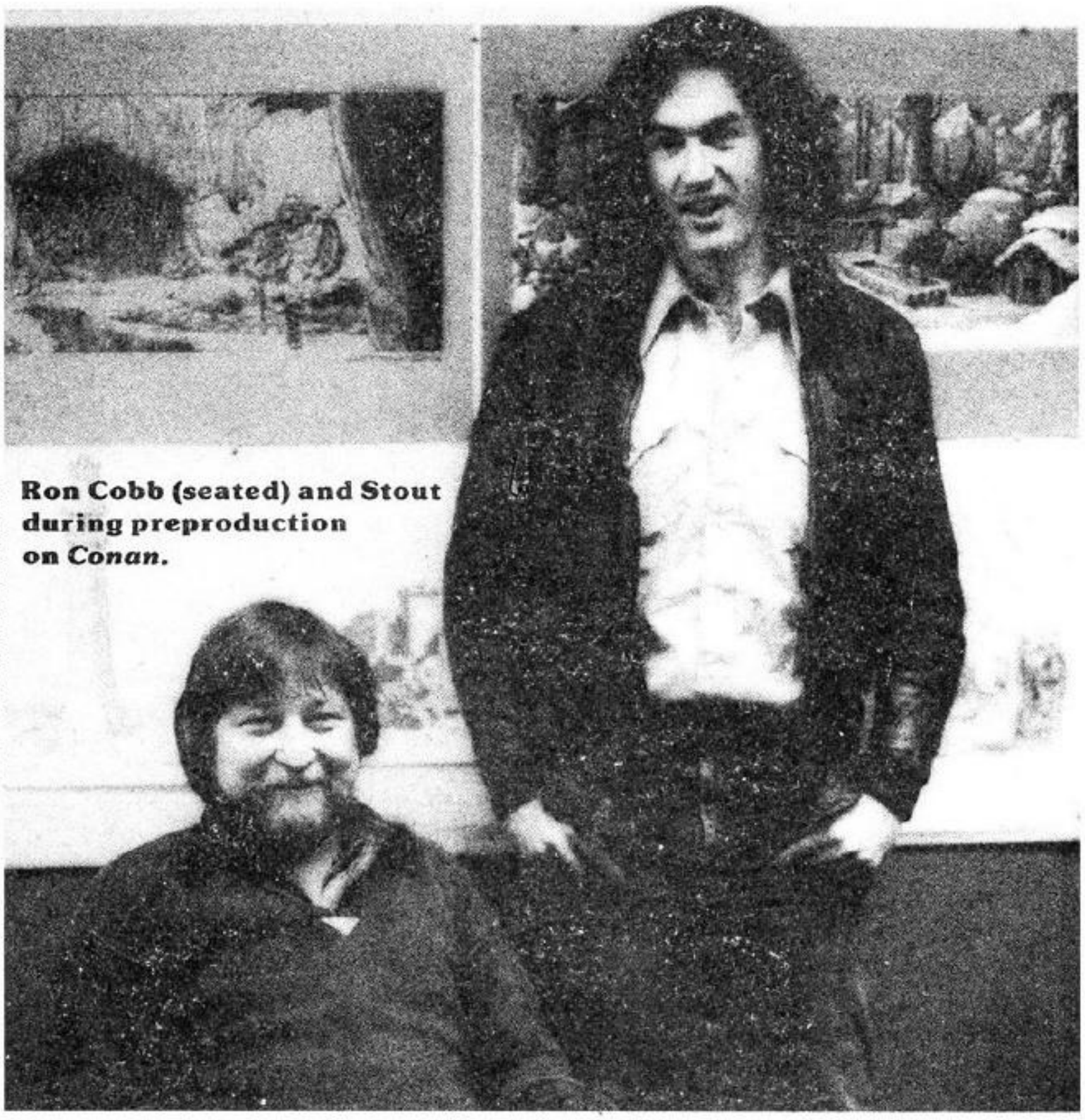
TWIST & STOUT

William

-ed zombies

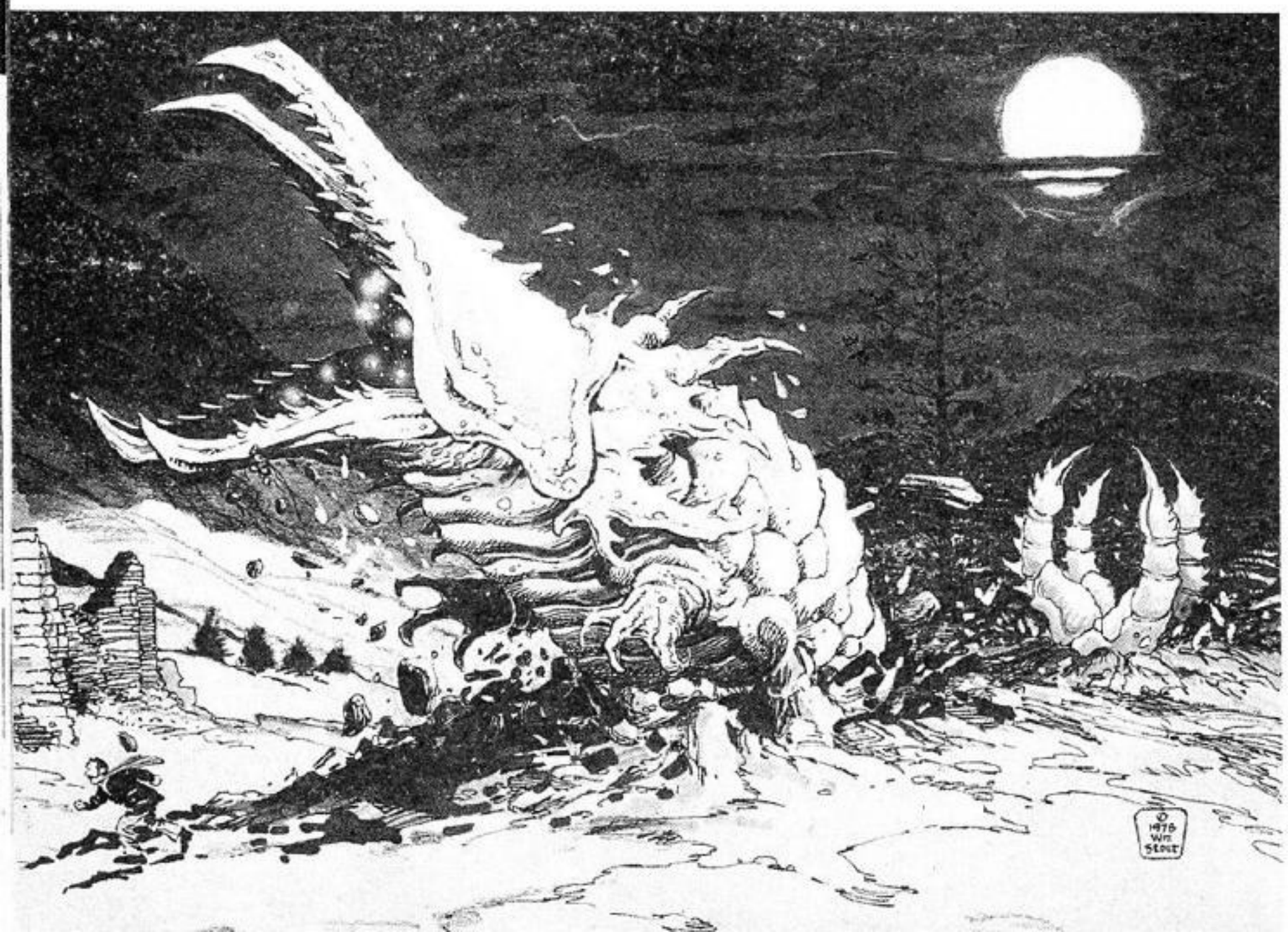
By R.H. Martin

The varied career of a Hardcore Zombie Designer!



Ron Cobb (seated) and Stout during preproduction on *Conan*.

ART: COURTESY WILLIAM STOUT PHOTO: CARL MACEK



Stout's rendering of Ron Cobb's design for *The Descendant*, an unrealized project concerning an earth-burrowing "Jaws."

Here I am, writing my last feature as a FANGORIA editor, and, where normally I'd consider the writing more important than the pictures, this time we're talking about an *artist*. Therefore, the less verbiage I bestow on you, the more room we'll have to show you William Stout's work; hence, we start with a crash course in William Stout's early career:

Discovered his abilities during grade school through the book *How to Cartoon* by Sid Hoth...first fell in love with dinosaurs after seeing *King Kong* and the "Rite of Spring" segment of *Fantasia*... planned to become a doctor, and prepared by painstakingly copying the drawings from *Gray's Anatomy*, thereby learning the real dimensions of the human form...abandoned med school plans when he decided that seven years of higher education was *too long*... attended Chouinard Act Institute (Chuck Jones went there, and it's now known as Cal Arts) on a math and science scholarship...numbers among his early influences Carmine Infantino, Frank Frazetta, Gil Kane and classmate Rick Griffin...later influences include Heinrich Kley, Norman Rockwell, Franklin Boothe, Edmund du Lac, Arthur Rackham, J.C. Leyendecker, "Moebius" (Jean Giraud), and Ron Cobb...first commercial work was for the weird fiction pulp, *Coven 13*, shortly followed by assignments for Toyota and Taco Bell, and *Cycle-Toons* magazine...in 1971, assisted Russ Manning on the *Tarzan* comic strip...discovered E.C. comics around that time; did an homage to Kurtzman and Elder's early *Mad* work for *Cycletoons* and sent a copy to Kurtzman; by return mail, Stout received an air ticket to New York...assisted Kurtzman and Elder on two episodes of *Little Annie Fannie* in 1972...returned to the West Coast, became notorious as the illustrator of bootleg album covers...at various times, served as art director for *Bomp!* magazine, for Varese Sarabande Records (yes, the very same outfit that stocks the Fango "Record Shelf") and Rhino Records, for whom he designed their finger-poppin' leather-jacketed trademark ...did graphics for a few Firesign Theater albums and other projects, including

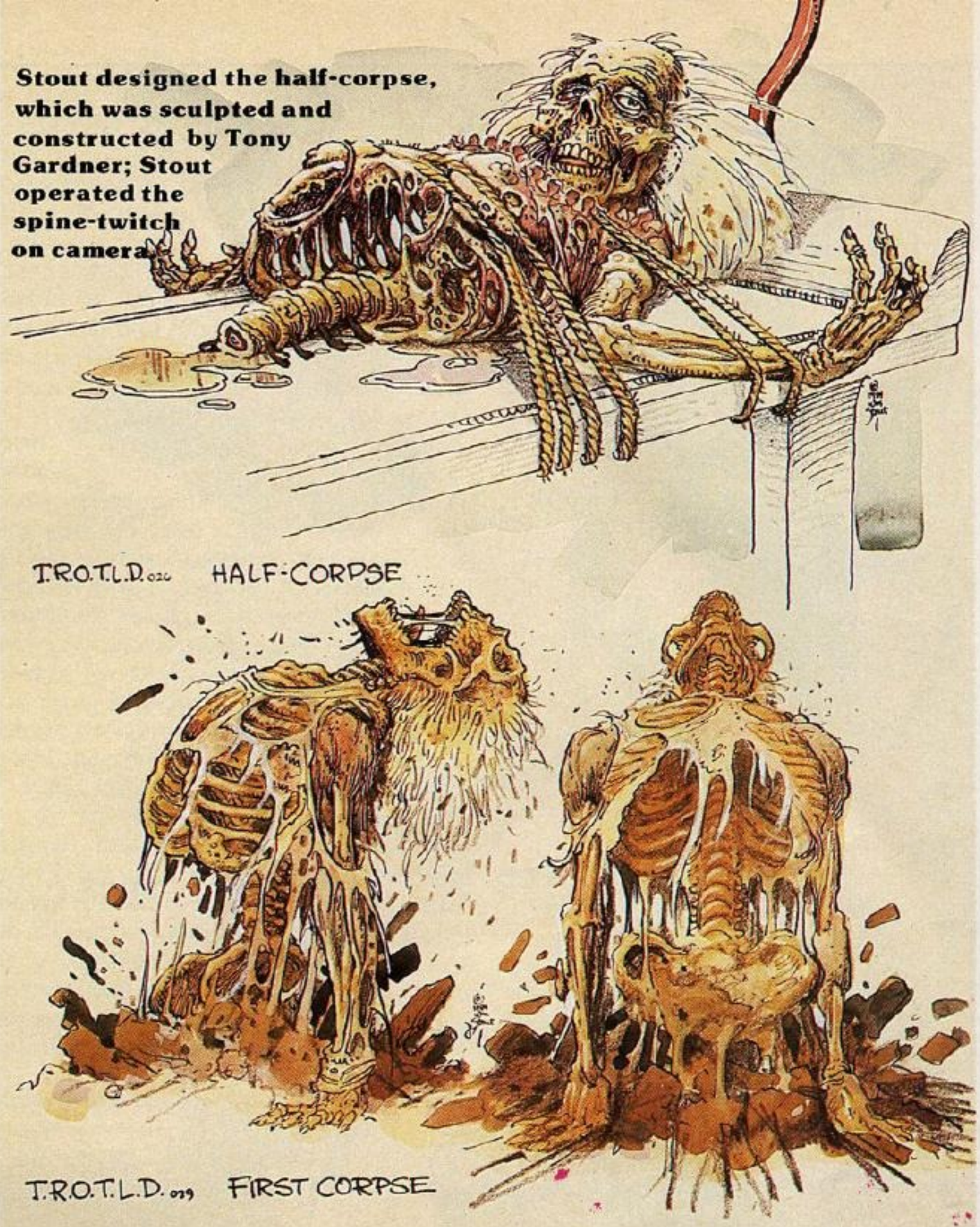
their film, *Everything You Know is Wrong*, his first film assignment, which led to absolutely nothing.

Okay, now that we've gotten as far as Stout's first film work, we can slow down a little. Whew!

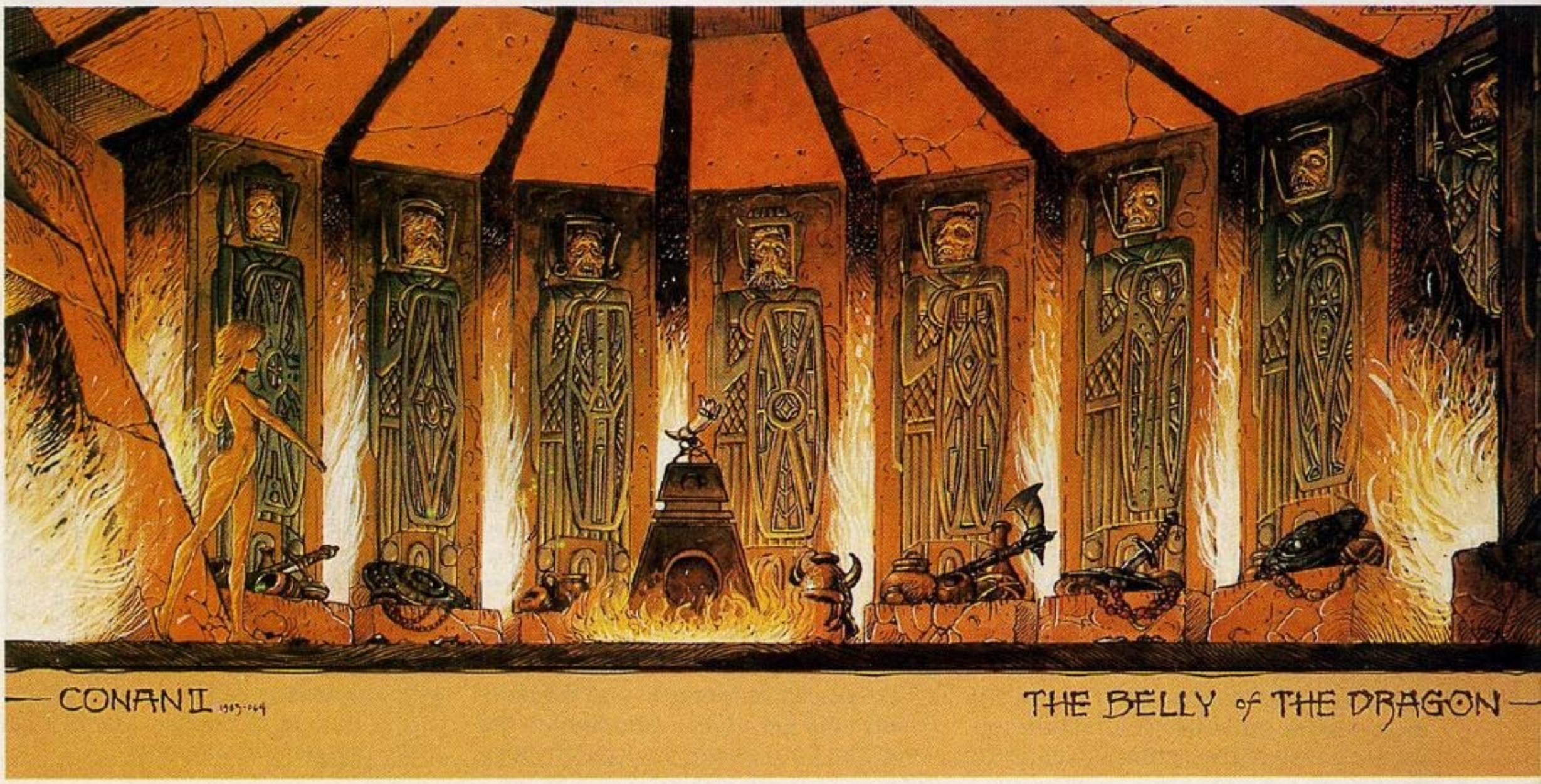
Stout got his first movie poster assignment when the producers of the comedy film *Spies* were dissatisfied with a poster by *National Lampoon* alumnus Rick Meyerowitz, who had refused to alter his work. Underground virtuoso Robert Williams was offered the job; he declined, but recommended Stout on the basis of his ability to emulate various styles. "That was one of two Rick Meyerowitz jobs I had," says Stout. "The other was for *Rock'n'Roll High School*. Roger Corman said, 'Bill, I want it to look just like *Animal House*.' And that, of course was one of Meyerowitz's best-known posters. I did two more jobs for Corman; on *Up From the Depths* he said, 'Bill, make it look like *Jaws*.' Then on the third one, he trusted me enough to let me use my own style; that was for *The Lady in Red*."

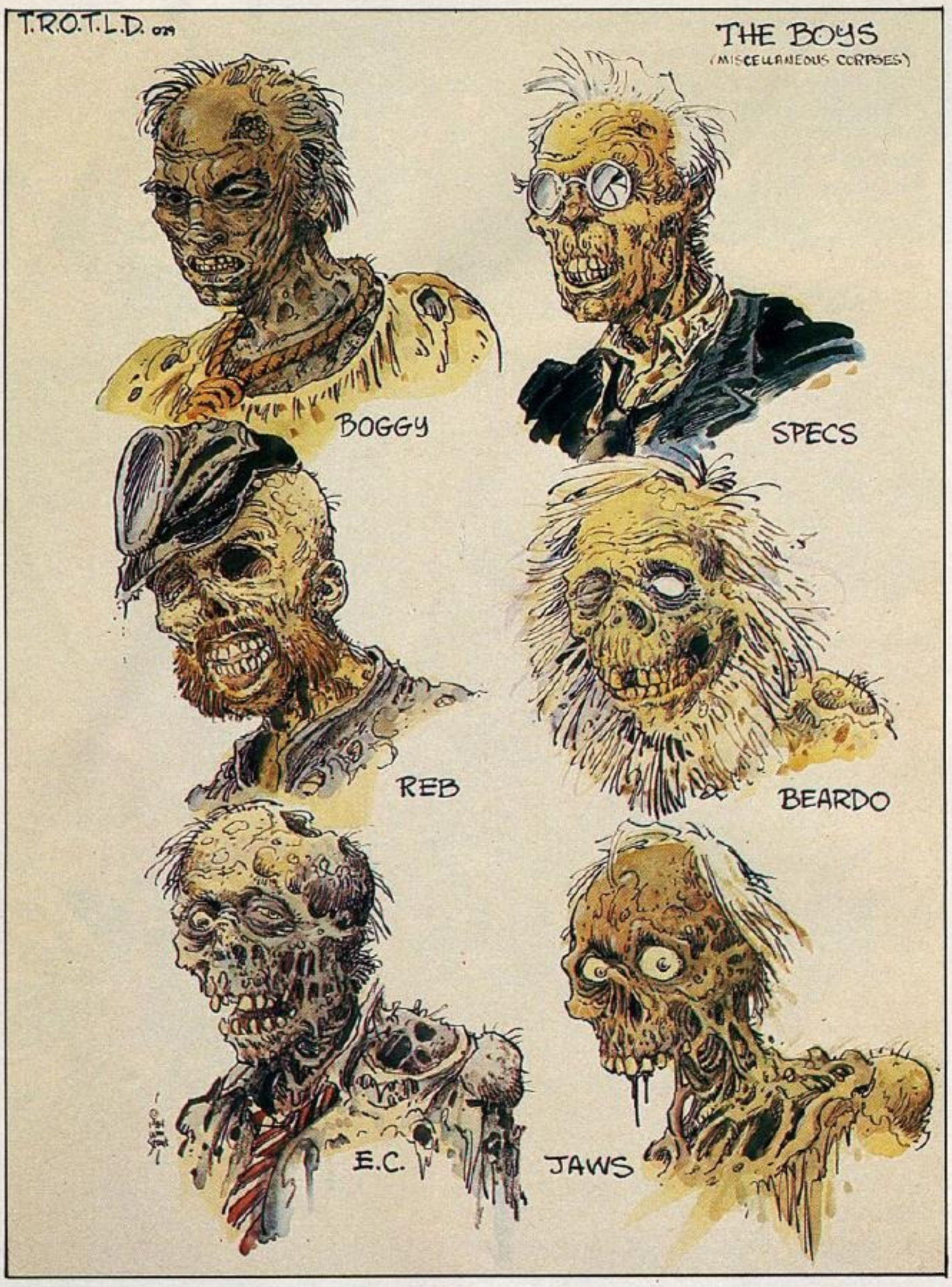
It was during the same period that Stout's dinosaur-love started catching up with him; Don Glut was revising his *Dinosaur Dictionary* to include a number of new dinosaurs that had been discovered. "There was no way I could pass up the chance to be the first person to draw these creatures for the public," Stout says. What was originally to be five drawings blossomed into 40, which provided the material for Stout's first one-man show. Book packager Byron Preiss was among the attendees at the opening; casual conversation led to the publication of Stout's *The Dinosaur Book*,

Stout designed the half-corpse, which was sculpted and constructed by Tony Gardner; Stout operated the spine-twitch on camera.



This scene from *Conan the Destroyer*, in which a virgin approaches the god's horn, was originally to be performed by Olivia D'Abo in the nude. It wasn't.





A rogue's gallery of Stout zombies.

which in turn led to Stout's assignment as illustrator for Ray Bradbury's *Dinosaur Tales,* and the "Children's Choice" award-winner *The Little Blue Brontosaurus.*

Eventually, the time came for Stout's return to film design, and it happened through a chance encounter. "There I was, standing in line at Michael's Art Supplies in Hollywood. Two guys were talking about a Buck Rogers movie they were working on. I said, 'hey, I know just the guy to design it.' They said, 'who?' I said, 'me!' They were nice enough to take me seriously, so I brought my portfolio around the next day. I was hired on the spot, and I went on to do this whole series of designs, none of which ended up in the film except for the ending. I became pretty disillusioned, because the longer I worked on the project, the more conservative they got. I'd been going for a turn-of-the-century Jules Verne feeling to the designs, on the theory that, once things got really advanced, people would get bored with the high—tech look, and would prefer designs that are more ornate. They bought that at first, but later on they were more interested in making it look like *Star Wars.*

"A friend of mine named Bob Greenberg was working at for Ed Pressman, who at that time held the rights to *Conan.* Bob said to me, 'You don't know this, but you're in the film business now, and you'll never get out.' I thought, 'what is that guy talking' about?' To me it was just one more freelance job. Bob also was pestering me at the time to go over to the Burbank studios to see what Ron Cobb was up to; I kept trying to get over there, because I was a big fan of Cobb's, but it was my peak movie poster period, so it took a while for me to find the time. Finally I did get a break, and went to the American Booksellers Association meeting, with my portfolio, and ran into Ron Cobb. I showed him my portfolio, and he explained to me that the artist he wanted to work with, John Milius didn't want, and he didn't want to work with the artist that John wanted. So he recommended that I show my portfolio to Milius.

"I came in that Friday to drop off my portfolio. Milius happened to be there, and he looked through it; he mentioned that he remembered a Harlan Ellison story I'd illustrated for *Heavy Metal,* and he really liked my 'Dragonslayers' series; but he quickly flipped through the rest of it, handed me back my book, and turned to stride out of the room. When he was halfway through the door, he turned his head back, and said 'Hire'im.'"

There followed 18 months on *Conan,* thanks to financing delays and a lengthy location search that took Stout to Yugoslavia, Rome and Spain. Much of this time, Stout spent studying the craft of film design, with Cobb his mentor.

"I owe a lot to Ron Cobb, who'd come up from doing a little design work for *Dark Star* to a lot of design for *Alien* to production designer for *Conan.* So I watched very carefully, everything that he did. I'd been hired on as storyboard artist, and after a couple of months I was getting a little bored with it; what Ron was doing looked a lot more interesting. In my youthful arrogance, I decided that if *he* could do it, I could do it. So, after a while, we became a two-man design-the-movie team."

Meanwhile, Stout had made his sole foray into screenwriting, working with John Broderick, who had previously been involved with Jim Danforth's abortive *Timegate* project. With Broderick, Stout had developed a treatment entitled *Darksword of Tor,* which later became *Kain of Dark Planet.* "We took the treatment through seven drafts," Stout recalls, "to what was very nearly a screenplay, with a lot of dialogue as well as action. Then John went off to polish it, and start pitching it around. I forgot about it. Two years later, I was talking to a friend of mine who was at New World pictures, who told me they were doing a picture in South America called *Kain of Dark Planet.* I asked him to get ahold of the script and read me the title page. it said 'Kain of Dark Planet by John Broderick'—he'd taken my name off the script when he sold it! I called my attorney, and to make a long story short, got it all straightened out. The picture later released as *The Warrior and the Sorceress,* even though there's no Sorceress in it. It looked pretty good for such a low-budget picture, but I was pretty disappointed by how much the picture followed the plot of *Yojimbo*—I certainly didn't write it that way. It was originally conceived as a Harryhausen-style film, with lots of stop-motion, which got lost to the budget of course. Maybe I can make that picture someday."

Meanwhile, to the picture at hand, *Revenge of the Living Dead;* says Stout, "I had met Dan O'Bannon socially through Ron Cobb. I was a big fan of Dan's writing, and he's also a very good artist as well. The communication between us was instantaneous; we were both fans of the old E.C. comics, and of Moebius. The first time I met him, I had some proofs with me from the dinosaur book; Dan and Ron were the top people there who got most excited about them, and Dan kept me in mind."

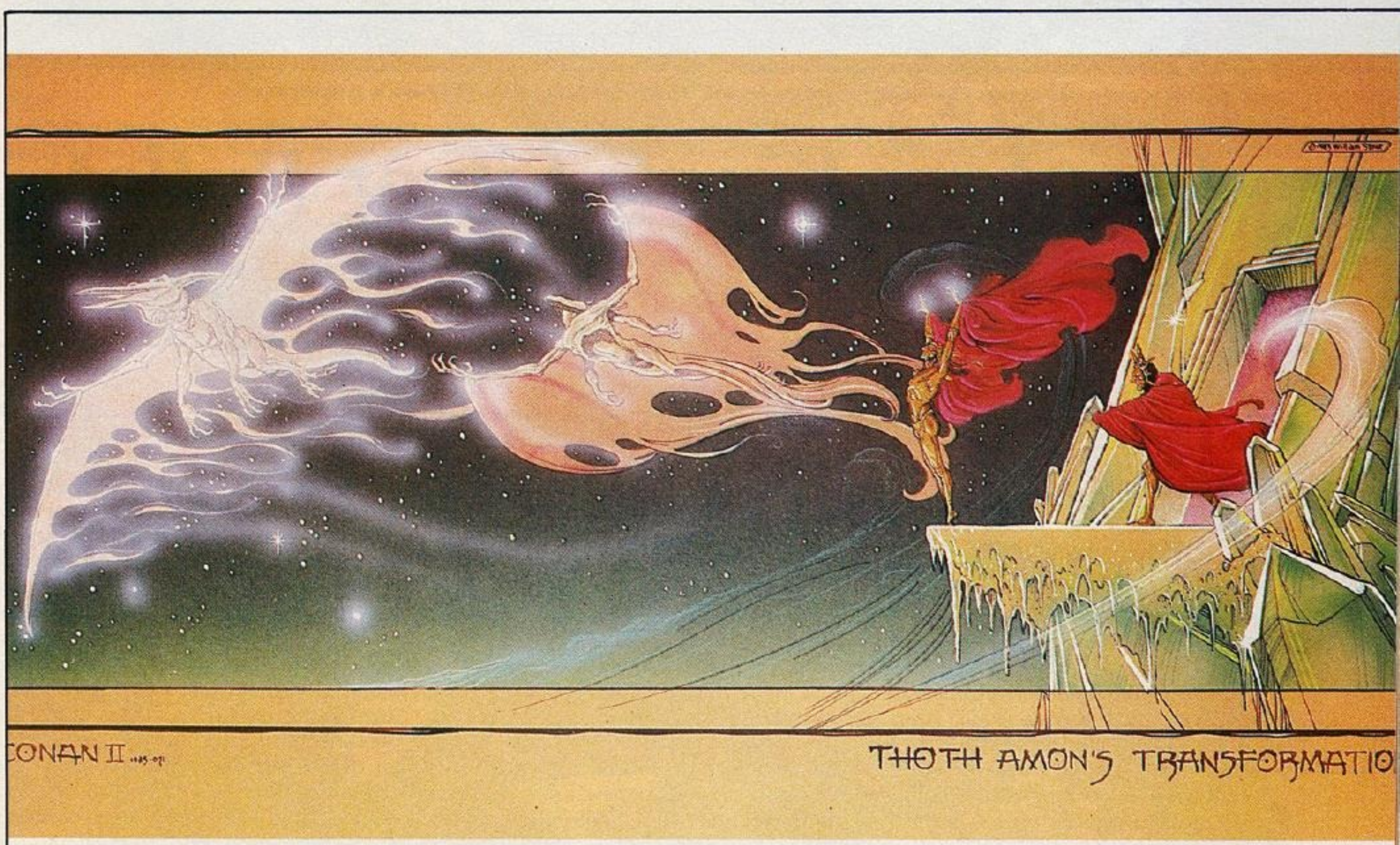
The first feature I wrote when coming to work for O'Quinn Studios was a STARLOG cover story, an interview with Dan O'Bannon (interesting, ain't it, that, after hundreds of article, I go out on another O'Bannon film?); O'Bannon and I spent much of the time discussing the artists involved in *Alien,* and O'Bannon's own conceptions of the film's visual style. It struck me that working as a production designer with O'Bannon as director must be very much a collaboration. "Yes, it's a collaboration all the way," says Stout, "which makes my job easier in a lot of ways, because he has an artist's eye himself, he knows exactly what he wants, and knows how to communicate that. Like myself, Dan likes pictures that have a lot of visual detail. I felt that my job was to facilitate putting Dan's picture on the screen, and part of that job was an obligation to fill the screen with the kind of visual detail that we both love."

Part of the passion for detail that Stout and O'Bannon share is the inclusion of *tiny* in-jokes in production design that only those on set are likely to have noticed. For one example, the plaques that flank the gates in front of the general's home read "Estrella Obscura," the other reads "Preno Azul," which translate into *Dark Star* and *Blue Thunder,* two significant O'Bannon credits. Sharp-eyed viewers may notice such film names as "S. O'Hara," "R. Butler," "Archibald Leach," and "Frances Gumm" on the tombstones in the Ressurrection Cemetery. And Stout tells me that the names of Giler and Hill, the *Alien* producers that O'Bannon is not-exactly-fond-of (look up that long-ago STARLOG article to read why), are visible, etched on the front of the crematorium oven. "The last time I saw it, I was sitting real close and it was on a big screen, and hey, there it was!" Stout exclaims. "You've gotta find the right theater."

With each word I write, I realize that I leave less room for Stout's work to be shown. Leave us to say that Stout's designs for the title creatures of Tobe Hooper's *Invaders From Mars* will result in creatures that are, in his words, "unike any Martians I've ever seen before, and people will be wondering just how it was done...and they *won't* figure it out too easily." Something to look forward to!

***The Monster in the Closet,* now nearing completion despite financial difficulties, casts a Stout-designed, Doug Beswick-built creature in the title role.**

Stout's vision of Thoth-Amon's transformation for *Conan the Destroyer.*



One of the werewolf congregation emerges in the church of Reverend Lowe's nightmare.

Stephen King's Silver Bullet

A first-time director brings King's werewolf to the screen.

By David Everitt

"I don't think there are any formulas you can use in directing, *if* you're going to be a good director," comments Daniel Attias who makes his directorial debut in feature films with *Stephen King's Silver Bullet*. "I've worked with a lot of directors, including Spielberg and Coppola, and from the best of them I learned that they are guided by their instincts and their own vision. I think directing is primarily a matter of both trusting your instincts and permitting those instincts to speak to you, and if there's anything I've learned from other directors it's simply that: to trust youself."

In addition to working with Spielberg on *E.T.* and Coppola on *One from the Heart*, Attias has served as assistant director on such films as *Hammett, Resurrection,* and *Airplane*! Dino DeLaurentiis has given Attias his first chance to apply his instincts to a feature film in the adaptation of the novel *Cycle of the Werewolf*, by Stephen King and illustrated by Berni Wrightson, a task that required some crucial decisions about both the story's characters and the development of many horrific effects.

The novel is an episodic chiller that contains 12 chapters, each devoted to a month of the year and the horrifying werewolf incident that occurs during that month. Most novels demand quite a few changes when translated to the screen, but *Cycle of the Werewolf*'s special structure presented a special problem in that it doesn't have a single, direct narrative line from beginning to end. The first several chapters deal with separate werewolf attacks at the time of the full moon. The main character, the crippled boy Marty Coslaw, doesn't even enter into the story until halfway through the book. While the special lay-out of the book makes this scheme seem natural, imagining this sort of plot line in a movie would be difficult.

When Attias came onto the *Silver Bullet* project, a couple of drafts of the screenplay were already written, and he found that "the structure of the script was in many ways very different from the novel, as you might expect, but it also had similarities with the book's structure." Although Marty and his family are present throughout the film, *Silver Bullet* does emphasize the killings in the opening reels, similar to the way they are emphasized in *Cycle of the Werewolf*'s early chapters. On the other hand, the movie does not try to cover a full cycle of one year; instead it concentrates on the

months between late spring and the fall.

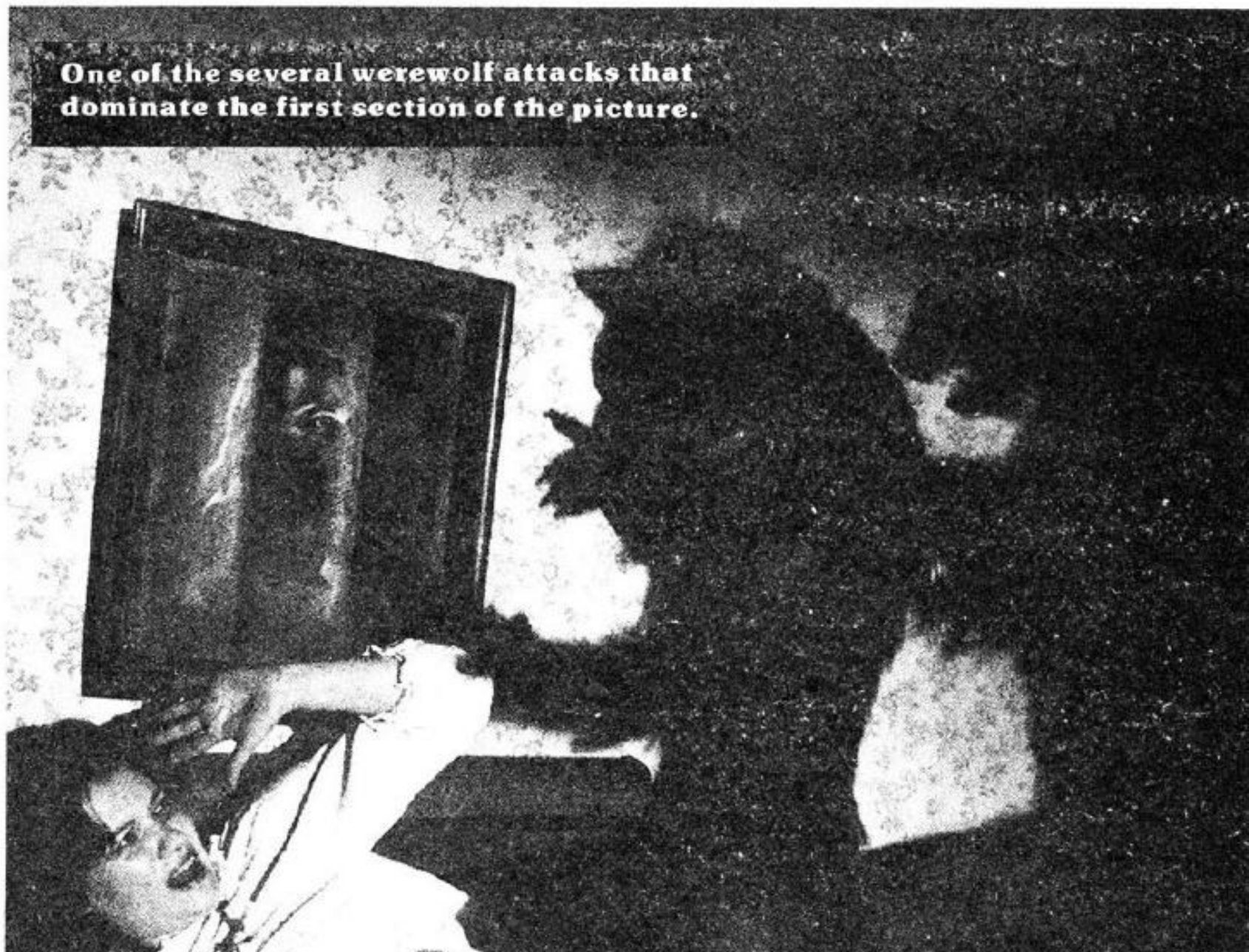
One of Attias' primary concerns while seeing the project through later script drafts and the actual filming was that the movie should focus on the relationships within the Coslaw family. Marty Coslaw is the person who discovers the secret of the werewolf, but his parents won't believe him. Attias believes that "it's through Marty's act of determining who the werewolf is and finally killing the werewolf that he validates himself." In addition to his problem with his unbelieving parents, Marty also has to deal with an older sister who resents him because she feels he gets undue attention because of his handicap.

"What we tried to deal with, kind of subtextually throughout the film, is the notion that crippledness is more a function of one's own image of oneself than anything else. The fact that the boy is physically crippled does not *make* him crippled. The movie becomes his progress towards accepting himself and gaining acceptance from his family."

A weakness of the novel is the lack of definition of the character of Uncle Al, who is the one person who helps Marty in his werewolf investigation. It's not very clear why he is so personally attached to the boy, and he gives the impression that he exists for little other reason than to supply Marty with firecrackers and silver bullets. "That's a problem we really focused on in the writing of the script," Attias says. The uncle [who becomes Uncle Red in the person of Gary Busey in the movie] became far more important in the story in the film than he was in the book."

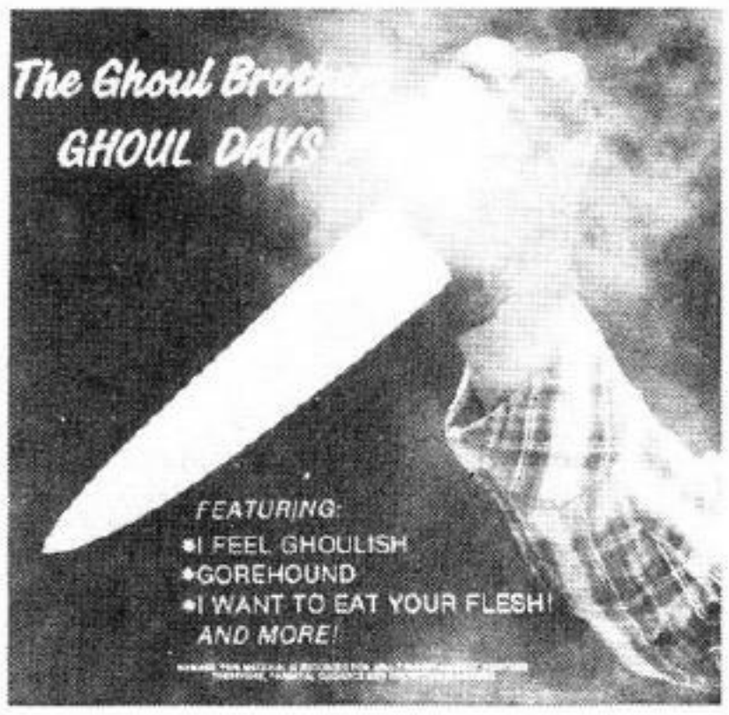
Attias goes on to explain that Uncle Red's friendship with Marty is very much

One of the several werewolf attacks that dominate the first section of the picture.



Director Daniel Attias directs his 13-year-old star Corey Haim who plays the crippled hero, Marty Coslaw.

ALL PHOTOS: © 1985 PARAMOUNT



BANNED IN TOLEDO

You've heard of the fabulous Ghoul Brothers in the pages of **Fangoria**—but have you ever actually **heard their music?**

Probably not.

Last fall, a courageous music programmer at Toledo's WIOT-FM radio played one of the more "acceptable" tracks over the air a few times. Within days, the Ghouls' rendition of "Ghoul Days" went to number 3 on the listener request list, and was receiving daily airplay on the listener-programmed "Top Five at Five" feature.

Suddenly, the Ghoulish sounds stopped coming over the airwaves, even though listener requests had **risen**. An explanation? One unofficial source at the station attributed the record-ban to group pressure; another claims that a programming consultant felt that certain **offensive** aspects might drive away afternoon listeners.

We wish you could experience the pleasures of Ghoul-rock on your local radio station. But you can't...and you won't, unless radio grows some guts.

There are just over 200 copies left of the numbered, first-edition pressing of the 10-tune lp "Ghoul Days." These will be delivered to the first 200 orders received through this ad, so act now!

Send your order to **Ghoul Days**
Starlog Press
475 Park Ave. So.
New York, NY 10016

OK! I'm tired of waiting for my local radio station to play GHOUL DAYS! So here's my bucks...I've enclosed **$8.98** for each record ordered, PLUS POSTAGE.

U.S. POSTAGE: Add $1.95 for each record.
CANADA: Add $2.95 for one record.
U.S. & Canada: Add 50 cents additional for each extra copy ordered.
Make checks payable to Starlog Press.

Total for Records _____

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TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED: _____

Name _____

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City _____

State _____ **Zip** _____

Gary Busey, as Uncle Red, deals with the werewolf suspicions of the two Coslaw children (Corey Haim and Megan Follows). One of director Attias' concerns was to beef up the uncle's character and further define his relationship with the Coslaw family.

tied into Marty's family problems. "I approached this aspect of the story with the idea that Marty's family was never really able to deal appropriately with the fact that they had a crippled son, that they communicated to him that he was like a project, not really a human being. By focusing unduly on his disability, they communicated to him that he was a disabled person, rather than, first, a person.

"The uncle comes along and responds to the boy simply as a human being and thereby validates the boy. The boy intuitively responds to the uncle, knowing that the uncle's image of Marty is the image Marty would like to have of himself."

Attias further points out that since Uncle Red is an alcoholic, he is, like Marty, an outcast in the family. "That is, to me, one of the most interesting elements of the story. Marty's mother had difficulty accepting imperfection in her son. She is the product of another family that had difficulty accepting imperfection. That's what is, in some way, responsible for the uncle's alcoholism, for his self-destructiveness, coming from an intolerance of imperfection within himself. Through Marty's journey to self-respect, I think the uncle finds a vicarious identification."

Since all this might sound a bit complex, if not highfalutin, for a werewolf picture, Attias is quick to point out that "none of this is handled heavy-handedly, but I hope the idea is communicated that the uncle has licked his problem throughout the course of the story by being able to make a commitment to the boy and finally stand by the boy. I hope we're able to discern from Busey's performance that the uncle has cleaned up his act."

Attias also does not try to characterize *Silver Bullet* as a "people movie" as some mainstream directors are wont to do when making a monster film, and he doesn't ignore the horror story that, as he puts it, overlays the story of the Coslaw family. A vital part of that horror element is the effects work that is expected by terror fans. The werewolf effects were divided into two departments: the werewolf suits made by DeLaurentiis regular Carlo Rambaldi and the transformation sequences engineered by Michael McCracken.

As was the case with the script, some preliminary drafts of the werewolf's design had been done by Rambaldi before Attias came on to the picture. From then on, Attias says, "there were several discussions about what sort of a creature we wanted to create and it went through many transformations, if you will—on paper anyway—until we got something that we felt was the right look. Carlo designed a full suit that did not involve makeup appliances. It simply involved an actor slipping into the outfit, and then there was a system of cables that allowed for manipulation of the various parts of the wolf's face, a system that was handled by four to six people off-camera. For the sophisticated kind of creature it was, it was surprisingly simple to get ready for shooting.

"The transformations, on the other hand, necessarily take a great deal more time in the shooting stage because each makeup appliance would require anywhere from a half an hour to four hours to put on. We would just have to schedule the shooting days so that we'd have something to do while the principal actor who was being made up was having that work done." Attias says that the transformations involved primarily bladders worked beneath facial appliances, but they also "had some body appliances to show expanding chests and exploding shoulders and growing fingernails and whatever else we could come up with in our wildest fantasies and that McCracken could give us—which was pretty much just about anything we asked for."

His first time around, Daniel Attias has taken on a feature-film project that emphasizes both character and terror. In the sub-genre of werewolf movies, this combination has produced some outstanding pictures, the most outstanding being *The Wolf Man* in 1941, in which Larry Talbot's troubled relationship with his father is just as important as the scenes of supernatural violence. The release of *Silver Bullet* will show whether Attias' instincts as a director will carry him over a similar course with as dramatic and as chilling results.

On Makeup Safety

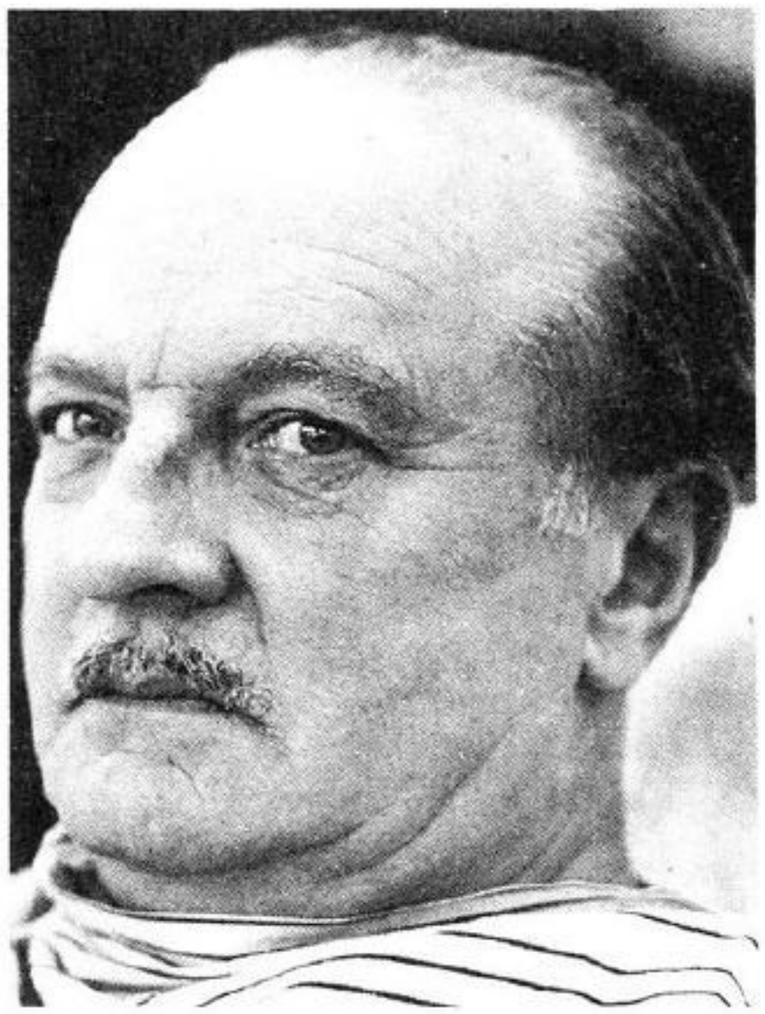
Read this—you might live longer!

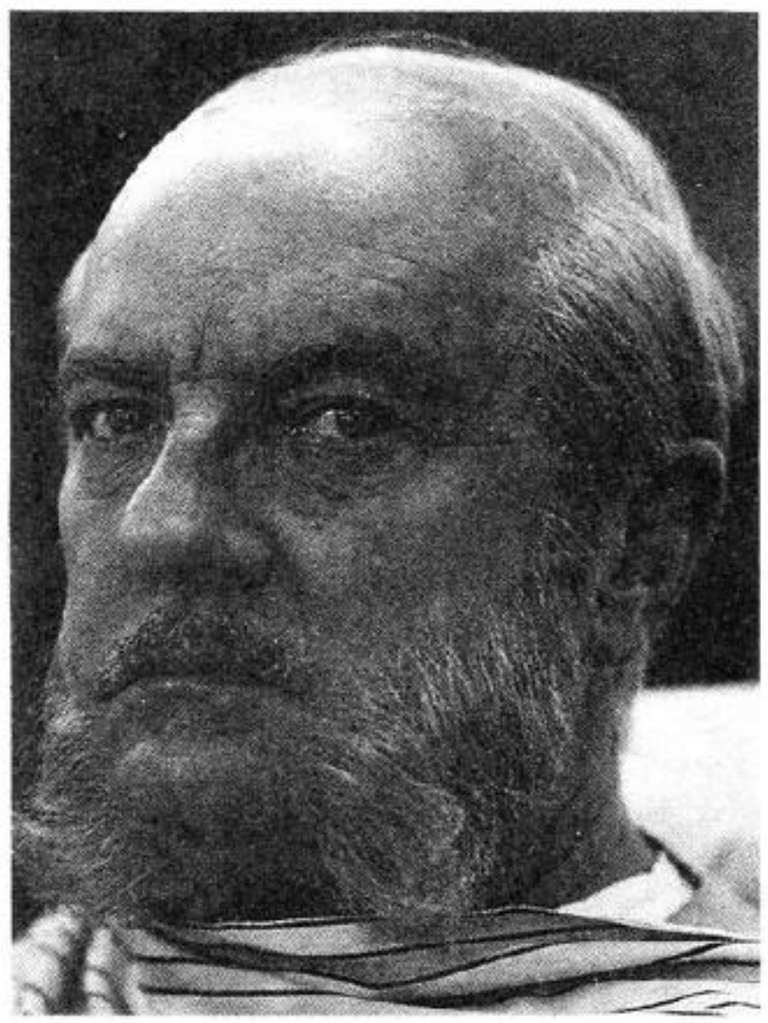
By Vincent J-R Kehoe

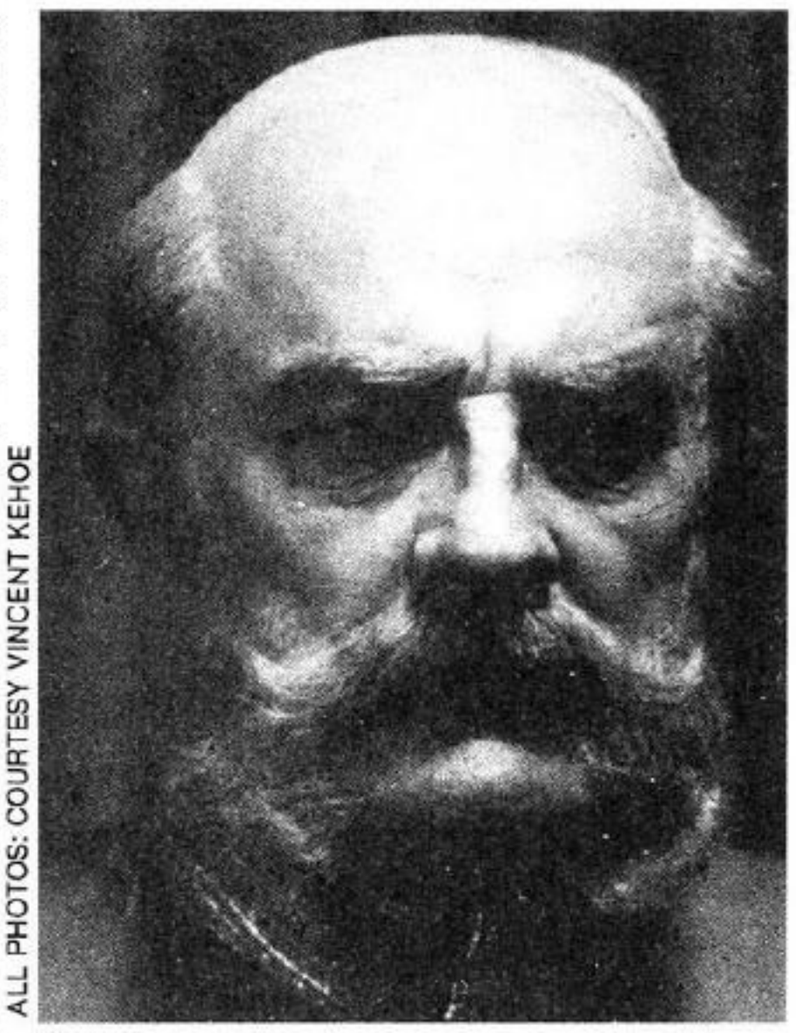
Editor's note: Dick Smith describes Vincent J-R Kehoe as "one of the top makeup artists in early television," and as a man who "has played a vital role in the state of our art through his makeup books and his makeup company RCMA, the first company truly designed for the makeup professional."

No brief introduction can do complete justice to Vincent J-R Kehoe, and his role in the development of modern film and broadcast makeup. His makeup credits include over 3,000 productions for the stage, for film and for television, but his greatest contributions to makeup have been even further behind the scenes. He is without parallel as a writer on the technique and practice of film makeup, with *The Technique of Film and Television Makeup* and *Photographic Makeup for Stills and Movies* to his credit. This fall will see the publication of his newest book, *The Technique of the Professional Makeup Artist*, a 496-page compendium on the art and practice of modern makeup including photos and information contributed by such luminaries as Dick Smith, Rick Baker, Tom Burman, Werner Keppler, Leo Lotito, Carl Fullerton, John Chambers and many others. [For ordering information, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to RCMA Books, 52 New Spaulding Street, Lowell, MA 01851.]

Since 1963, as president and director of research for RCMA (the Research Council of Makeup Artists), Kehoe has been the leader in research efforts to formulate makeup and makeup materials offering greater performance and safety. Because of a number of real-life horror stories that have come to us concerning the dire consequences from the misuse of makeup materials among amateur—and even professional—makeup experimenters, we invited Mr. Kehoe to contribute the following article on the basics of makeup safety.







Due to the wide and burgeoning interest in "makeup special effects" within the amateur experimenter field as well as the professional makeup artist area, there have been, at times, grave errors in judgement made by people who are more interested in the *effect* than how it will *affect* the human body. More and more materials that are actually dangerous to the skin, and even internal organs, have been erroneously employed due to lack of proper research into the ramifications which might occur with their use. Too many neophytes who have little chemical knowledge are entering the makeup field and are apt to create harm to themselves or their subjects.

What items cause problems? What chemicals are dangerous? What should one avoid to prevent problems? What makeup materials may cause allergenic reactions? All these questions should be studied and adequately answered before proceeding to design or execute an effect—whether it be a special prop effect, a special makeup effect or anything else it might be called.

First, let us study the solvents employed in some of the adhesives and sealers which are available today. The basic ones are Isopropyl Alcohol, Acetone, Ether, Chloroform, and Methyl Ethyl Ketone. Although "rubbing alcohol" contains isopropyl alcohol, its content is only 70 percent alcohol; the rest is water. Isopropyl solutions used as solvents are 99 per cent alcohol and are drying to the skin. This drying procedure will adversely affect some with sensitive skin, while others will only feel a cooling effect as the alcohol evaporates. Methyl alcohol (wood alcohol) should never be used as a substitute for isopropyl, as it is quite poisonous.

Acetone and Methyl Ethyl Ketone are in the ketone family and evaporate faster than isopropyl alcohol, so are apt to dry the skin faster. Acetone will dehydrate the skin surface so much so that, on evaporation, the skin looks whitish from the severe drying effect. Again, some people cannot tolerate this rapid drying. MEK has fumes which are more dangerous than acetone—which should always be used in proper ventilation anyway—so it is never recommended for application to the skin. Many plastic cap materials, beard sprays, and other plastic-based items contain MEK and are never for any direct skin use.

Ether and chloroform evaporate even faster than the others named above, and again, some may be allergic to this effect. Also, these are liquids used for anesthesia and should not be breathed in a closed room. In the material called "collodion" this rapid evaporation can cause severe redness on the skin of some subjects.

One special material employed as a medical or special appliance adhesive contains the solvent trichlorotrifluoroethane, which evaporates very rapidly, but

ALL PHOTOS: COURTESY VINCENT KEHOE

For an early NBC historical drama, Kehoe transformed actor Basil Sydney into Emperor Franz Josef of Hungary.

Roddy McDowell becomes Ariel for a Hallmark presentation of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

seems to cause less allergenic problems than most solvents. The adhesives employing this solvent should only be diluted with the same solvent. There are other common solvents, such as hexane and trichloroethane, which are compatible with theses adhesives, but these are highly dangerous — absorption through the skin or inhalation of fumes can adversely affect the health of your internal organs. The rule is, *do not use* solvents that might be injurious, and check with a competent chemist as to possible harmful effects when there is any doubt at all.

Other solvents are employed in the manufacture of some adhesives which never should be used on the skin (such as "Krazy Glue" types, shoe repair adhesives, carpet adhesives, etc.), but some experimenters fail to understand the danger of employing these in the quest for something that "sticks" better. It's just not smart.

Acrylic adhesives more often than not contain water as a solvent and are far more "easy" on the skin than solvent-based ones. However, some of these adhesives are made for industrial applications only and not intended for skin use. RCMA does sell a Prosthetic Adhesive B which is also used for medical applications and is generally considered as safe for most skins.

Another factor is the removal of adhesives. Never, repeat never, employ an adhesive for makeup purposes on the human skin that you are not completely certain can be removed without skin damage or other problems. All the adhesives, sealers and other similar types of material made by RCMA can be removed with RCMA Adhesive Remover which contains strong solvents, but also skin soothers that aid to counteract the generally negative effects of such solvents.

Next, other ingredients in adhesives and sealers, such as resins and plastics may cause problems to some skins, especially, in the so-called "spirit gums" or "matte adhesive" types, which can produce an allergenic reaction on some skins. In addition to the solvents, the resins themselves may cause allergenic reactions in some.

In addition to adhesives, some of the ingredients in makeup foundations can sometimes cause problems. One who is allergic to wool might be affected if the product contains lanolin (wool fat). Ill effects can also result from long usage under hot lights of products that contain a great amount of mineral oil as the liquid portion of the foundation might block the skin's ability to "breathe," as mineral oil is not absorbed by the skin. Lip makeup that contains any dyestains (known as bromofluoresceins or bromo acids) for the "long-lasting look" can also cause allergenic reactions on some people and should be avoided. All professional lip colors or lipsticks should be made only with certified colors which are not staining.

Another area is now denoted as a *pseudo-cosmetic reaction*. These are allergenic reactions due to the *applicator* rather than the ingredients of the makeup products. For example, some people were found to be allergic to a chemical called mercaptobenzothiozole which is employed in the manufacture of some foamed latex products (such as makeup sponges as well as appliances). By changing the applicator to a polyurethane foam one instead of the foamed latex, all symptons of allergenicity disappeared. Such reactions were formerly blamed only on the foundations used, but now we know differently. Another example is the woman who was seemingly allergic to all types of mascara, but was found after exhaustive tests to show no reaction to mascara ingredients but to the nickle-plated eyelash curler she was using. Switching to a stainless steel

Kehoe and Lon Chaney, Jr. consult on a Frankenstein makeup for the pioneer TV series *Tales of Tomorrow*.

eyelash curler solved the problem, and she went back to using mascara with no ill effects.

Now one might assume that professional makeup artists know all these cautions, but even though they may, sometimes they extend the use of a problem-causing material through heavy or long-term use. Dick Smith called me one day recently warning me to write up in our *PMA Bulletin* (published for professional, makeup artists about four or five times a year) that the trichloroethane he employed in the explosive and spectacular effects on foamed latexes in *Spasms* (see issue #28) had, due to excessively long exposure to its fumes, given him some cause to worry due to its effect on his liver, according to his doctor. Even adequate ventilation does not insure that one won't breathe too much of the vapors of *any* strong solvent. Painting bald caps, whose plastic material may be dissolved in MEK, is dangerous to the internal organs without proper ventilation. The best way to insure this is with a spray hood that is fan-ventilated. Any type of spraying of a solvent-based material should be done with such a hood.

No matter what ingredients are used in cosmetics/makeup, *someone* is liable to be allergic to one or more of them. There is no absolutely safe ingredient in the world! However, there are some that we *know* are dangerous to most people and these are the ones to be assiduously avoided.

Latexes, whether for foam or slush casting purposes, are usually quite alkaline (pH-11 in most cases) and the fumes can cause some people to have watery eyes or gag due to the ammonia used to keep the latex rubber in a colloidal solution. Most eyelash adhesives, however, are low-ammonia types and don't affect most users. So *don't* substitute a natural pure gum or fillered casting latex for a low-ammonia type for application on the skin as an adhesive.

One last caution: Use only those types of applicators which can be readily cleaned, sterilized or discarded. Brushes made with red sable hairs set in Nylox can be cleaned in Studio Brush Cleaner or even alcohol and acetone without having the hairs fall out. However, brushes made with camel's hair are generally far more difficult to clean between uses. The main objection to applying dry rouges with these is that they cannot be readily cleaned and sterilized—and last any length of time. All sponges and puffs should be used but once; that is, on one person only, and then discarded. Use polyurethane sponges for application—not foamed latex—to prevent any possibility of a pseudo-cosmetic reaction. Stainless steel tools are best as they can be easily sterilized in isopropyl alcohol (99%) between uses. Follow the manufacturer's recommendations about the use of all materials and, if in doubt, call them about a new use. If the material is not recommended for use on the skin — don't!

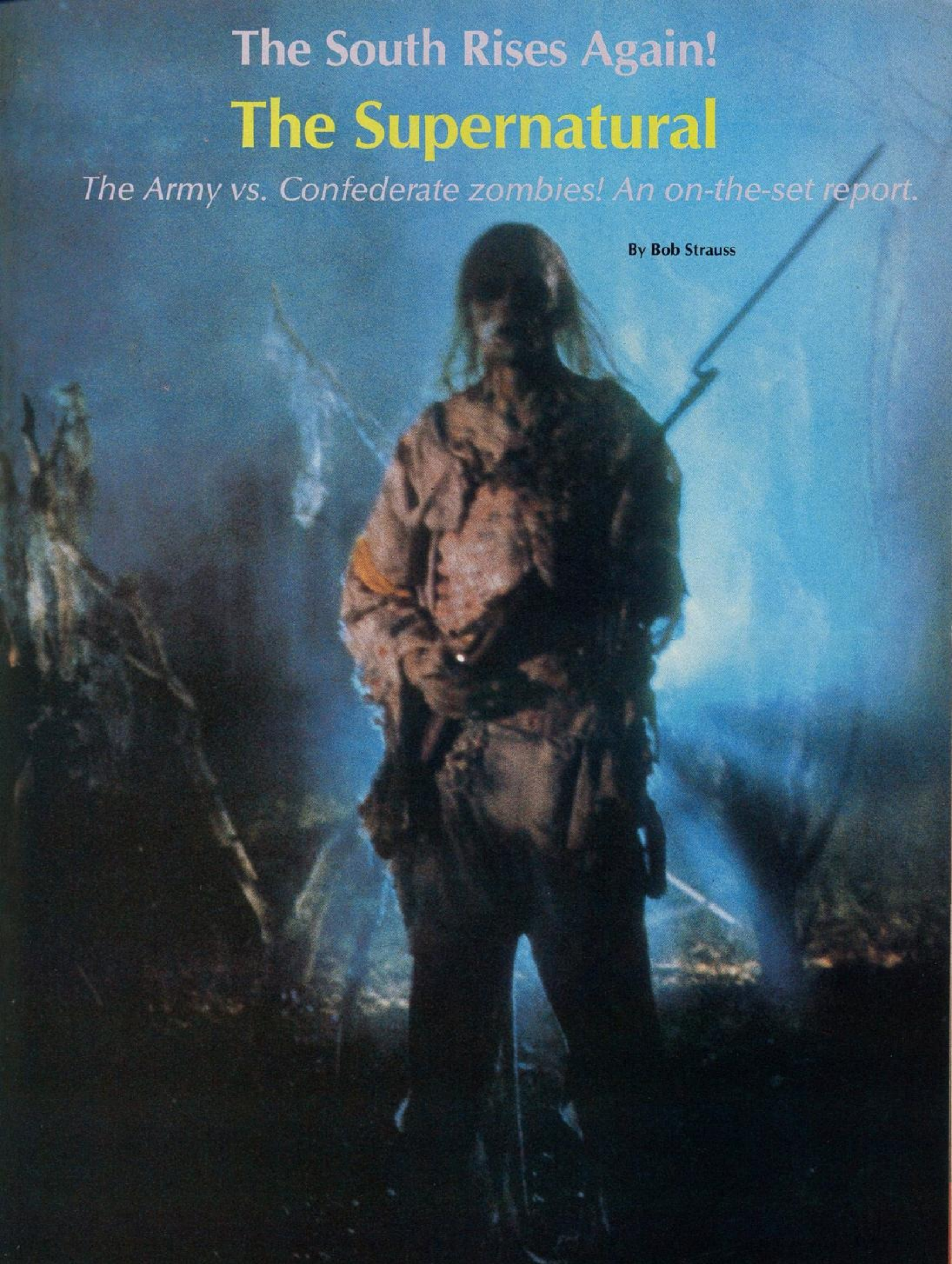
Remember, the human body can take a lot of abuse, but when it rebels at being assaulted, its manifestations may not be pleasant. Respect it and treat it well, whether it be yours or another's.

The South Rises Again!

The Supernatural

The Army vs. Confederate zombies! An on-the-set report.

By **Bob Strauss**



Armand Mastroianni directs one of *The Supernatural's* Civil War sequences.

PHOTO: ROGER JANS

Midnight. Tramping through the woods of a tomb-dark Malibu canyon, my boots squelching deeper into mud with each step, I detect a sickly, greenish-blue glow coming from a clearing up ahead. Joel Soisson, my guide, tells me how bobcat and coyote occasionally interrupt the filming of *The Supernatural,* the new horror-fantasy-adventure movie he co-wrote and is co-producing with Michael Murphey for Republic Entertainment International and Sandy Howard Productions. Nervously, I peer into the blackness for any sign of wild beasts. I see none, but when we reach the clearing I find something far more terrifying.

Bogus Spanish moss hangs from a hundred tree branches as a man with a fogging device wafts billows of mist throughout the illuminated landscape. Tents, campfires and other remnants of a military bivouac are scattered across the ground. Over by a rotting log, a young, fatigue-clad recruit (Bradford Bancroft) screams as a hideously decomposed, walking cadaver sinks its bony talons into the soft flesh of his face.

With its grip still firm on his cheeks and temples, the preternatural apparition drags Bancroft toward an ungodly fate. Suddenly, another soldier (Scott Jacoby) charges out of the bushes, his bay-

A Confederate corpse gets even with a "Yankee" soldier.

onet raised high. He hacks feverishly at the zombie's arm, but appears to inflict no damage. Desperate, Jacoby launches a karate chop at the creature's elbow. The monster's brittle bones snap apart and, suddenly minus a forearm, the thing shambles away in confusion.

But Bancroft is still screaming. The corpse's disembodied hand remains grafted, perhaps permanently, to his face.

The Supernatural is a $4.2 million production directed by Armand Mastroianni and starring Maxwell Caulfield, LeVar Burton, *Star Trek's* Nichelle Nichols, Jacoby, Bancroft, Margaret Shendal, Talia Balsam and Bobby DiCicco. Filmed in California and Alabama, the movie is a variation on the theme used in Herschel Gordon Lewis' *2000 Maniacs*.

A company of modern-day army recruits, while training in a rural area of the South, inadvertantly pitches camp on the site where a terrible atrocity was commited during the Civil War. The traumatic psychic aftershocks of the mass slaughter still reverberate through the area, and when the innocent contemporary soldiers, whose unit happens to bear the same number as that of the Union cavalry troop responsible for the crime, bed down for the night, the unstoppable dead rise to seek their revenge.

"Sandy Howard, the executive producer," Soisson explains during a break in the grisly action, "had an original title which he loved, called *The Ghost Soldiers*, and he had this poster of a skull wearing sunglasses. Based on that, he asked Michael and I to write up a military-meets-the-supernatural script. By the time we'd finished writing what I considered a very interesting screenplay, *Ghostbusters* had come out. We did not want to seem derivative, so we ended up having to change the title."

Soisson and Murphey have worked in various production capacities on four of Howard's films. Their previous writing credit was for *Hambone and Hilly*, a family film about a wandering dog, which Howard also executive-produced. *The Supernatural*, both writers' first foray into the gruesome and grotesque, is a far cry from that soft and cuddly opus.

"This film is almost an amalgam of different outre genres," Soisson explains. "What we tried to do was take elements from some of our favorite films—*Poltergeist*, Howard Hawks' *The Thing*—and weave them in with this very terrifying encounter that these troops have with the undead.

"Beside the makeup and mechanical effects associated with the resurrected Confederate soldiers, there will be optical effects depicting psychic phenomena. We have a woman who is essentially brought back to a semblance of life by her son, who, a la *Carrie*, is capable of an incredible outpouring of mind energy.

ALL PHOTOS: © 1985 REPUBLIC ENTERTAINMENT INTERNATIONAL

Some of the designs of the long-dead Confederate avengers were based upon old Mathew Brady photographs of Civil War casualties.

These scenes involve smoke, a swirling, glowing vortex, and wind and lightning effects.

"We're also going for a very eerie, atmospheric look throughout the film. We're trying to create a location, through heightened ambiance, that is basically very mysterious. I'm not familiar, myself, with any movie that has depicted soldiers doing battle with things that they can't kill. To be honest, the things that impress Michael and I most about horror movies are the characters and the danger, the jeopardy the protagonists are put in, not so much the horror. We've concentrated our efforts on creating characters the viewers will really care about, so that once they start getting their heads torn off, people aren't just sitting in the theatre saying, 'Gee, isn't that a great effect?"

The team responsible for *Supernatural*'s zombies and other makeup effects is headed by Mark Shostrom, whose previous credits include *The Mutilator*, *Deadly Force* and Klaus Kinski's head-removal scene in *Android*. Also on the team are Ed Ferrell, a former commercial fisherman who began his makeup career working with Shostrom when *Mutilator* was filmed in his home town of Buford, North Carolina, Bart Mixon, Shannon Shea and costume designer Lisa Jensen.

Full-body suits were created to cover

eight of the featured zombies from head to toe. These were made from taking plaster casts of the actors' bodies, which were then filled out with rigid foam that was subsequently fiberglassed on the outside. Spandex understructures were placed on these mannequins, which in turn were covered with rubber, sculpted, baked and painted. Hands with cracked, yellowing nails made from dental acrylic were also cast, and different full-face masks were struck for each suit, along with some extra masks to be worn by background cadavers. Fully articulated mechanical heads have been constructed for closeups of such things as a corpse smiling, getting its skull smashed or having its wax jaw knocked off. No appliances were used to create the zombies.

"For the look, we weren't very worried about comparisons to all of the other mummies that have been done recently," Shostrom reveals. "Everybody says that they were influenced by EC comics and the mummies of Guanajuato, but I haven't really seen that recently. I think ours is very close to the EC look, something that really hasn't been shown before."

Two things immediately stand out about *The Supernatural*'s corpses. The first is that they definitely have the dry look. Figuring that cadavers that have been lying in the ground for 120 years would be pretty much lacking in precious bodily fluid, Shostrom and director Mastroianni worked hard to insure that each of the reanimated revengers made a decidedly dusty appearance. Even when they are hit with bullets, the zombies bled dirt out of their squibs instead of liquid.

The other ECish touch is provided by a wonderful new product that no modern household should be without: Nurnies, which are also known by their generic names Chunks of Flesh and Mounds of Rot. These delectable, swiss cheese-like formations are made from painting latex onto a clear plexiglass square that has had holes scratched into it. The latex is pulled down, powdered and then peeled off when it looks as disgusting as possible. The resulting clingy little piles of scuzz are draped and hung at strategic points on the cadaver suits for that fashionable, "I just rose from the dead and I can't do a thing with my skin" look.

Don't get the impression that Nurnies are just some frivolous fad, however. These valuable couture accessories take a long time to dry, and only four or five of them can be made on any given working day. The good news is that, once dry, they last forever, which is no doubt reassuring to the legion of chic gorehounds who will want to use Nurnies for at least that long.

Perhaps the most unusual influence on the look of *The Supernatural*'s zombies came from an unexpectedly respectable source: the Civil War pictures of pioneering photographer Mathew Brady. Joel Soisson explains:

"During the Civil War, since that was close to the advent of photography, they really couldn't photograph moving people very well. Subjects had to stand very rigidly. So a lot of these Civil War photographers, especially Brady, captured predominantly dead people.

"A lot of the inspiration for the whole picture came from those Brady photographs, not only from the makeup end but from the story end as well. In fact, we're opening the film with a montage of Brady photographs.

"He took some of the most graphically gruesome pictures of corpses rotting and people dying in fields, and the expressions of the dead are probably the most moving images that you could ever went to see. Not just because they are gross—you really get a feeling from a lot of them for the sentiment and emotion about an experience that was completely shattering for this country."

"Many of our masks," Ed Ferrell adds, "have expressions taken directly from those corpse photos. Lisa and all of us have checked into various period costumes and pictures. Some of the wounds and the flesh that's been ripped away, to the best of our knowledge, look like what you would get from the types of bullets and landmines and junk that they had back then."

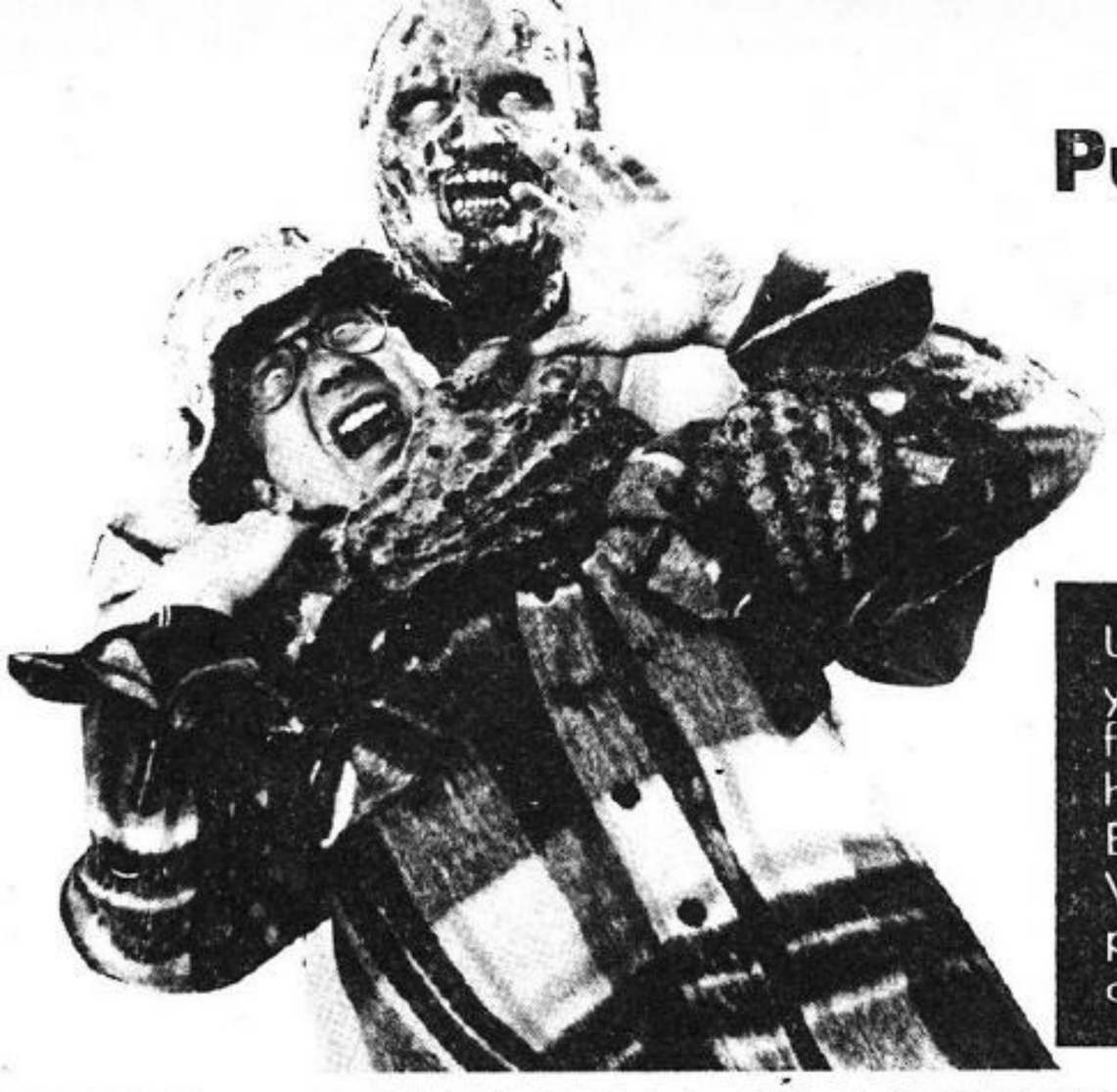
While the makeup designs were a truly collaborative effort, with producers, director and members of the makeup staff each contributing on numerous levels to the creation of the film's effects, most of the designing was done by Shostrom. Ferrell concentrated primarily on the second unit work (mechanicals and understructures), Shannon Shea sculpted and painted, and Bart Mixon handled special makeup (which included aging an 85 year old actor with old age stipple to make him look 125) and provided the script with its Infamous Page 95.

Infamous Page 95?

"One of the zombies grabs Bobby Di-

(Continued on page 64)

One of the zombies designed by Mark Shostrom.



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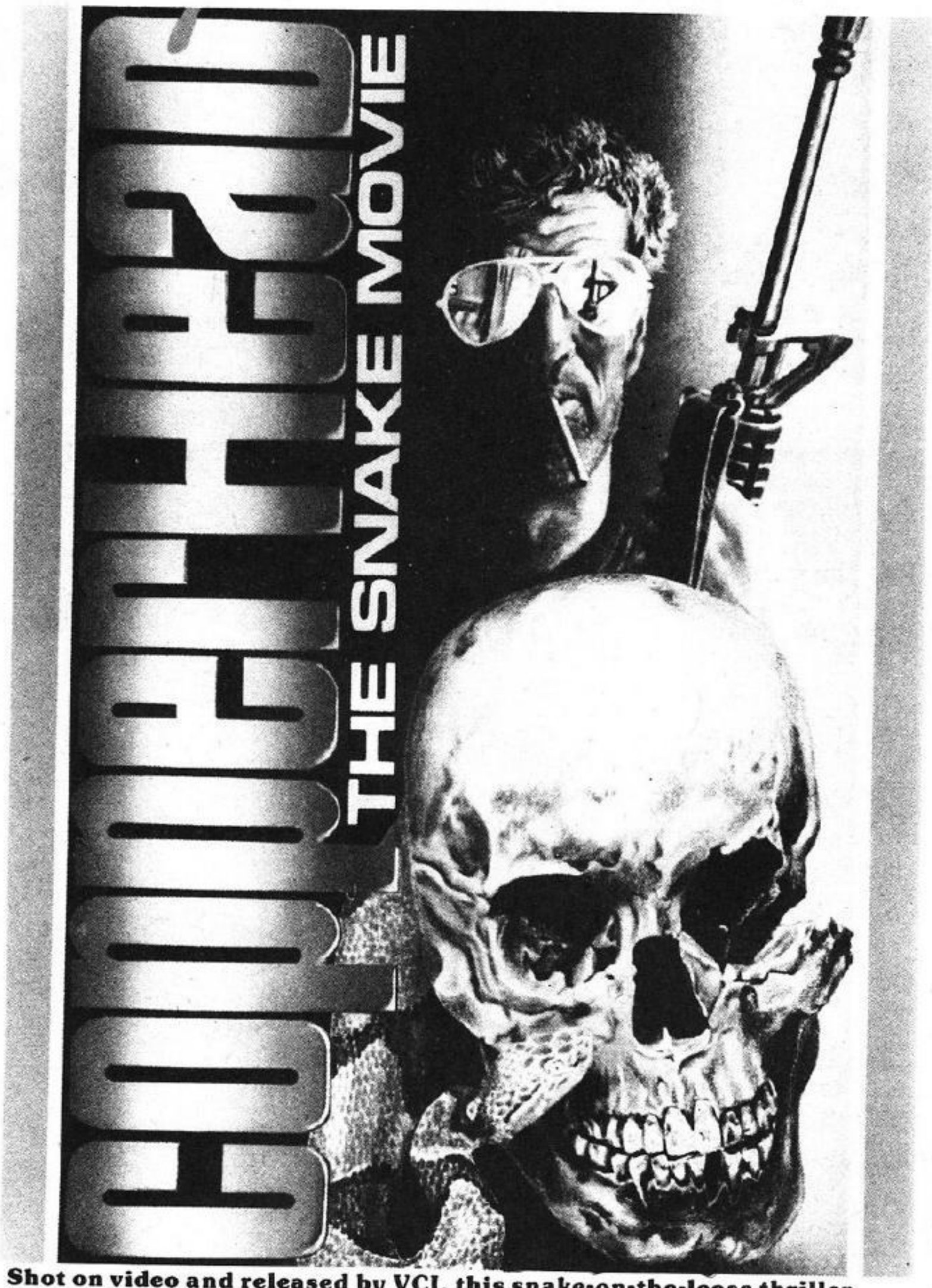
Blood Video

Will home-video players be the drive-ins of the 80's? An Oklahoma producer explores the uncharted territory of made-for-video horror.

By John Wooley



Shot on video and released by VCI, this snake-on-the-loose thriller inspired Bill Blair to make movies specifically for the home-video market

It had to happen sooner or later, especially with an increasing number of feature films making their biggest money in the home-video market instead of in theaters. And when it happened, it happened in Tulsa, Oklahoma, where a local outfit called United Entertainment Pictures recently shot *Blood Cult,* a killer-on-campus horror movie billed as "the first movie made for the home-video market." United Entertainment believes it has found a direct avenue for low-budget exploitation, much in the same way that producers seized upon the growing drive-in market in the 50's.

Normally, of course, a feature is shot on 35mm for 16mm film and transferred to videotape later for television and home-video release. Many pictures, especially horror movies, end up getting only video distribution, but that's not intentional. They just fail to land the theatrical deal they are looking for. The producers of *Blood Cult,* however, have no designs on the theatrical market. They shot their feature (on a nine-day shooting schedule) using Sony Beta Cam high-speed half-inch video recorders, for release directly to video. Cast and crew were all local, except for star Julie Andelman, a Los Angeles-based actress who graduated from a Tulsa high school, and post-production work was also done in Tulsa.

"What we'd like to do," says Bill Blair, president of United Entertainment, "is start a whole new breed of movies made strictly for videocassette. We did horror first because you can always expect to make money on a horror film—horror always sells. We'll do more horror, and some of our others down the line will probably be science-fiction, since we can do a lot of computer special effects now, and we've got lots of stock footage in our library to work with."

United Entertainment may be an unfamiliar name to home video fans, but Video Communications Inc. (VCI) isn't. United Entertainment grew out of VCI, a videotape company with over 300 titles in release to the home market and an-

The *Blood Cult* killer's handiwork.

other 100 packaged for television. Among VCI's films are such sleazoid favorites as *Twisted Brain, Scream Bloody Murder, Blood of Dracula's Castle* and the Herschell Gordon Lewis epic, *Monster A-Go-Go* (the latter one of a dozen pictures in VCI's "Le Bad Cinema" series). The company also co-financed Don Dohler's *The Galaxy Invader* ("It came from a galaxy far, far away, an alien explorer—its mission...TO KILL."), which Blair says went directly to home video via VCI.

Blair, *Blood Cult*'s executive producer, got the idea to do a made-for-home-video feature after VCI picked up a horror movie called *Copperhead. Copperhead,* billed by the company as "probably the snakiest of all the horror movies ever made," was the first feature from a Sedalia, Missouri-based filmmaker named Leland Payton. It had been shot on one-inch videotape with the idea of transferring it to 35mm film for theatrical release. The theatrical release, however, never materialized, and Payton came to VCI with the movie.

"We saw that it wasn't quite theatrical quality, but it was pretty well edited and the special effects were excellent," says Blair. "We created some very, very good art for it and released it directly to the home video market, and it was really successful."

For years, Blair had been talking about making a movie with Christopher and Linda Lewis, two local media personalities. Spurred by the success of *Copperhead,* he dusted off a script he and a Tulsa neurologist had written several years before called *The Sorority House Murders* and took it to the Lewises. They agreed it could be done on a very low budget and had a chance of turning a profit in the home-video market, so they threw in with Blair. Lewis, who is the son of actress Loretta Young and has some experience in film, ended up co-producing and directing the picture. His wife co-produced. They brought in the feature, with the new title of *Blood Cult,* for what Lewis calls "a *real* low budget," but Blair insists that the quality is high.

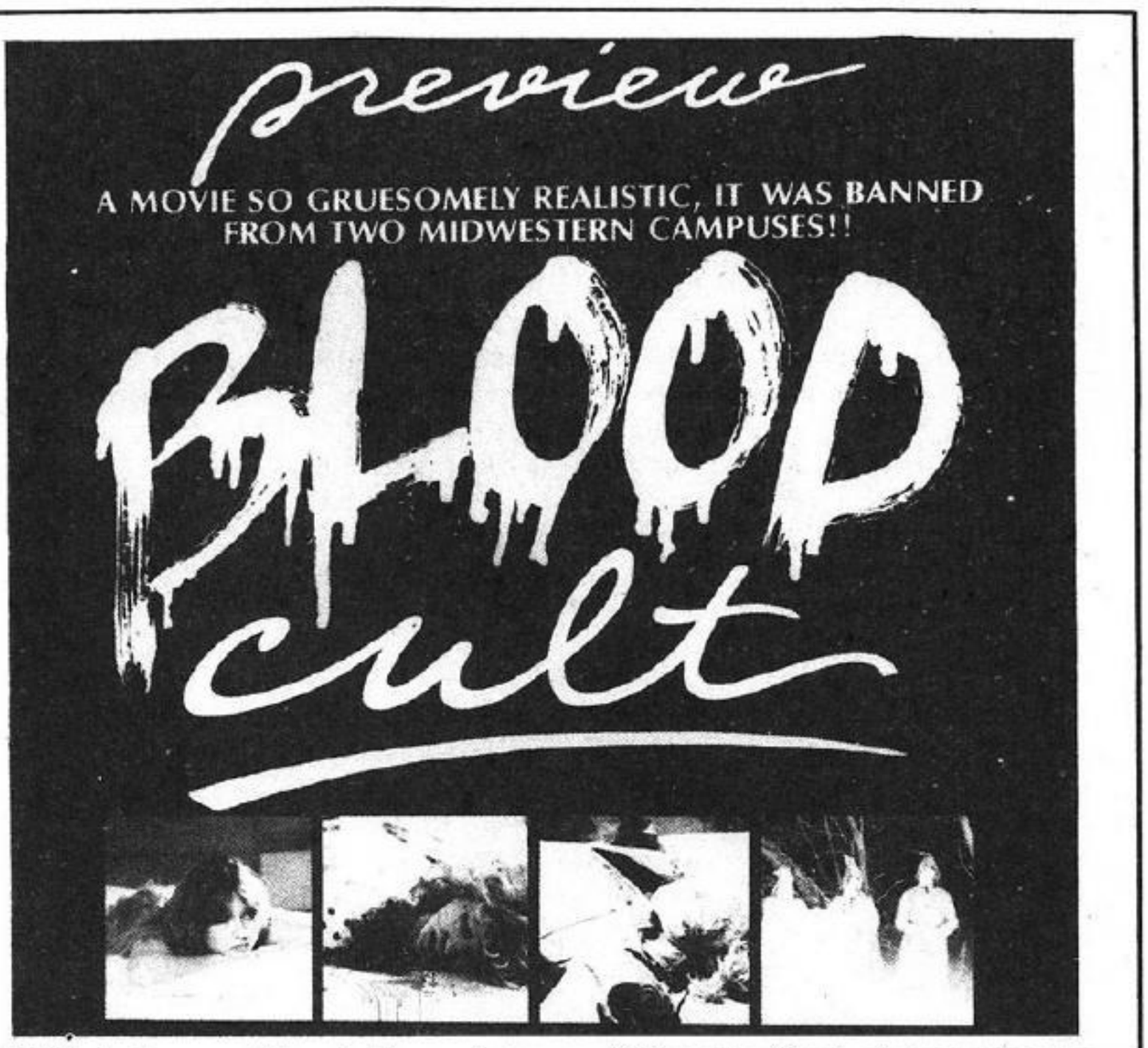
United Entertainment's next film, which should be in the can by the time you read this, is also a horror feature and also takes place on a campus. Lewis calls it a "modern-day Jack the Ripper story with a twist." Once they get rolling, Blair and the Lewises expect to be getting out a movie a month, all headed straight for home video. If all goes as planned, United Entertainment could become the video equivalent of PRC, the legendary 40's B studio that cranked them out as fast as it took to stand George Zucco before a camera.

Blood Cult and the new idea it represents have already attracted national attention from other video distributors and filmmakers. Los Angeles' Joe Wolf, a former vice-chairman of Media Home Entertainment (when Media co-financed *Nightmare on Elm Street,* Wolf was the co-producer) says, "We're all aware out here of what Bill Blair's doing. The way I see it, though, is that there's a problem with publicity. You've got to have publicity to put the movies out, the sort of publicity that comes with a theatrical release. The way it is now, you can make money, but you won't get your big pictures, your *Halloweens.* He could break even on what? Eight thousand copies?"

Wolf, who also co-produced the *Halloween* films and *Hell Night,* believes, however, that made-for-video movies could be the wave of the not-too-distant future.

"I think it'll definitely work in the future," he says. "Maybe two or three years from now, you'll have the video market that's big enough to support a *Halloween.*"

One filmmaker who thinks that that future is here now—at least for independent producers—is Jeff Hogue, whose Majestic International Pictures, based in Jonesboro, Arkansas, has given the world *Invasion of the Girl Snatchers, Curse of the Alpha Stone* and *Doctor*



Bill Blair hopes this stalker picture will be the first of many home-video features, to be made as quickly as once a month.

ALL PHOTOS: COURTESY OF UNITED ENTERTAINMENT, INC.

Grassroots Makeup FX

Here's something to think about. Suppose you're, oh, let's say a 23-year-old horror movie fan, a steady reader of FANGORIA, who idolizes Tom Savini, Rick Baker, Dick Smith and all the rest. You'd love to work on a film, to break into the business, but you live in the middle of the country where such things are about as likely as George Steinbrenner being satisfied with the New York Yankees. So you do makeup work wherever you can, winning some contests here and there—and then, all of a sudden someone from a new film production company calls up and says, "Hey, how'd you like to do the effects for this horror movie we're making?"

Well, it happens. It happened not once but twice—to Dave Powell and Robert Brewer, roommates who work as graphic artists for Tulsa's Newspaper Printing Corporation—when *Blood Cult* co-producer Linda Lewis put out a call at a local magic shop for "someone who could work with latex." The store's proprietor recommended Powell and Brewer, and before you can say Craig Reardon, the two were hooked up with United Entertainment.

"They came to us a week before they started shooting and said they needed a severed finger, a severed torso, a severed head and a severed hand," says Powell. "It was the chance of a lifetime."

The two continued working at their day jobs, going home in the evenings and building body parts and mixing blood. They ended up working a lot of 16-hour days, and doing a lot of improvisation.

"The schedule was so tight that it was hard to get what we needed from out in California, so we had no foam latex," said Brewer. "We did it all with liquid latex, slush molding, and the help of a lot of patient friends."

The film was a learning experience for everyone involved, especially when it came to some of the effects used in the picture.

"They had a store mannequin head, and they asked us, 'Can you make this look real?'" Powell recalls with a grin. "We took a death mask from a friend of mine instead. I redid that head about five times, and it just didn't look right. On the day of the shoot, I came home from work and I was sitting there looking at it, and I felt like something still wasn't right, so I finally cut the mouth open and cast the teeth, and it worked."

The two also ran into trouble with a severed arm that looked too stiff and with their blood mixture, which Brewer describes as "your standard Dick Smith recipe, with Karo syrup and food coloring and all that."

"The blood came out looking like strawberry syrup at first," Powell says. "Robert ran out and got a can of Coke and poured it in. Then it looked good, and it was delicious."

Working on a budget of only a couple of hundred dollars, Powell and Brewer created their effects with liquid latex, beeswax, cow bones, foam rubber (from pillow cushions bought at the local K-Mart) and mortician's wax. For bladder devices, they used Baggies.

"The things we've learned aren't much different from what other people we've read about in FANGORIA have learned," Brewer says. "Everyone seems to start with real low-budgeted films."

The duo's work has met with approval from the *Blood Cult* producers, who hired Brewer and Powell to do the effects for their next movie.

"The biggest complaint we got from our work on *Blood Cult* is that two people had to get up and walk out while they were looking at dailies," says Powell.

Adds Brewer, "We must be doing something right."

Dave Powell (in the Detroit Tigers' cap) and Robert Brewer, masters of Oklahoma makeup effects.

Gore's Body Shop, to name a few of the dozen or more Majestic releases. VCI has home rights to his films.

"An independent producer doesn't have the kind of capital base you need to make a major theatrical release," he says. "To really compete with the *Nightmare on Elm Streets* out there, $350,000 is about as cheap as you can go. But you can make a quality video for about $30,000. At one time, people would've said you were crazy to do a movie just for the video market, because that theatrical revenue was so crucial. Now, the way things have progressed, it's the smartest way for an independent producer to go. I'd sure do it."

Leland Payton, who produced, directed and wrote *Copperhead*, isn't so sure.

"One-inch video is a very problematic medium," he says, citing problems with lighting and composition. "Probably at this time I would not make a film on video again. I would make it on 16mm film and edit it on video."

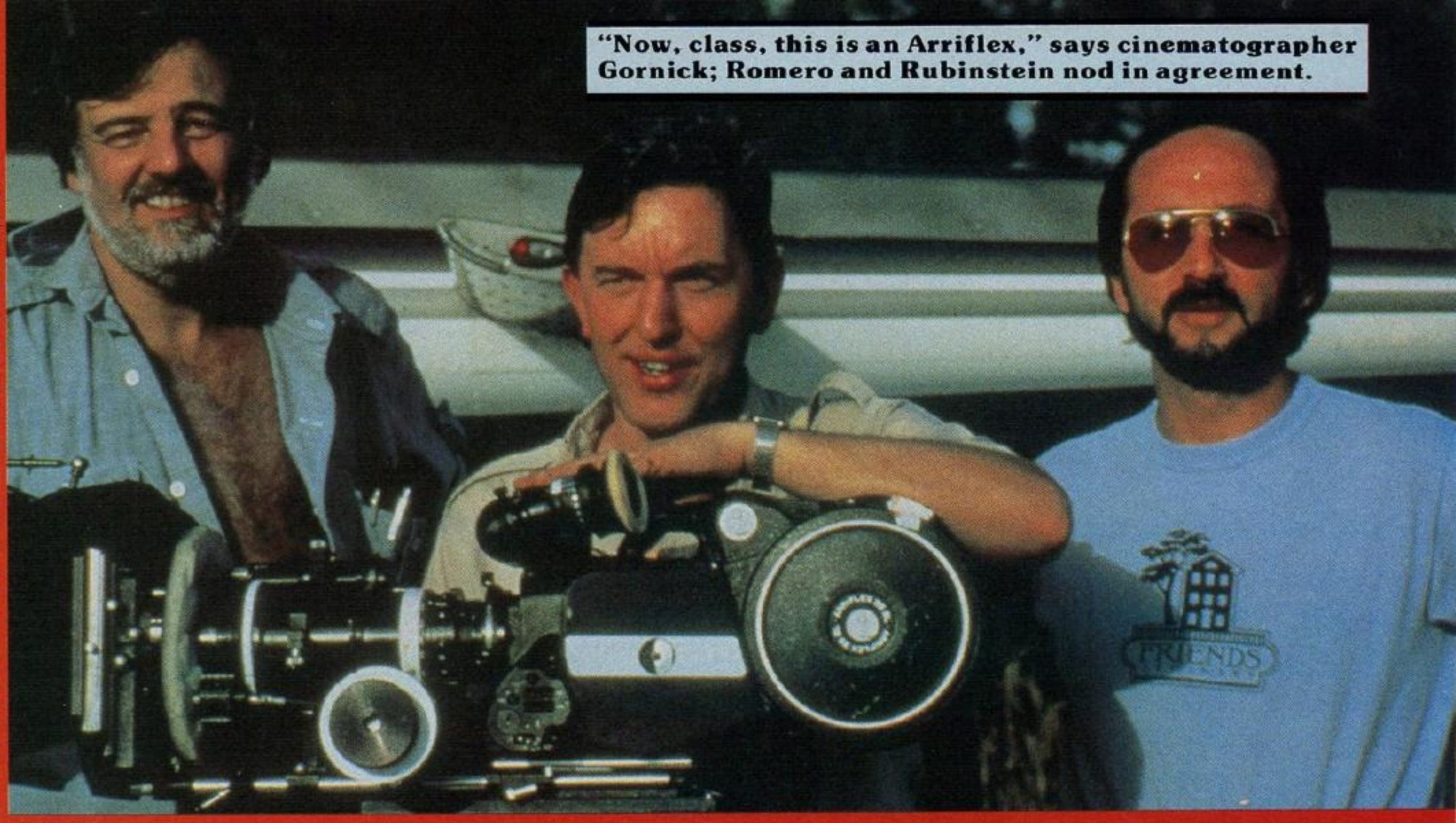
Payton said another strike against shooting a film directly for the video market is what he called "the very commanding presence of the big silver screen.

"There's no review system set up for a made-for-video movie, either. Even a film that's released to theaters and doesn't do well has a certain degree of respectability because it's been shown in theaters and it's been reviewed."

But Jeff Hogue, whose pictures get theatrical playdates, still calls the home-video market his "life blood."

"I've found the video market to have taken over the drive-in market," he says. "Your low-budget material, your exploitation material, was seen at the drive-in because the walk-ins didn't want to deal with it. With exploitation films, you don't really sell the steak anyway, you sell the sizzle, so the ads for the movies were always great—just like the ads for the videos are now. Also, people didn't know what they were going to see until they got in. They just wanted to sit back with their girlfriend or their wife and drink a beer and watch a couple of exploitation movies, and they can do that at home now. The clientele the drive-ins catered to are home, watching the same kinds of films on home video."

Whether or not *Blood Cult* kicks off a new wave of low-budget horror and exploitation movies aimed solely for the home market remains to be seen. The odds, though, look good, especially to independent filmmakers with limited resources who realize how much the home-video market—and the television market—has grown. As Bill Blair said, "There are three markets left for filmmakers that command big, big dollars: home video, theatrical and television. When you can hit two out of three, you're doing pretty well."



"Now, class, this is an Arriflex," says cinematographer Gornick; Romero and Rubinstein nod in agreement.

ALL PHOTOS: SUSAN AND RICHARD GOLOMB. ©1985 LAUREL-DAY, INC.

George Romero

on *Day of the Dead* and *Pet Sematary*

Will the Zombie Saga Ever End?

By R.H. Martin

For those who, like myself, find *Day of the Dead* a first-rate successor to *Night of the Living Dead* and *Dawn of the Dead*; for those who intend on seeing this latest entry more than twice; for all of us who feel that Romero continues to triumphantly rule as the Emperor of Zombie Cinema, there is no delicate way to approach the fact that George Romero does not consider *Day of the Dead* a film he wanted to make.

This is not to say that Romero considers *Day* to be in any way a failure; his frustration is not as a director, but as a screenwriter. Romero's original *Day of the Dead* script was rejected due to budgetary considerations; and, though the latest *Dead* film certainly leaves room for continuation of the zombie saga, it seems unlikely that the original conclusion he had planned for the "zombie trilogy" will ever be made.

When I spoke to Romero on the *Day* set, he was quite open about all of this, but still it was difficult to get a fix on his actual feelings. At that Holiday Inn poolside, I was speaking to him in the company of journalists from various other publications, folks for whom interviewing a horror film director was like a trip to the graveyard. Since I hang out in the graveyard all the time and have a fair idea of what's in the crypts, I didn't want to bring up issues that *Us* magazine didn't know how to handle. (In fact, I'm not even sure that *I'm* handling this one right. What I'm used to is guys who have made mediocre films telling me how great they are; having a director who has

If Romero were willing to go R, Bub coulda been the next Jason!

made a good film talk about his disappointments makes things difficult.)

In the script Romero wanted to film, Bub was the best-trained of a corps of zombie militia, called "the redcoats," under the command of the original Rhodes character. Romero's descriptions indicate that the original script not only brought the zombie drama to a grand climax; it was also more pointed as a moral fable, with the zombies tamed, and shaped into a weapon, by scientists who, to a greater or lesser extent, escape responsibility for that weapon's use by leaving it in the hands of the military.

What, I hear you asking, does this mean to you, the Fango reader? At this point, it's hard to say. With Romero's original plan for the *Dead* finale scotched, the odds against the continuation of the *Dead* saga seem high. On the other hand, it seems unlikely that Romero's legion of fans, or his own artistic conscience, would ever allow him to forget that the *Dead* saga now stands as an "unfinished work."

At the time of the following interview, *Day of the Dead* was in previews, and Romero had just begun laying groundwork for the start of his next film, *Pet Sematary*.

FANGORIA: Rhodes was my favorite of the characters in *Day*; thinking about it, I realized that I've always found your flawed characters and your villains more compelling than the heroes. Are you more interested in your villains?

George Romero: Villains are always more fun; like Darth Vader was the most colorful character in *Star Wars*. It's really difficult to root for a hero, unless it's a *Rocky* situation, where the hero is overcoming great odds, putting you automatically on their sides for reasons other than character.

Fang: The only character to conquer the odds in your films was Ed Harris in *Knightriders*, and he sort of went around them. You seem to enjoy giving your heroes odds they *can't* beat...

Romero: It may just be the type of situation that attracts me. The circumstances come first, and then I people the situation. If that's true...and I guess it is... What about *Martin*?

Fang: Martin is different; instead of a hero, he was a doomed protagonist.

Romero: Well, I guess in my pictures you're either doomed or you've got yourself a hell of a job! [laughs]

Fang: I suppose doing a *Rocky* would go against your grain...

Romero: I don't know...I'd love to try, but that sort of idea doesn't ever occur to me. That sort of thing seems, perhaps, too simple. It's common to wish that life were that way, that life's problems could be tackled and resolved that simply. The truth is more complicated than that, and I guess the complications are what keep me interested.

Fang: Would you describe writing the *Dead* films as a process of invention, or one of discovery?

Romero: I think it's a blend, maybe closer to discovery. It's like starting a brand new thing each time, since the stories are not connected by anything remotely resembling a straight-line narrative. But they're connected in spirit, certainly, and much of it is simply taking the situation set out in the first one further along in time.

Fang: It often occurs to me that the whole zombie thing seems related to Roman Catholic mythology; the resurrection of the body, eating the flesh of Christ...

Romero: A couple of people have mentioned that to me, but I have to say that I'm not conscious of it, even since that was first brought up to me. I really have it cataloged in my mind as a sociological thing. It may be that some of what has subconsciously attracted me to the theme has to do with the Catholic Church, but I've never thought about it or analyzed it in that way. Where I feel that I have dealt with the Church, it's been up front, as it was in *Martin*.

Fang: *Day of the Dead's* primary differ-

Tom Savini, Greg Nicotero (right), and a bearded gentleman who asked us not to reveal his identity, operate the incredible "Dr. Tongue."

ence from the previous *Dead* films seems to be that it's richer in character; did that come about during the re-write?

Romero: It was there already; in fact I'd say, if there was any difference, the first script was richer in character. It's hard to be objective about it, because I still feel weird about not being able to do the script that I wanted to do...the main difference between the two scripts being that the first was bigger in scope, and that it happened at a later point in time.

The societal structure was a lot more complicated; the people underground were down there in shifts; up top, above the underground complex was a complex that structurally resembled one of those condominium-style retirement communities in Florida, which was all fenced off. That's where the human workers lived. The city was the same as we had it, deserted except for the zombies. The military would foray into the city, pretty much as it is in the film, and capture the zombies that showed the most signs of civilized behavior, to enroll them in the training program.

Fang: If circumstances were to come together, allowing you to make the original script, would you need to rewrite it?

Romero: I would definitely feel a need to rewrite, because I did steal a lot of detail from it: there were characters and specific effects that I used, so I would have to rewrite. But I don't know if that opportunity is ever going to arrive, unless something happens with the Motion Picture Association and the ratings.

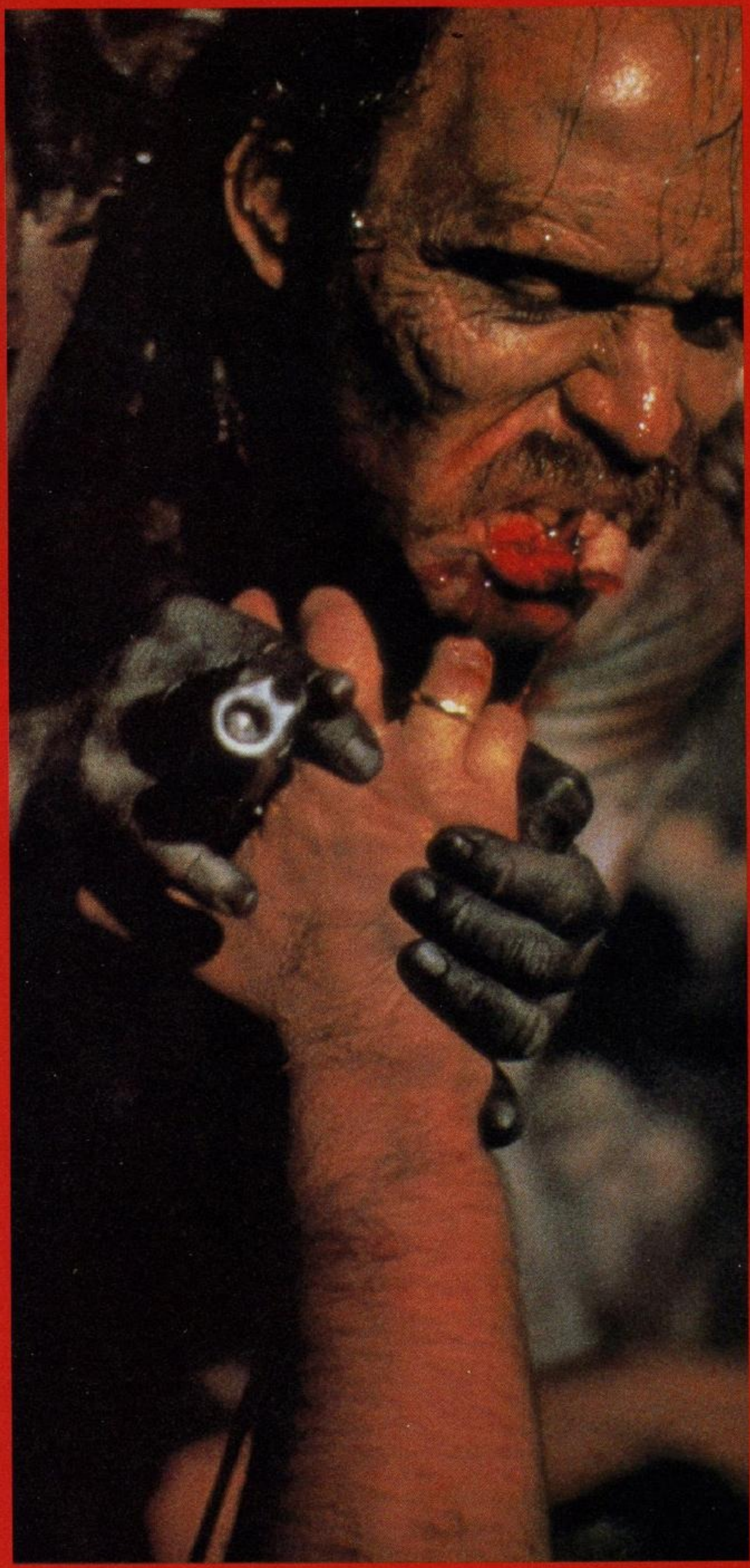
In fact, the only way it could happen would be if this picture went out and made a real fortune, and that's not likely to happen because of the way it's being released, which is again because of the ratings. And then there's always the possibility that, in four or five years, there may be an entirely different story that I might want to do.

Fang: Do you feel at all that you could do a fourth *Dead* film with an R rating?

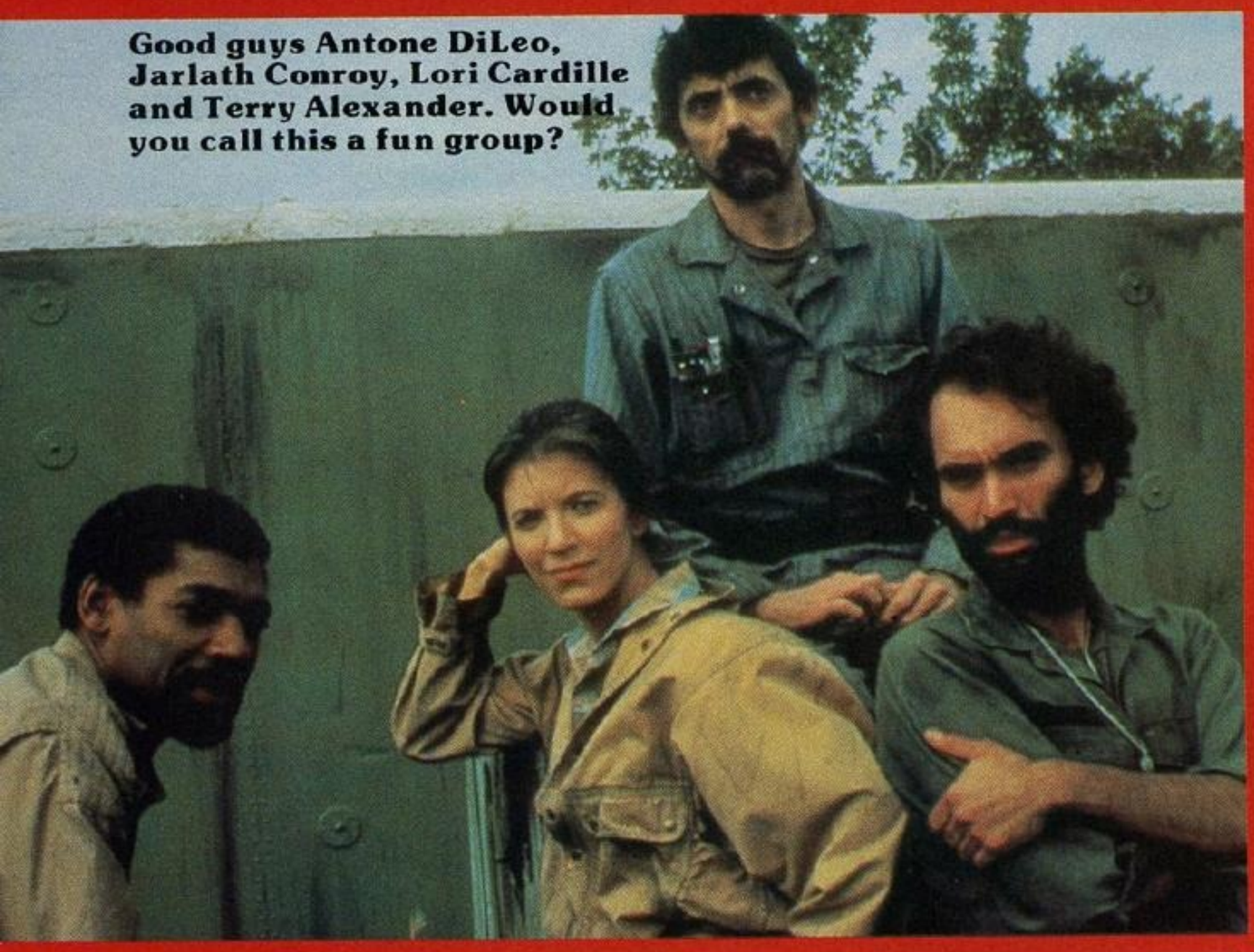
Romero: No. Definitely not...I could try, but I don't think they'd let me shoot a zombie in the head; even if that's only because it's me and not Rambo.

For me, the Grand Guignol is part of these films, part of their character. That may be a conceit on my part; certainly in *Night of the Living Dead*, those aspects were more symbiotic with the balance of the film, it being an angrier film than the others. But, regardless of how essential those sequences are to the art or the drama of the film, for me those sequences are part of the fun of doing this type of film. Like Grand Guignol theater, it's doing it for the sake of the illusion, seeing how well an effect can be executed.

Fang: Your next film is the adaptation of King's *Pet Sematary*. On reading that



Now here's some guys into *serious fun;* Pilato, Gary Klar and Ralph Marrero.



Good guys Antone DiLeo, Jarlath Conroy, Lori Cardille and Terry Alexander. Would you call this a fun group?

book, it struck me that much of that book was unfilmable, because its emotions are so personal; did King have any such feelings?

Romero: I think he did feel very close to the book; some parts of it were autobiographical. The house in the book is the house that he lived in when he was teaching; that's where he lived when I first met and visited him, and that road was there.

I think he felt that it would be difficult to deal with; emotionally and technically difficult to put the audience in it. I think he also felt that the execution of the effects, if they weren't done right, would destroy the human part of the story, which is what it's really about, even though it has within it the elements of a pyrotechnical monster movie. It's almost like a story within the story, in that way.

But I haven't spoken with him about that too much, so I really can't speak for him on the subject.

Fang: Do you feel that its theme, a father's concern for the life of his child, needs to be handled with kid gloves?

Romero: I don't. I think it has to be handled carefully and tenderly, and it has to be respected, but I'm not afraid of it. When you say 'kid gloves,' it suggests something that I might shy from, or worry about the whole time, which I'm not about to do, perhaps because it's *not* mine. I am going to try to do it objectively, and try to execute it well enough that it doesn't shatter—because it is that delicate, like an eggshell. Preserving that will be, for me, more of a technical exercise than an emotional one. The degree of involvement the audience feels as this story unfolds could be shattered by the opticals on a cat's eyes being out of register, or any number of things.

Fang: What are the chances that King's involvement in *Overdrive* will be causing headaches?

Romero: Right now, it looks like the two won't collide. DeLaurentiis is financing the film through Laurel; Laurel and DeLaurentiis are still negotiating, there's no ink on it yet; and it's too late to get it done this fall, so what we're hoping for is a spring shoot. What I might do is get some cameras up there this fall, just to get the benefit of the fall colors up there. [Note: a Maine location is planned.]

Fang: I'd been under the impression you were in preproduction already...

Romero: Technically, we are, though there's been no official green light. We have had some meetings—I've had meetings with some visual effects people, and with Cletus Anderson. A lot of it has been concerned with budgeting.

Fang: Have you recruited your effects crew?

Romero: No, not yet. I've spoken to visual effects people, and a few different makeup effects people; I haven't spoken to Savini yet—after the Chuck Norris picture, he went straight to directing another *Darkside* episode; I understand he just arrived back home from doing that. It is apparent that we're going to have to spend a certain amount of money to get what we want. It will definitely be the largest budget I've ever worked with, because of the effects.

Fang: Have you given much thought yet as to how to approach the effects, technically?

Romero: Given what we have to put across with effects here, I'm hoping that we can look at a few different ways to get what we need; that the budget will allow a certain amount of experimentation, and that the politics will work out in a way that will allow us the time to keep trying and trying until we get what we need, and not have to settle for something that's just okay. But as to particulars, it beats me, man.

Fang: This last is, perhaps, a sensitive question, and I leave it at your option whether to answer it. But I heard on the *Day* set that you were considering leaving Laurel...

Romero: [laughs in acknowledgement of the interviewer's big ears] I'm leaving Laurel's employ this Wednesday. It's on pretty friendly terms; Richard and I are not screaming at each other, or anything like that. I am still on the board of directors, I still own a chunk of the company, and there are three or four projects at Laurel, like *Pet Sematary,* that are probably going to happen through Laurel. The only difference is I will no longer be Laurel's salaried employee.

I found that, within Laurel, I couldn't take as many chances...I sat on my ass for the three years between *Creepshow* and *Day of the Dead*. And I think that, had I been an individual facing the problems that faced me with the first script for *Day of the Dead*, I would have told them to shove it. Because of the responsibility that I had to Laurel's stockholders, I wasn't able to do that, couldn't take that kind of a chance. I want to be able to do my own projects, take my own risks, without that kind of fiscal responsibility. What I am doing is buying myself a certain amount of freedom; the ability to go out and do other projects.

Klar supplies a bit of that essential Grand Guignol.

Romero and Savini at their ease.

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The *Return of the Living Dead* TRIVIAL CONTEST!

Stout's storyboard art depicting the resurrection of Trash (Linnea Quigley).

Yes, this is it!!! The *Return of the Living Dead* Trivial Contest! And we'll bet you never thought it left!

When Orion Pictures' Paul Sammon recommended a contest to celebrate *The Return of the Living Dead,* we racked our brains trying to think up a good one. After 24 hours on the rack, our brains were about to give out, when we received an envelope in the mail—containing a trivia quiz! Great idea! We expanded it a little, to include some of our own faves (like "Pay to get in...pray to get out!"), and were about to grant the smart fellow who came up with the idea a full year's subscription to the World's Greatest Horror Film Magazine. Unfortunately, Uncle Bob got uprooted at this point, and as he transferred his belongings down the hall to Thrash-Metal-City, he lost the letter. So to the fellow who came up with this idea—*you* know who you are—great work!

Just match the movies listed at left with their promotional slogans in the list to the right.

_____ 1. *Graduation Day*	*A] "More Brains!"*
_____ 2. *Parasite*	*B] ...you should have believed!*
_____ 3. *CHUD*	*C] The most terrifying nightmare of childhood is about to return!*
_____ 4. *Death Ship*	*D] The class of '81 is running out of time.*
_____ 5. *The Deadly Spawn*	*E] We are going to eat you!*
_____ 6. *Pieces*	*F] ...you won't be coming home!*
_____ 7. *Basket Case*	*G] They're not staying down there,* anymore!
_____ 8. *Superstition*	*H] What in the living hell is on board!*
_____ 9. *The Mutilator*	*I] What in the living hell is out there?*
_____ 10. *The Funhouse*	*J] They fell from space and they were HUNGRY!*
_____ 11. *Scanners*	*K] You will not feel the terror until you experience the movie!*
_____ 12. *Motel Hell*	*L] Cute. Clever. Mischievous. Intelligent. Dangerous.*
_____ 13. *The Howling*	*M] It's exactly what you think it is!*
_____ 14. *Gremlins*	*N] The tenant in Room 7 is very small, very twisted and very mad.*
_____ 15. *The Amityville Horror*	*O] Imagine your worst fear a reality.*
_____ 16. *Sleepaway Camp*	*P] Their thoughts can kill.*
_____ 17. *The Fog*	*Q] By day they ran a motel...by night they ran amok.*
_____ 18. *The Boogey Man*	*R] Pay to get in...pray to get out!*
_____ 19. *Zombie*	*S] "For God's sake, get out!"*
_____ 20. *Return of the Living Dead*	*T] By sword, by pick, by axe, bye bye*

Simple, right? So simple that we won't be able to give prizes to everybody who gets them all right! Winners will be drawn randomly from the correct entries. And, despite our name for this contest, the prizes are IN NO WAY TRIVIAL!!!

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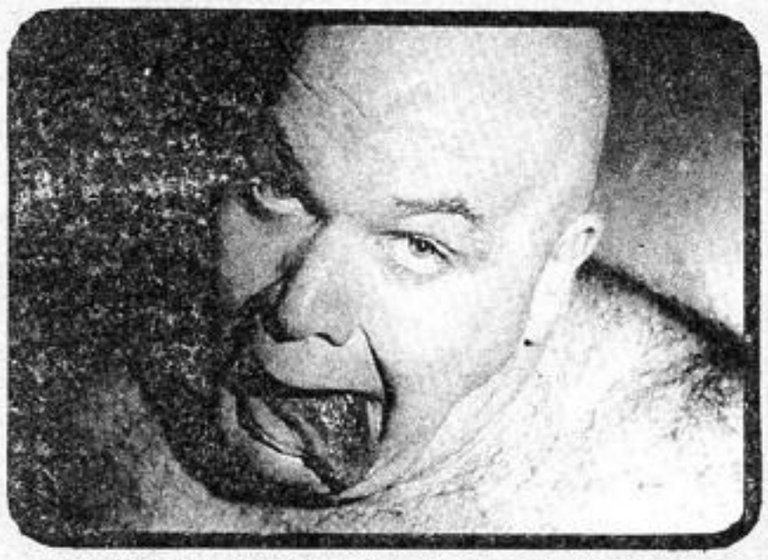

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39—The Shape versus Jason and Leatherface!; Walas on *Gremlins;* Cook & *Ghostbusters;* Stratton on *V;* Freeborn Part 3; And (...or in the process itself?) More!
40—On Set for *Nightmare on Elm Street* and *Return of the Living Dead;* Schwarzenegger on *The Terminator;* Brother Theodore; Harry *Frankenstein's Daughter* Thomas; And (For instance, consider this list...) More!
41—Larry *Zontar* Buchanan; Jim Cameron & *Terminator;* Chris Lee Pt. 1; Steve Johnson & *Ghostbusters;* Laurel's *Darkside;* Bernard *Giant Leeches* Kowalski; And (...which represents years of work...) More!
42—*Blood Simple;* Chris Tucker & *Company of Wolves;* Mario Bava Pt. 1; DePalma on *Body Double;* On Set for *The Stuff* And (...deadline after deadline...) More!
43—On Set for *Day of the Dead, Cat's Eye;* C. Rambaldi & *Silver Bullet;* William Castle screenwriter Robb White; John *Brides of Blood* Ashley; Mike "Touch" Connors; And (...leading off into...what?) More!
44—Danny Steinman & *F13's* New Beginning; Freddie Kreuger designer David Miller; Dan O'Bannon on *Return of the Living Dead; Company of Wolves;* Siodmak!; Saxon!; Robert Wise!; And (Which ends first?) More!
45—*Elm Street's* Heather Langencamp; *F13-V's* FX; *Fright Night* preview; Elvira; Dick Miller; Steve Neill; Jerry *Teenage Zombies* Warren; Jack *Spider Baby* Hill; And (Fango or the-world-as-we-know-it?) More!
46—Tobe Hooper & *Lifeforce; Day of the Dead's* Bub; *Night of the Living Dead* book preview; Caroline Munro; *Sucker Swamp* comix; Howard *Voodoo Island* Koch; And (In either case...) More!
47—Savini FX for *Day of the Dead;* On Set: *Fright Night; Lifeforce* FX; *Explorers; Neor. Maniacs* (...the process is all...) More!

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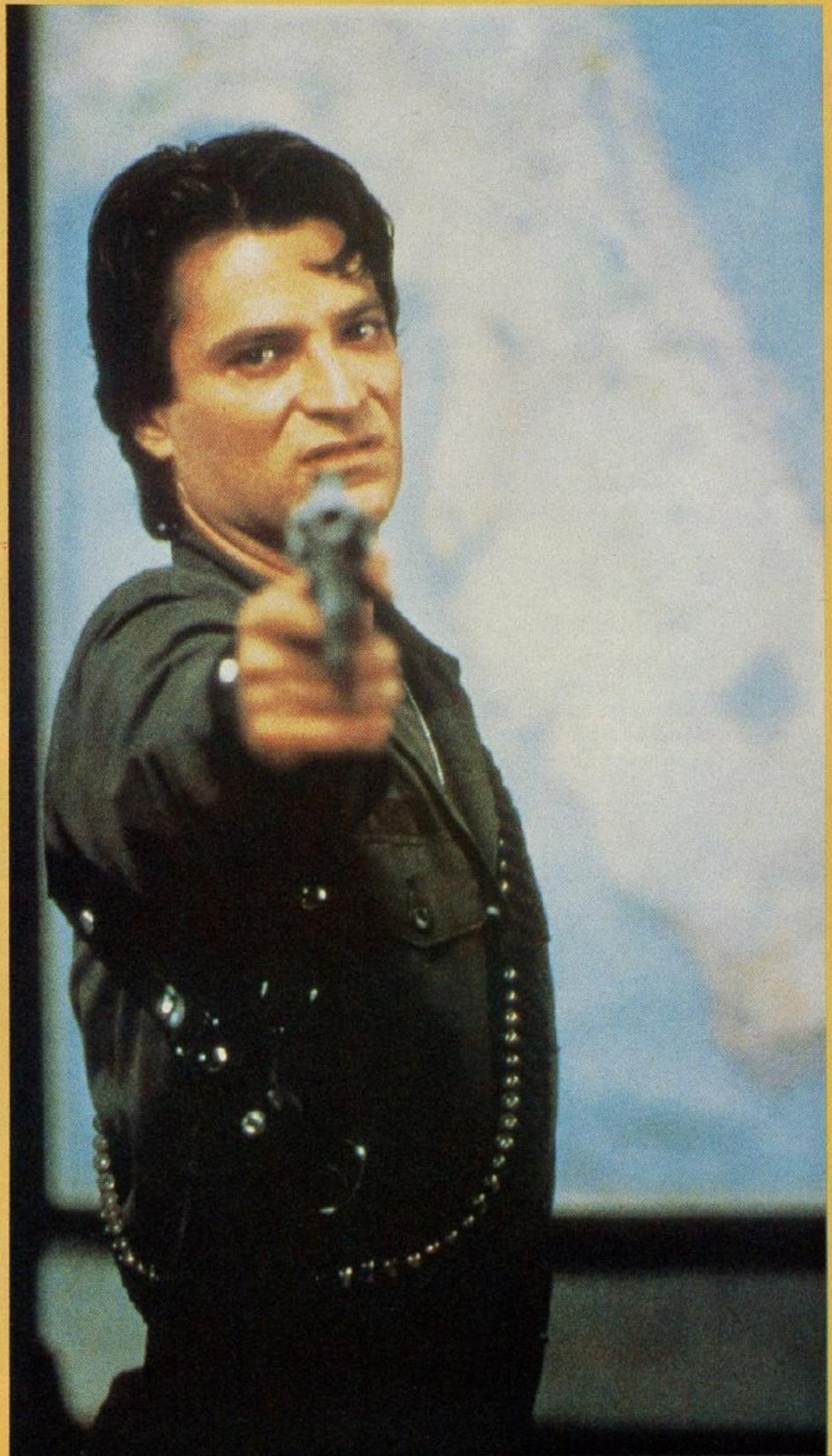
"Sit Down and Read This! ...or I'll Have You Shot!"

So Says Joe Pilato, Military Marauder of George Romero's Day of the Dead!

By R. H. Martin



When I first met Joe Pilato on the set of *Day of the Dead*, we immediately got off on the left foot. When John Harrison introduced us, all I knew about the man was that he'd appeared in the Harrison-produced film *Effects*, and that, in *Day of the Dead*, he "played Rhodes" (whoever Rhodes was; the preliminary notes I'd received didn't say). So, in the course of a stilted conversation that I recall as a typical exchange between disinterested strangers, I made no move to turn on my tape recorder. It was much later that I learned my mistake, when, seeing the finished film, I realized that, as Rhodes, Pilato portrays the most colorful of the human characters in the Romero film.

Part of this misunderstanding came from the fact that, based just on Pilato's physical appearance (and perhaps aided by the fact that he was immersed in the role of a very unsavory character), I was entertaining the notion that this tense, dark man wasn't really an actor, but a mob hit man amusing himself among movie people between contracts. He didn't seem to radiate sensitivity, as so many actors do; and he certainly didn't strike me as the type of person with whom I might argue the worth of Herzog's *Nosferatu*, as we did during the interview. [I liked it, he didn't. The argument was resolved when we realized we were talking about two different films—he had seen the English language version, I had seen the very different version shot simultaneously in German].

Coming from an Italian background myself, I know that acting is not the sort of thing encouraged by the Italian ideal of maleness. So it wasn't a huge surprise to learn that Pilato's taste for public performance was discovered by accident, when he became an altar boy. "I go back as far as the days where, if you were getting Communion and the priest dropped the Host, everything *stopped*." Pilato recalls. "He'd have to get a special cloth to pick it up, and the floor would be marked where the Host had fallen; after the Mass there'd be a special cleaning ceremony and cleaning prayer...all of

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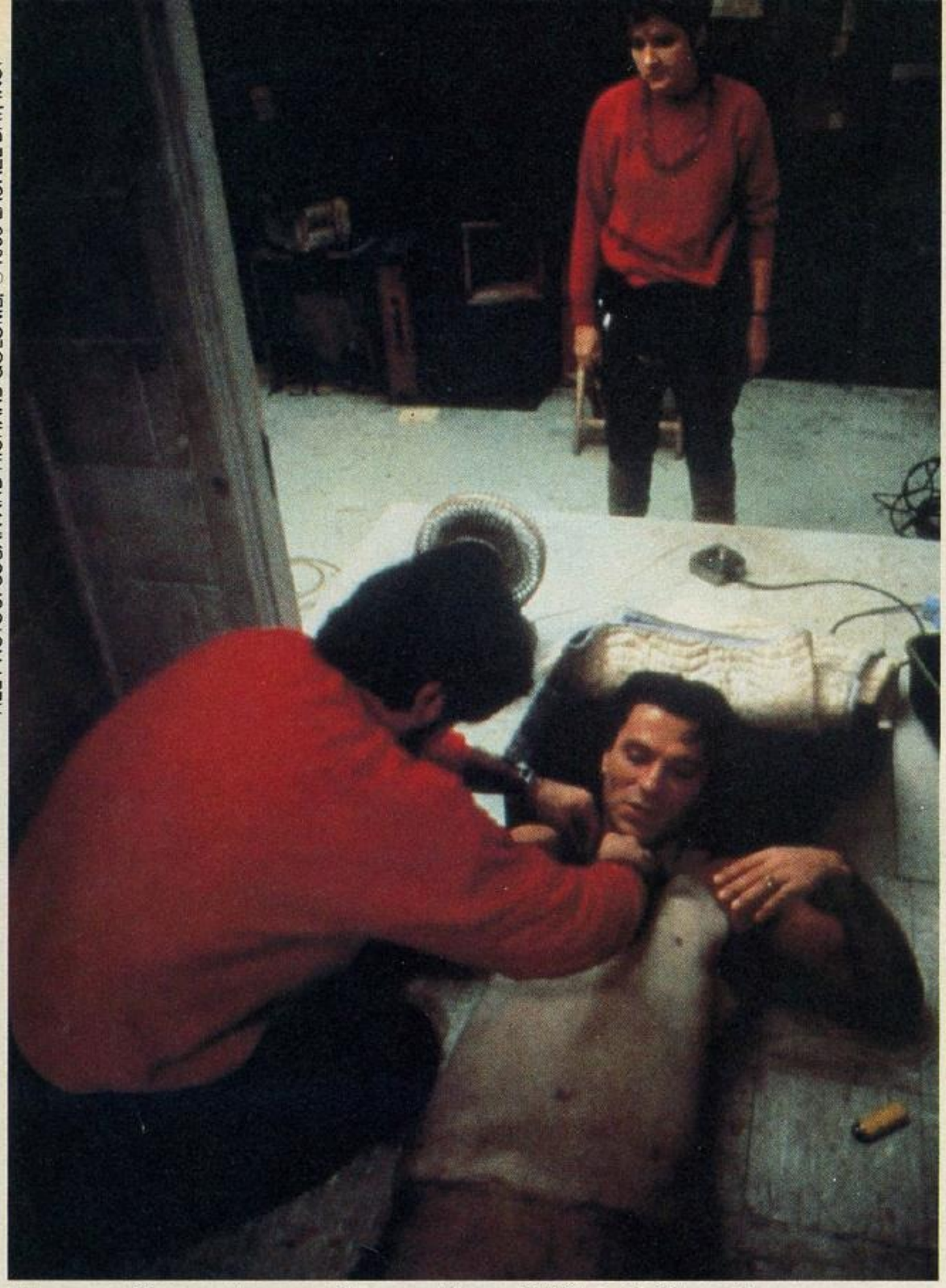


The grueling set-up and execution of Pilato's finest hour.

that elaborate ritual, which is very theatre-like. It goes back to that, really.

"Even so, when I went to college, I didn't have a thought about acting. I was going to be a lawyer—F. Lee Bailey was hot shit, man, and that's what I wanted to be. But it was the late 60s and for an Italian boy...I mean, I didn't *meet* a Jew or a black until I went to college—'You mean there's other people out there?'—so when I got to college my whole life took a complete turnaround, and I thought, why would I want to be a lawyer? My only reference points for law were E.G. Marshall and Perry Mason; courtroom drama, right? I realized then that I didn't want to be a lawyer, I wanted to be the guy who *plays* the lawyer. So I started taking some acting classes. It was religion and law that got me started on this track though...so if I ever get cast as a priest or a lawyer, I'll be ready."

The incident at Kent State University that left three students dead in 1970 is credited by Pilato as the motivating factor behind his early departure from Suffolk University; "I decided that this wasn't a healthy environment," he says. "I started apprenticing with an experimental theater company—which my parents just *loved*, their son running around in tights, doing a version of *Oedipus Rex* with no sets or costumes. But it was good training, a very physical kind of training."

The Boston-bred actor first came to Pittsburgh to take an acting workshop with Polish stage director Jerzy Grotowski. "I really liked the city, and came back in '75 and in '77 to study with the same director, the second time for a six-month workshop. That's when I decided I wanted to stay, and I got a job with a theater company here, the City Players. When auditions for *Dawn of the Dead*

came up, I went in, and was cast as one of the renegade cops on the loading dock; a nice role in a scene that's much longer in the 2 hour 20 minute version, but got cut down a bit in the U.S. release. So I got a couple of days work doing the film, and then I got another couple of days doing makeup with Savini—the zombies for that one were much simpler, we'd just slap grey greasepaint on 'em."

On his first encounter with the director of *Night of the Living Dead*, Pilato confesses his surprise. "I didn't expect to meet such a tall person...I didn't expect to meet such a gentle person, either. I expected to see something like the 'demon-flash' you get from Savini every once in awhile. From George, you don't get that, you get more of a gleeful delight ...'Boy, that was a great ripping-off of that head, there. Boy, that's just great!'"

Pilato's third-billed role in *Day* is by far the meatiest role he's tackled in films thus far. "I've had problems in the past with casting," he explains, "because of my physical type. I'm not really tall, and I'm more wiry than fleshed-out; I think that hurt me when I was hoping for more substantial roles in both *Dawn of the Dead* and *Knightriders*. So, for about a year before *Day of the Dead*, I started working out a lot, hitting the weights, and I invested in a nice pair of lifts—working on these cosmetic things that, whether you like it or not, are very much a part of this business. So when it came time to audition, I went in looking a lot stronger than I had been looking, more substantial because I'd put on a couple of inches, and taller, because of the lifts I'd thrown into my cowboy boots. I read for Rhodes, and then they went up to New York to read a few other people.

"Then a certain amount of time passed, and I was thinking, gee, that was nice of George to read me—maybe I'll get a couple day's extra work out of it, anyway. Then there was a message on my phone to call George at a hotel in New York. I called, and George says, 'Hi, Joe... Look, I'm sorry man, that it took so long for me to get back to you,' and I'm thinking, how many directors are there nice enough to call you personally to tell you thanks for reading, but no thanks? You don't even get a postcard from a lot of these people. He says, 'I'm sorry, things have been crazy, we've been really busy ...I want you to do it.' I said, 'What?' 'I want you to do it.' I said, *'Rhodes?'* He said, *'Yeah!'* I said, *'Good Shit!'*

"I then immediately set about trying to get myself written into the Florida scenes. Never made it, so no trip to Florida."

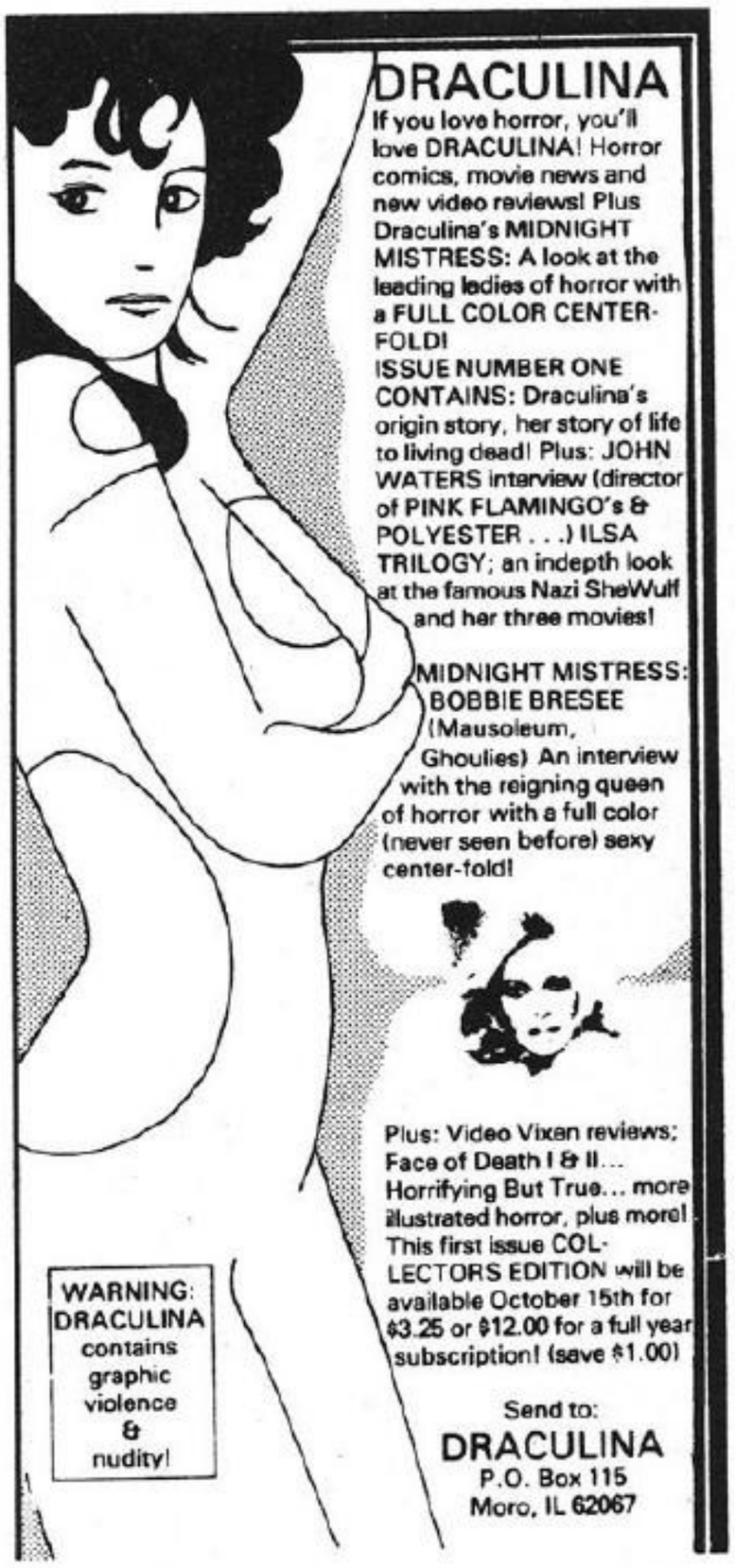
When Rhodes was cast, Romero had already tossed aside the original, big-budget *Day* script. "I never saw it," says Pilato. "I've been wanting to read it; I understand Rhodes was kind of a global archvillain in it. It never was available, though. I don't think George wanted me to plug into that Rhodes, because it was an entirely different thing."

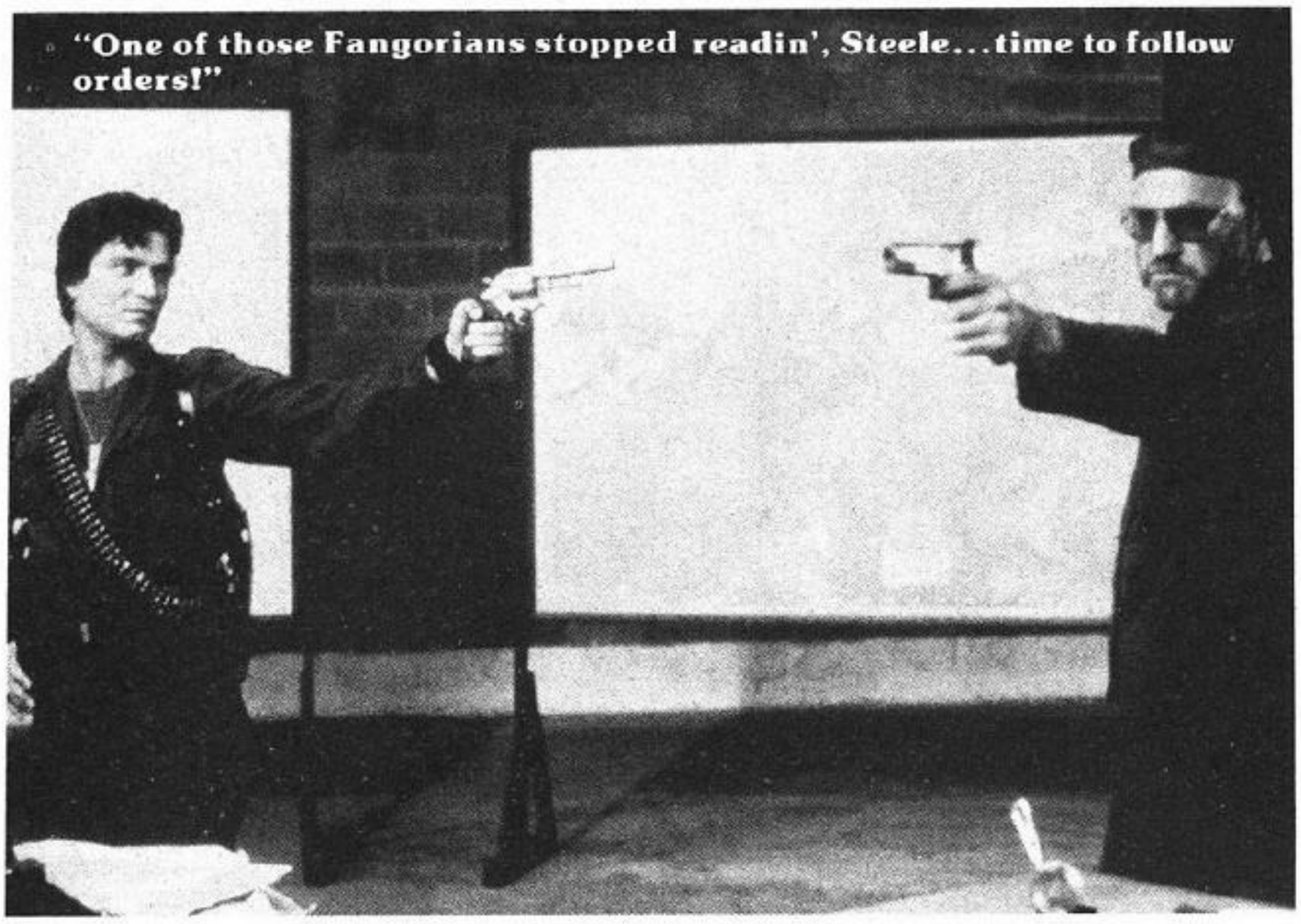
In *Day of the Dead*, the portrayal of the military as "bad guys" is unequivocal. The only army man who is not either passive or evil is Miguel (Antone DiLeo, Jr.), and his fatal flaw is weakness. If I were pressed for something negative to say about the film, it would be this simplistic portrayal of a cartoon-evil military. "You have to realize, though, that these guys are the leftovers of the army, guys who got caught in the crossfire of all that's happened," Pilato says. "They went into the army before any of this had happened. What they've become since then is the result of three or four years spent underground.

"And, even as the military are portrayed as being 'out there,' *all* the points of view are pretty much out there—Richard Liberty with the scientific point of view, the Rastafarian point of view through Terry Alexander...and also, I don't mind the military being portrayed as a cartoon, because to my mind they *are* a cartoon!"

Pilato's last statement, along with his previously-stated sensitivity regarding the Kent State incident, runs entirely counter to his screen image in *Day*. "As a villain," he says, "you have to defend the point of view of your character. I found myself agreeing with Rhodes all the time—I mean, shoot those motherfuckers through the head, keeping them around is *ridiculous*—even though I

"Look, Frankenstein—*ring around the collar!*"




"One of those Fangorians stopped readin', Steele...time to follow orders!"

know it's the sort of attitude that's going to get us into World War III.

"One thing I wanted to do was get Rhodes a little more out of uniform, get more of a guerrilla fighter look to help in the portrayal of the psychosis—for instance, I suggested a green beret for him. But George thought that might be pushing it a little bit. Working with George on things like that, developing the character, went very well. If I didn't feel comfortable, he would listen; if he didn't feel comfortable, I would listen. And there was a lot of that sort of character work happening on the set."

Rhodes' spectacular demise was convincingly painful; it may be noted here that Pilato's obvious discomfort on screen was not just a good acting job. "I was locked into this hole in the false floor for *six hours*," he recalls. "It came up to my armpits, leaving my arms and head free, and underneath there was padding that I was lying on. The effects guys were a big help, telling me they were gonna put laxative in my coffee—when I came in that morning, someone had put a toilet seat over the hole—it said 'Pilato's potty' on it. When I climbed in, it looked like Gus Grissom climbing into his capsule or something.

" So I was buried in this thing; they had padding underneath, for me to lie on, but it was still a *long* day. First they attached the fake body to my shoulders, then they loaded it with guts. I was retching—they had the pig intestines and stuff in a refrigerator, which *broke down*. By the time we got to the guts they just smelled horrendous. I had a ventilating mask on during the set-up, they were spraying perfume...it was revolting. Once they sealed the chest cavity, it wasn't quite so bad. Then they shot it.

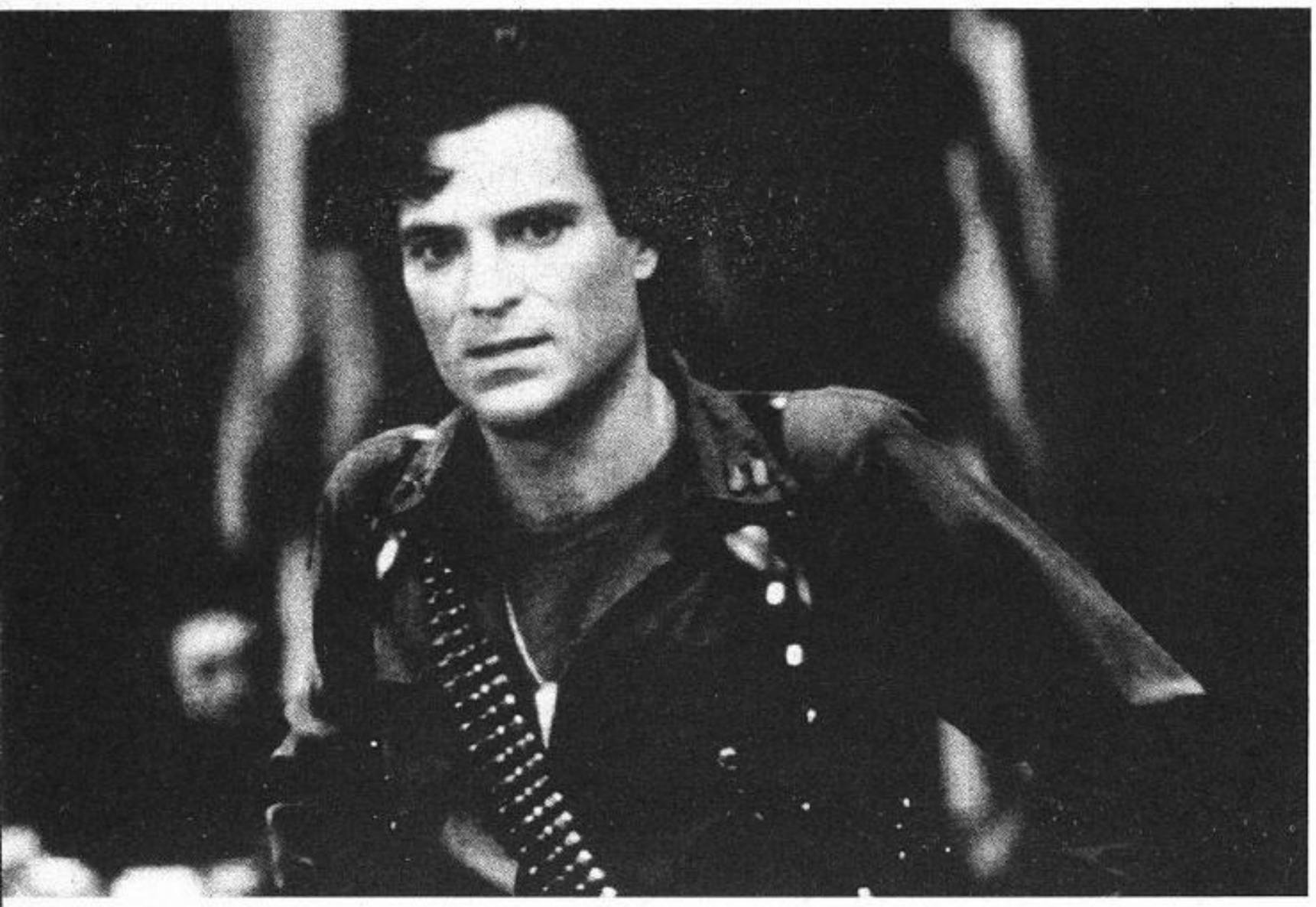
"I had talked to George before, and told him that Rhodes is such a bastard, if he's gonna go down, he's gonna have something to say about it. What I wanted to tell these fuckers that, while they're dragging my legs down the hall, I wanted to tell them to go choke on 'em. He loved it. I told Savini that, after they tear the guts and they come in for the closeup, he should hit me with some blood—no guts, please—which I would spit out of my mouth while I deliver this line. We did the guts tearing—got it in one take, fortunately—and when they did that, the smell came back in full force. The blood was dripping into the hole, down to my knees...Savini put some blood in my mouth, they came in for the closeup. I spat out the blood and took in a breath to deliver my line...and *the smell*—I was literally gagging and dry heaving; luckily my stomach was empty, but I was literally retching as I delivered the line."

The zombies whose job it was to handle the decaying meat by-products were member of G-Force, the Pennsylvania power-pop group formerly known as the Grenadi Brothers. "I had asked for the Grenadis to be up front," says Pilato, "because they had already done a lot of extra work, so I knew they had some idea of what to do, and they'd be less likely to create a situation that would require retakes."

One naturally wonders whether Pilato, as an experienced stage actor, minds playing a supporting role in a film that, in the final analysis, stars its grisly special effects. "Not at all," he says. "This is what it is. It's a George Romero movie with special effects by Tom Savini. The effects are the main course—not to say that George didn't take a lot of time and thought with these characters. A lot more time and study was put into these characters than had been put into the characters for *Night* or *Dawn*, and George did spend a lot of time with the actors on the set.

"A few people have asked me about 'gratuitous violence,' and I have to say, listen, I'm not just defending this movie just because I'm in it. It's not a slasher movie. It is without a doubt a gore-fest, but there's a lot going on."

Pilato was planning to take a month off this summer, to join his family on a sentimental journey to Italy; a visit to the Old Country. It was a very difficult decision for him to cancel that trip, in order to pay full attention to his acting career, now that he has a very visible role in what is likely to be a very successful film. "Right now is no time to take myself out of the race," he says. "Especially since I can't count on a role in the sequel...unless I play a stump."


Rhodes: a victim of tight jockey shorts, or what?

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By David Sherman

Books of Blood—Volume One
By Clive Barker

Clive Barker. Remember you heard that name in Fango first.

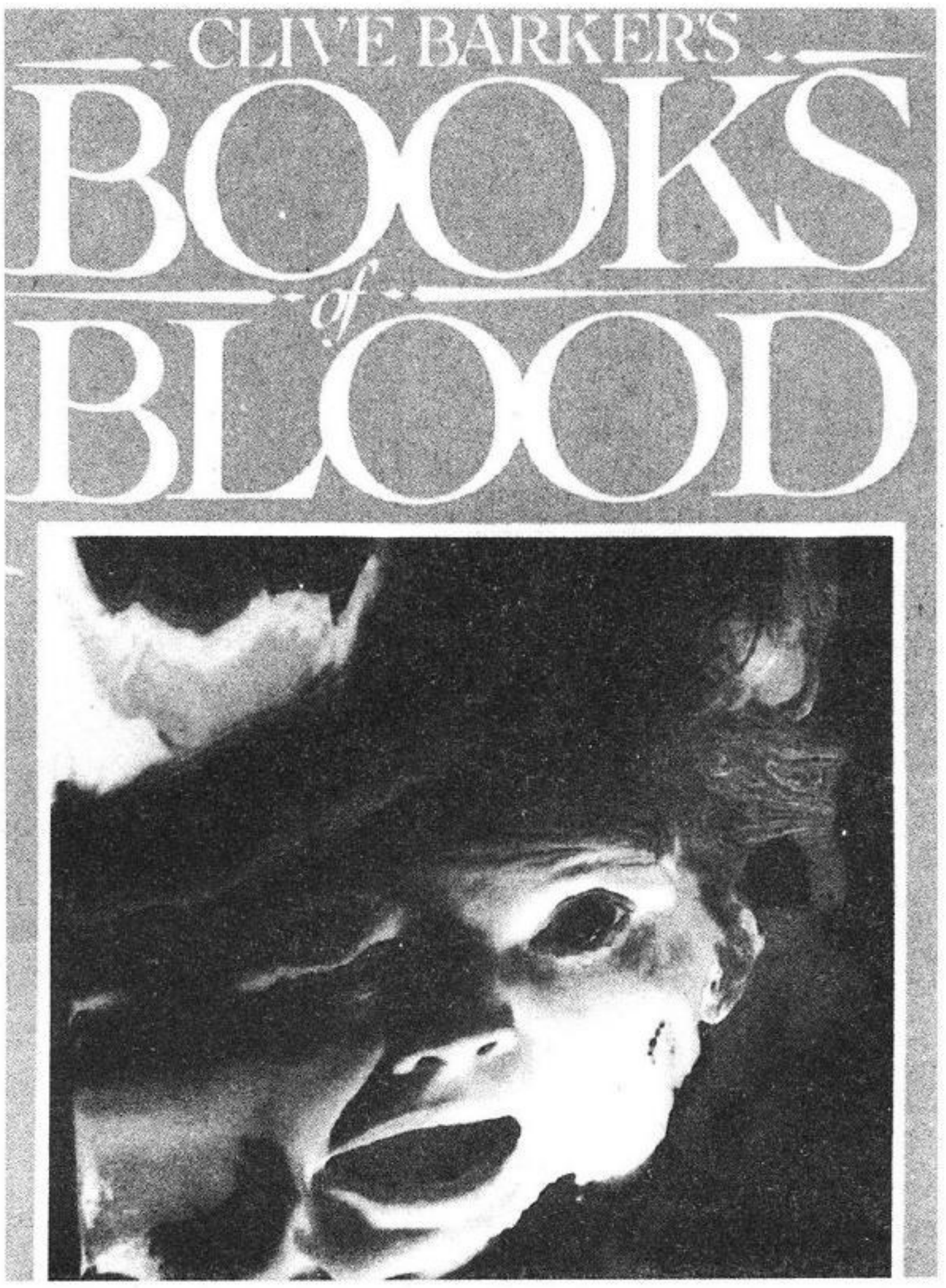
Clive Barker is a remarkable British author of horror fiction, and if he doesn't become the next big name in the field, then something is wrong somewhere. Clive Barker will scare the pants off you.

Barker has written a series of short stories which have been assembled into (thusfar) three volumes, known collectively as the *Books of Blood*. They are published by Sphere Books of London, and Fango's U.K. correspondent, Philip Nutman, has been gracious enough to supply the Nightmare Library with copies. We understand that the collection is soon to be published here in the U.S. Watch for it! Run, don't walk, to your nearest bookstore, and *demand* Clive Barker. Talk loud. Pound your fist on the counter. Overturn the *Jane Fonda's 30 Day to Millionaire Marxist Thighs* display. Eat an onion sandwich. Do whatever it takes. We want Clive!

The *Books of Blood* are mind-bending exercises in horror. Each volume contains a half-dozen stories, bound by a nominal thread. The namesake story, "Book of Blood," which opens Volume One, provides the common denominator. As space limitations prevent us from doing justice to each individual book, let us focus on the first volume alone, and set aside the remainder of the trilogy for future consideration.

The story "Book of Blood" is about a psychic faker, a young man named Simon McNeal, who has duped a zealous parapsychological researcher into believing that he is a conduit for messages from the restless deceased. Simon thinks it's all a bunch of hooey. What he has not counted on, however, is the fact that the *real* restless deceased are floating around out there, and they have plenty to say. They also take great umbrage at being used as the dried pea in a shell game. You've heard of the living dead and the walking dead—now, meet the indignant dead. Forgive the pun, but when Simon's scam is up, all hell breaks loose. There are eight million stories in the Naked and Dead City, and these are some of them.

In the second slot is "The Midnight Meat Train"; in fact, a New York City subway, as ridden by one Leon Kaufman. Subway horror is an up-and-coming subspecies of thriller, and Clive Barker's got the beat. Kaufman is a recent arrival in New York, and finds that the initial glamor quickly wears off. A series of grisly, media-event murders dims his enthusiasm, as does the necessity of riding



the filthy, dangerous subways. Imagine Leon's chagrin, then, to discover that the murders and the trains are horribly connected, and he is thrust toward center stage. By this time, you will have begun to pick up on the fact that Barker is no ordinary fright writer. While you may easily anticipate that strap-hanger Kaufman will have a showdown with the ghoulish killer, you won't be ready for what the confrontation leads to. The unsuspected depth and hidden terrors of the Meat Train's twisting tunnel are nicely representative of the author's imagination. What a ride! Also, take note of how the murderer is played against type—middle-aged and workmanlike, rather than young and feverish.

With "Pig Blood Blues," the author displays his versatility by skillfully crafting a story that starts off in a mainstream genre and evolves into a tale as gory as it is bizarre. When ex-cop Neal Redman lands a job at the Remand Centre for Adolescent Offenders as a shop teacher, we have what looks like a classic British juvenile delinquent effort. It's like one of those gritty, 1950's black-and-white flicks with an impossibly young Richard Attenborough playing a chain-smoking, antisocial punk in a leather raincoat. But the bad boys at this reform school have heavier things to worry about than paddlings or no custard for dessert. They have to concern themselves with the possibility that they will be hung, disemboweled and their entrails fed to the grotesque incarnation of a dead mate's evil spirit. Say what? I could explain, but I won't. Let the new teach dope it out, while you look over his shoulder. Don't forget to bring a barf bag. *To Sir with Love* this is not.

Clive Barker is as comfortable with the erotic as he is with the horrific, and "Sex, Death, and Starshine" delivers on the you-know-what. Nice and sleazy, just the way we like it. As regular readers of Nightmare Library know, we here at bookshelf-land feel that sex scenes in horror fiction usually go over like a dead parakeet in your chocolate milk. But Clive Barker has vaulted that barrier. More nookie, Clive! I especially liked it when one of "Starshine's" characters was blissfully on the receiving end of a particularly naughty sex act before realizing that his partner was a zombie. Well, I've had that happen to me, and let me tell you—it's *very* embarrassing.

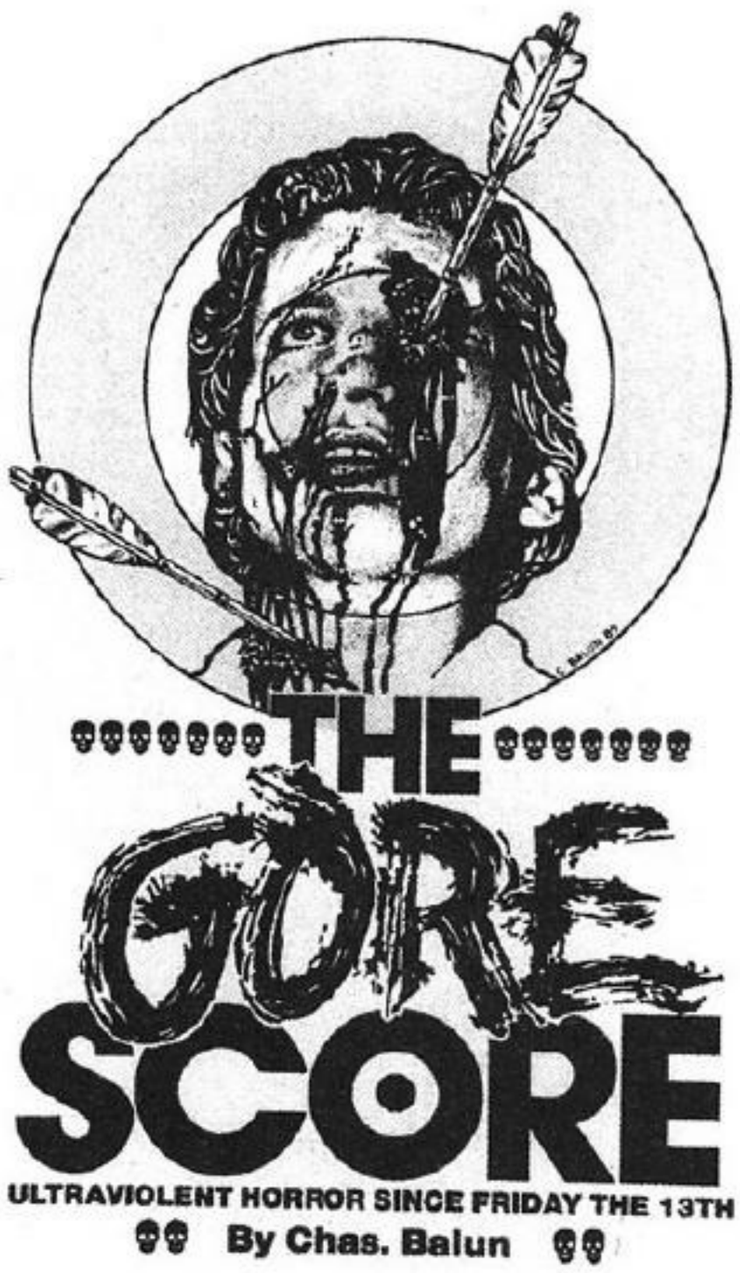
There is not enough space here to describe all the stories, but I think you get the idea. *Book of Blood—Volume One* is a smashing debut effort. I've sneaked a peek at Volumes Two and Three, and let me tell you, they're just as good, if not better. Clive Barker is an original and prodigiously talented writer. His prose is clean, sharp, fast-paced. Dialogue crackles. A good, sardonic sense of humor complements the author's innate flair for the macabre. Most impressive is Barker's ability to come up with plots that are just unlike anything else you've ever read. He's not a copy or an extension of anyone. His stories don't even *resemble* anyone else's work. What a find. Ramsey Campbell calls him "...the most important new writer of horror since Peter Straub." No doubt about it. Clive Barker has got what it takes. The sky is the limit for this new author. Consider me a fan right now. *Books of Blood* is not to be missed. And remember—you heard it here first.

Books of Blood should be coming out in the U.S. in both hardcover and paperback this fall. The paperback edition of Volume One is being published by Berkley Books and should be available in most bookstores. The hardcover edition of not only Volume One but Two and Three as well is being published in one omnibus edition by Scream Press. For information, write: Jeff Conner, Scream Press, P.O. Box 8531, Santa Cruz, CA 95061.

The Gore Score
By Chas. Balun
8452 Carnegi
Westminster, California 92683
30 pp.

Chas. Balun is back, and he's better than ever.

Who's Chas. Balun, you say? Shame, shame. Chas. Balun is the iconoclastic author, illustrator, publisher and sole proprietor of 1983's *The Connoisseur's Guide to the Contemporary Horror Film* (reviewed in Fango #31). He's got a new semi-book out, called *The Gore Score*, and it's a hoot. I have to admit it; Chas. Balun has grown on me. You gotta like this guy.



Like *Connoisseur's Guide*, *The Gore Score* is hardly more than a booklet. At first glance, you might mistake it for the spring semester catalog of a very small junior college—assuming, of course, that the school logo is a kid with arrows embedded in his left eyeball and trachea (*Gore Score*'s cover). This little masterpiece weighs in at 30 pages. That's an unofficial tally, 'cause Chas. doesn't believe in numbering them. I'm going to start billing him for the time I spend counting his pages.

Following in the grand tradition of its predecessor, *The Gore Score* is a film-rating guide. Subtitled "Ultraviolent Horror Since *Friday the 13th*," it offers thumbnail reviews of most of the Fango-esque movies released within the past five years. This time around, Chas. has devised not one, but *two* rating systems. He assesses the relative (artistic?) merits of each film by assigning from one to four skulls; a little silhouette of a dog is reserved for the irredeemable bow-wows. His second evaluation—the actual Gore Score—concerns itself with nothing but the quantity of splatter. This is signified by little globs of congealed blood with numbers (1 to 10) superimposed on them. What a crazy guy.

Under Balun's dual rating system, then, a picture can be long on quality and short on guts (e.g., *Fade to Black*), long on guts and short on quality (e.g., *Mardi Gras Massacre*), or any combination thereof. The man is a genius.

Before we go any further, I want to make sure to tell you something I think you should know: *The Gore Score* is hilarious. Funniest horror book of the year, hands down. Chas. Balun is a richly comic person. *Contemporary Guide* was mildly amusing, but this sucker is a laugh riot. Just about every review is witty, and some of them are downright hysterical. Take, for example, this glowing appraisal of 1982's *Humongous*: "Wretched crap about college retardos being menaced by some weird, big cannibal in diapers. This one's got puke for brains." Folks, you're not likely to get that kind of straight-shooting from Siskel and Ebert. Nor from me, unfortunately. Since Balun is not only the author, but the editor and publisher, he can get away with certain liberties of expression that would certainly prompt the fine folks who bring you this wholesome family periodical to suggest I seek employment elsewhere if I were to reproduce them here. You'll just have to get your own copy of *The Gore Score* to see what Chas. Balun has to say about such sparklers as *Mortu-*

(Continued on page 67)

The Other Corman

Gene, that is. An unsung producer who has gone from Night of the Blood Beast *to* A Woman Called Golda.

By Tom Weaver and John Brunas

EDITOR'S NOTE: While all sorts of media attention has been lavished on Roger Corman, relatively little has been written about his producer-brother Gene. Not only has Gene been an active movie-maker in his own right, he actually preceded his older brother Roger in the film business and played a key role in getting his famous brother's first horror/sci-fi picture released. Both in the area of exploitation and mainstream films, Gene Corman has been producing movies for around 30 years. A Fango interview with the man is long overdue.

Gene Corman first brought the family name into the film industry as a motion-picture agent. Beginning in 1956, he and his brother joined forces as producers to make *Hot Rod Girl, Night of the Blood Beast, The Giant Leeches* and *Beast from Haunted Cave* for AIP, and then moved on to 20th Century-Fox to film the gangster melodrama *I, Mobster.*

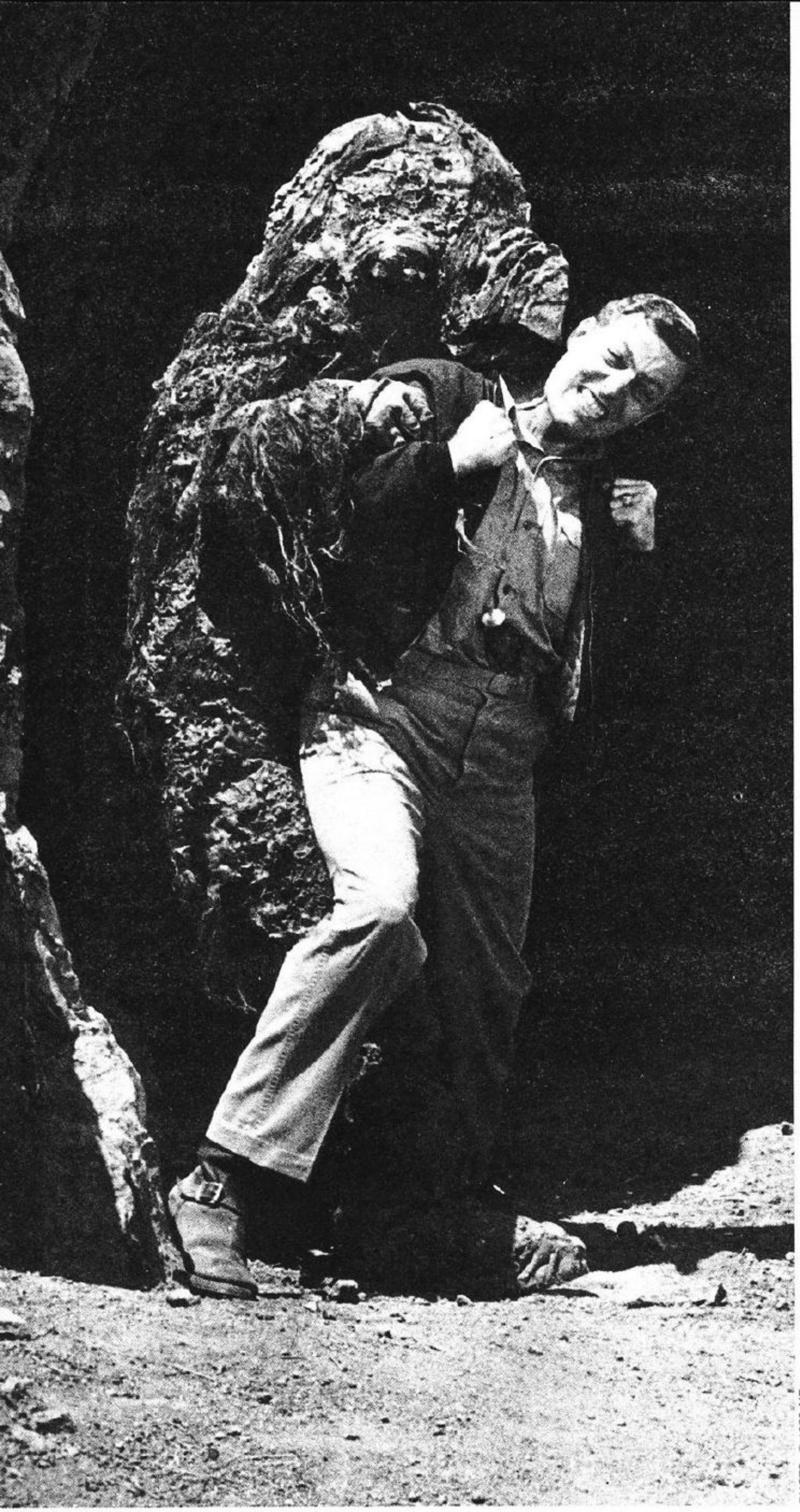
In the 60's, Gene's most significant collaboration with Roger, as far as horror fans are concerned, was *The Premature Burial*, an entry in the AIP Poe series that starred Ray Milland in the Vincent Price role. Gene Corman returned to the exploitation field in the early 70's at MGM when he produced several blaxploitation features, such as *Hit Man* and *The Slams,* as well as Paul Bartel's kinky thriller *Private Parts* (before Bartel started to direct for Roger's New World).

In the meantime, Gene Corman's more mainstream career was getting underway and has since come to dominate his filmmaking activities. *Tobruk* (1967) was an early success in this area, followed later by such pictures as *F.I.S.T.* (1978) and *The Big Red One* (1980). Presently, he is vice president of 20th Century-Fox Television, but he doesn't let that mainstream success make him shy about talking about his early days shooting monsters on a shoestring in Bronson Canyon.

PHOTO: © 1962 AIP

FANGORIA: How did you get involved in Roger's first film, *Monster from the Ocean Floor?*

Gene Corman: Roger had done it independently, for very little money, without distribution. Obviously, the next order of business was to sell or to make a distribution deal. Being an agent, I negotiated the very first distribution sale for Roger and that film. Herbert Yates, the president of Republic, had an interest in it, but I sold it to Bob Lippert, who in the 40's and 50's had a company that was, in a



In *Night of the Blood Beast*, Gene and Roger Corman got extra mileage out of a monster suit carried over from *Teenage Caveman*.

PHOTO: © 1958 AIP

larger way an AIP-type outfit. Bob was one of the very first who had franchised offices and/or states righters working with him.

It was funny—when I made the deal with Bob for *Monster from the Ocean Floor*, we sold it for something like $110,000 as a pick-up with the understanding that it cost $100,000 to produce. Bob was very pleased with that price. Then, when he got back to me with the contracts, he had changed the deal on the basis that we had *not* spent $100,000 on the film. I said, "Well, that was not the question! After looking at the film, you were delighted to put up $110,000 as a pick-up." He said, "But now I've found out that you spent *less* than that—you spent probably 70 to 80 thousand dollars. I'm going to re-adjust it." To tell the truth [laughs], I think Roger had spent something like $35,000 on it, so everybody did well anyway.

Fang: What kind of response did Roger get from family and friends when he broke into the movie business?

Corman: Everybody was somewhat in awe. They didn't quite understand. But since I had preceded him into it by a year or two, and seemed to be doing nicely, they were supportive. To all loving parents, the most important thing is that their children find a lifestyle that is compatible and that is meaningful for them. Even though our father had been an engineer and Roger had studied to be one, once Roger was out in the real world he decided that that wasn't for him.

In many ways, the Corman family has come full circle—my son is somewhat like Roger in the fact that he honed in on a very professional field, went to the right schools, earned the best of credentials, then decided when he went out into the world that it was not meaningful, it was not what would make him happy. He has now decided to write, and he's working on his first screenplay.

Fang: How did you first become involved in the production of Roger's films?

Corman: I was vice president of MCA for about seven years. Early on, it seemed to be an area that excited me, and I had a very responsible position. I represented Joan Crawford, Fred MacMurray, Ray Milland, Harry Belafonte, Richard Conte—I had a very strong list of stars at that point. But it wasn't really anything that I saw as terribly creative. And I found, as an agent, that I was functioning as a *producer*.

For instance, with Joan Crawford—who had more careers than probably any other major star that I know of—Joan went through a quiet period after she left Warner Brothers, and there was a question of how to place her, what to do with her. There was a Western book I had read, *Johnny Guitar* by Roy Chanslor, that was really suitable as a film vehicle for, say, Clark Gable and two women. I gave it to Joan to read, with the idea that maybe

we would move it in a different direction. Maybe *she* would be the lead—*she* would be Clark Gable—and we'd put two other *men* in!

I was representing Nicholas Ray [the director of *Johnny Guitar*] at that point, too, so I put the whole project together. And I found I was doing the same with Fred MacMurray, and with Ray Milland when he left Paramount. I was, then, a producer! So I then moved, with Roger, into making the teenage protest films. It was a natural adjunct; having represented Nick Ray through *Rebel Without a Cause*, and several of his other pictures, I learned through first-hand experience what the sum and substance was about. True, the first picture that Roger and I made together [*Hot Rod Girl*] had a very modest budget, so we were not able to do anything on the same scale that Nick had done, but it served us well. As a matter of fact, it was Bernie Kowalski's first film [see Kowalski interview, Fango #41].

Fang: Actor Leo Gordon, who wrote *Hot Rod Girl, The Giant Leeches, Tower of London* and many of your other films, had to be one of the burliest, most brutal-looking movie tough guys in the business. It's almost impossible to picture him sitting down and writing a screenplay.

Corman: Leo was a burly, tough fellow, *but*—his background belied his looks. He was an avid reader, and he would read on many levels. And he was a very witty, interesting, conversationalist. In many ways, his appearance in those tough-guy roles probably worked to his disadvantage, because to have Leo walk into a story conference was somewhat intimidating!

I remember on *Tobruk* [laughs], having Arthur Hiller, who is really a very fey, gentle soul, taken aback when he met Leo. It took maybe two or three story conferences before he could come to grips with the size and bulk of Leo.

Fang: Where did you shoot *Night of the Blood Beast*?

Corman: We shot it in Bronson Canyon, and we also went up into the Hollywood Hills and used a radio station, right above the Hollywood sign, for the film's tracking station. Since we had a great deal of day-for-night to shoot, we were always chasing the shadows up there, trying to block out the sun [laughs]! That was one of the more mobile units I've ever been involved with—normally, everybody chases the sun, we were chasing the shadows!

Fang: Why did you settle for the monster costume left over from *Teenage Caveman* in *Blood Beast*, rather than an entirely new creation that might have served the picture better?

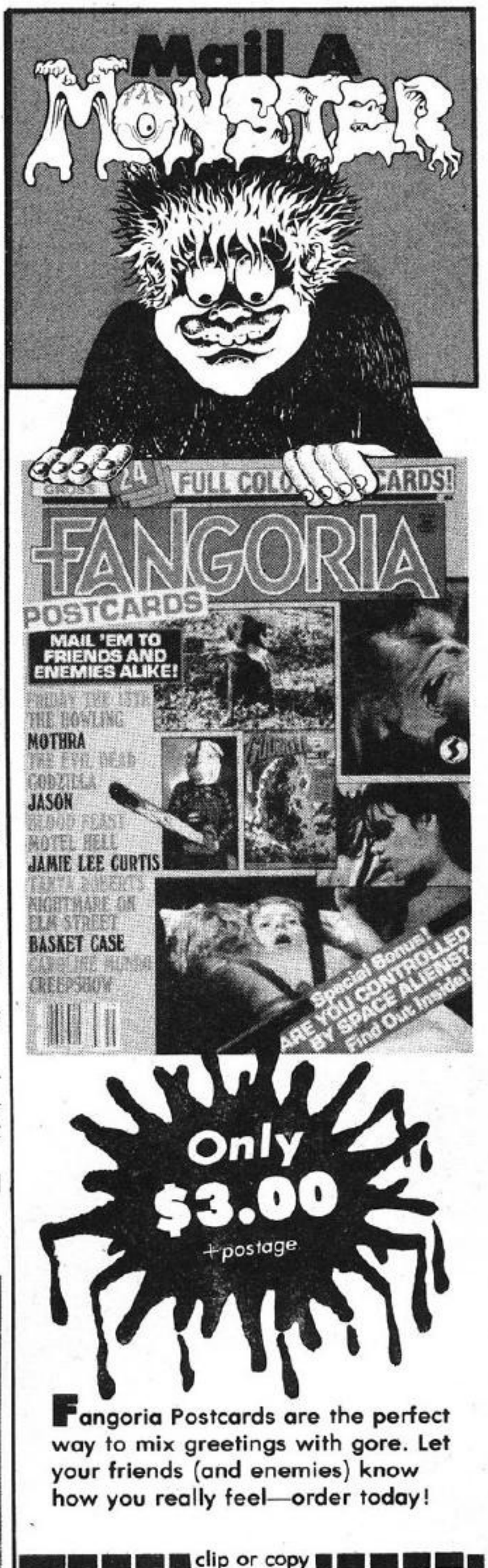
Corman: Money. We found through experience that if you exceeded a certain figure, you were not going to get that additional money back. You must remember that most or all of these films were handled by states righters or franchise holders, so you knew pretty well going in what your cost had to be. I think all our early films were in the area of 30 or 35 thousand, plus the lab deferment. So we had, for each picture, a cost of approximately $50,000. The cost of trailers and advertising would then bring it up some more.

Fang: Were you present on the sets of your various pictures?

Corman: Always. I was a hands-on producer, and to this day I am still a hands-on executive. In my opinion, you cannot be an absentee producer.

Fang: One of your most accomplished

Gene Corman went over to 20th Century-Fox in 1958 to make *I, Mobster*.



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***The Giant Leeches* go to work.** PHOTO: © 1959 AIP

films of this era was *I, Mobster*, made in 1958.

Corman: I made the deal for Roger and myself to do that picture for 20th Century-Fox and Eddie Alperson, who had a budget unit independently financed by Fox.

Fang: Would you have liked to continue making films for mainstream studios like Fox at that time?

Corman: Yes. With a major studio comes major financing. And with major financing you have security—you can hire a better writer, possibly go for a book. All along the line you can strive for a greater degree of excellence and professionalism. For the most part, a lot of the talent that Roger and I sponsored was really germinated and brought about because we didn't have the financing that other companies had. Instead of the ability to write that check, we had to go out with the ability to recognize that talent. But it worked out well for all of us.

As a matter of fact, I did do two or three other films for Fox after *I, Mobster* including one that [production chief] Buddy Adler particularly liked, *Valley of the Redwoods*. It was a film that I shot in Eureka, California, in CinemaScope, for something like 70 or 80 thousand dollars. It was so well received that Buddy wanted to make an overall deal with me, with the idea of doing more important films. Unfortunately, he was stricken shortly after that and died within a year. I'd also made *Secret of the Purple Reef*, a 'scope, Technicolor film for Fox, shot in Puerto Rico. That was Richard Chamberlain's first film and Peter Falk's first film.

Fang: You then went back to science-fiction again for *The Giant Leeches* and *Beast from Haunted Cave*.

Corman: At that particular period, the science-fiction pictures were a very salable commodity. We had enjoyed a series of successes with them, we found them easy—fun—to make, and more readily marketable than most other types of films because the major studios, for some reason, had laid back and let that area alone for a great deal of the time. If you got away from that kind of horror or science-fiction, you found yourself truly competing with the major studios, and in that arena it was impossible. One, you didn't have the production values, and two, you could not afford the stories or the actors.

Fang: Did you originally plan to star Ed Nelson in *Giant Leeches*?

Corman: It seems to me Ed *was* going to star in it, but something else came along that paid money! [laughs] And I think all of us might have gone *with* him had we been able to get paid as well!

Fang: Much of *Giant Leeches'* running time is squandered on a white-trash love triangle, but there are a number of grisly highpoints.

Corman: It just seemed that you had to have, in that kind of film, two or three memorable moments, scenes that the audience would go away thinking about, talking about. Somehow, when you place people in jeopardy with *leeches*—with things that are distasteful—and then combine that with *water*, you somehow touch a very Freudianly responsive chord in people.

Fang: Can you tell us a little about how and why you and Roger formed Filmgroup distribution company?

Corman: Roger and I had made so many films, and the distributors were legion. If they stayed in business, there was always a question of "creative bookkeeping." If they didn't stay in business, there was the problem of trying to find out where the bank accounts were. Necessity was the mother of invention. We decided, if we were *that* unhappy with distributors, that it was a logical thing—if we had the product, why not have the distribution? Then we would know where the money was, because *we* would be the bookkeepers.

At that time, I knew a lot of the heads of the theater chains, so I could pick up a telephone and book the pictures. I became less enchanted than Roger did because I found myself suddenly involved more in that end of the business, and it wasn't something that appealed to me. If that *had* appealed to me, that kind of less-than-creative part of the business, I would have stayed an agent! That brought Roger and I to see that our goals were not necessarily always going to be the same. So then I went off and made films for Fox.

Fang: Did you or Roger work on any of the Filmgroup releases that did not bear a Corman name, pictures like *The Wild Ride, The Girl in Lovers Lane* and others?

Corman: We kind of supervised 'em, helped put the crews together and of-

fered a little bit of input, that sort of thing. But not much other than that.

Fang: What was the rationale behind taking *Beast from Haunted Cave* on location to South Dakota?

Corman: We were looking to find a different background. I mean [laughs], we had used Bronson Canyon and all of the caves to such a point that even I was getting tired of that backdrop. I don't think I've returned to Griffith Park since! Bronson Canyon, the Arboretum—we'd outgrown those, because we'd done pictures there so many times. It just seemed that we had to do something different.

We had gotten some information from the Chamber of Commerce in South Dakota, and I think it had to do with the Black Hills, around Rapid City. Once we got there, we found that the Black Hills were such that, visually, you couldn't hold them. They're wonderful if you're standing five miles away, but once you're down there, close, you're always in shade, and it just didn't seem to work as well as I had hoped. Then we found out there was a gold mine in Lead, South Dakota, so obviously that intrigued me and I wanted to use that mine. But there was no way I could get the permission. One of the officers of the mine told me of an old mine in Deadwood, 20 miles away. So we used the interior of *that* mine, and the mountain and snow around it. This was the first time I had tried to shoot in snow, and it was very difficult. But the picture had a whole new look.

Fang: Were you happy with Chris Robinson's spider-monster costume?

Corman: Yes, we were very, very satisfied. Chris at that time hadn't come to us as an actor [he later starred in 1972's *Stanley*—Ed.], he'd come to us as a model maker. He approached me because he had seen or heard of the other sci-fi/horror films that I had made with monster costumes, and told me they could have been done better—which was true. I said I would have welcomed that, but with the constraints of a budget we had always come up with less than what we designed or sketched. With that in mind, he came forward with the monster costume for *Beast from Haunted Cave*—he did the costume, *and* played the monster in the film.

Fang: The exasperating thing about *Beast* is that its climax is so frantic and the film ends so abruptly that it's not even clear who lives or dies.

Corman: I think we tried to do that purposely, on the basis that we might have come back with a sequel. That would have been the only reason we might have done it that way.

Fang: Why did you feel you had to get away from AIP to do *The Premature Burial*?

Corman: I don't think we felt we *had* to do that, it just seemed that we were able to structure a better deal with Pathé American. Pathé had wanted to go into distribution, and had in fact distributed a few films.

Fang: How did you feel when Jim Nicholson and Sam Arkoff showed up on the set and told you that they had managed to take over the movie?

Corman: [laughs] I guess we kind of chuckled. We knew that they weren't joking, but also, Roger and I had had a long relationship with them. Like lovers, you have a spat, but you always find a need for each other.

Fang: How did *Tower of London* come about?

Corman: Leo Gordon and I were trying to come up with a variation on that genre, *not* to do Edgar Allan Poe, because it seemed to me that Vincent Price had done enough of those. We were looking to find another venue. We talked about Nathaniel Hawthorne, and three or four other ideas. Then I said to Leo, "Why don't we go to Shakespeare, and see where that takes us?" *Macbeth* didn't serve us, but the story of *Richard III* did. So that was how that came about—we were exploring the same genre, but a different author.

Fang: What was your budget on *Tower of London*?

Corman: Under $200,000, that I know. Building those sets was our major cost. Danny Haller was the art director; now I have him over here at Fox directing *The Fall Guy*. It seems to me we shot that at the old Producer's Studio. Roger directed, with probably a shooting schedule of 15 days.

Fang: Why, so late in the game, was *Tower* made in black and white?

Corman: That was not our decision, that was Eddie Small's. Eddie was an independent financier for United Artists. The cost of a color print was considerable in those days, and he took the hard line. That came as a surprise to us, none of us had anticipated shooting in black and white. This all happened probably two or three days before we rolled the cameras, when we were ordering the raw stock. Roger and I had some very strong discussions with Eddie, but it was a case of *this is the way it's going to be*, and he wasn't going to change his mind. What Eddie obviously decided was that Vincent Price had a built-in audience, and that they would not realize up front that they were buying a black and white Price film. They'd be taking for granted that this was in color.

Fang: How did the picture do at the box office?

Corman: We opened big—for that kind of film—but the down-the-line play was not what it should have been, because at that point the distributor knew he didn't have a color film. That was one of the things that aggravated us to a further degree, the fact that we were right, and it

(Continued on page 64)

Unlike the popular Poe pictures, the Vincent Price vehicle *Tower of London* had to be shot in black-and-white because of budgetry restrictions imposed by the movie's money-man.

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MONSTER INVASION

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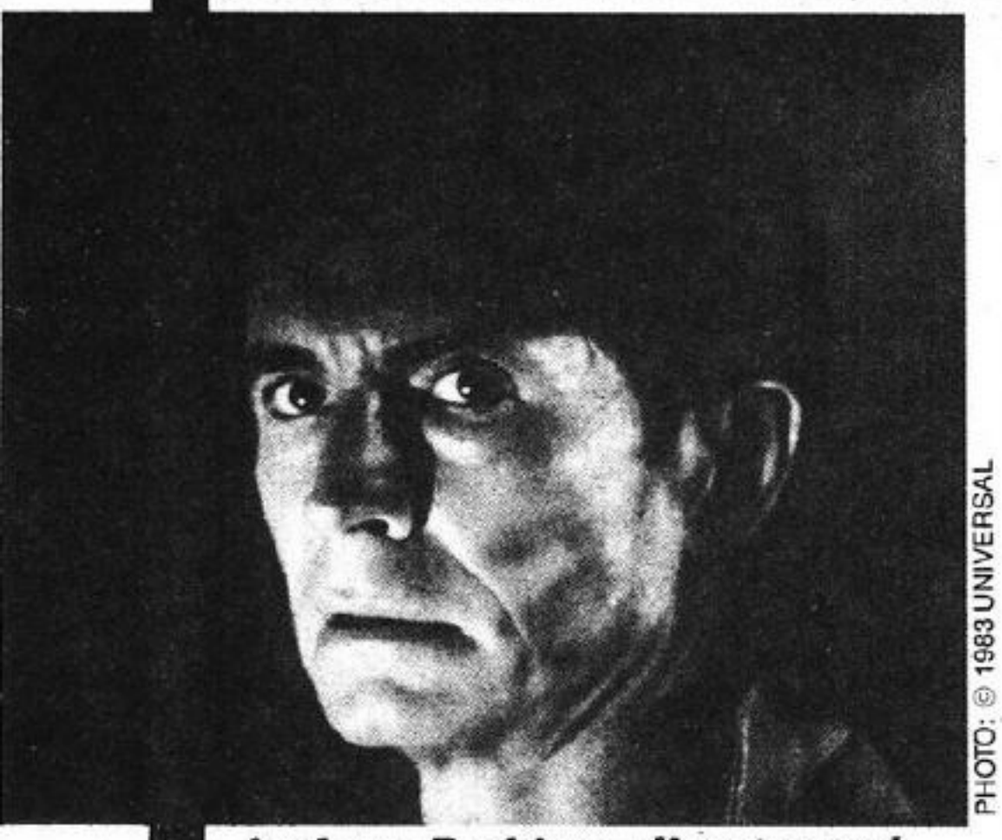


PHOTO: © 1983 UNIVERSAL

Anthony Perkins—director *and* star of *Psycho III*.

NORMAN BATES AND THE MOTEL OF DOOM: Business is really picking up at the Bates Motel. That's right. Anthony Perkins is back as the demented mama's boy in *Psycho III*, which Perkins himself began directing on the Universal Pictures backlot in late June. Neither Robert Bloch nor the color-enhanced image of the late Alfred Hitchcock are involved.

Now don't get the idea that Norman is just a murderous transvestite. He has a heart too, and it will be explored in the script of *Psycho III* by Charles Edward Pogue, which takes place a month after the events in Richard Franklin's *Psycho II*. The busy Pogue also scripted the upcoming remake of *The Fly* for director David Cronenberg. As in the previous sequel, nervous Norman is provided with a love interest, this time in the form of Diana Scarwid (*Strange Invaders*). Scarwid plays a nunnery refugee who wanders into the Bates tourist trap.

Norman's other new friends include a drifter (Jeff Fahey of *Silverado*), and a reporter who wishes to interview the shy Norman on his "rehabilitation". Returning from *Psycho II* are the sympathetic Sheriff Hunt (Hugh Gillin) and diner cook Robert Alan Browne. A February release date is planned by Universal Pictures.

In *Psycho III*, Norman is still desperately trying to keep a grip on reality, although at the end of *Psycho II*, the impression emerged that he would soon be resharpening his cutlery. The film's publicist describes the thriller as "another adventure" for the much maligned character. Another Norman Bates adventure? Will Norman become the Indiana Jones of the horror field?

THE RE-ANIMATOR UPDATE: Since running our feature on the film in Fango #46, we have come across some advance word on *The Re-Animator* that indicates that it may be one of the welcome gruesome surprises of the year. A gore-filled adaptation of H.P. Lovecraft, *The Re-Animator* is to be released by Charles Band's Empire Pictures; the film's distribution strategy is currently being formulated, according to producer Brian Yuzna. Two options are open to Yuzna and Empire Pictures: either they can make some cuts in the movie in order to secure an R rating, or they can try to release the picture in all its gut-spilled splendor as an unrated film, as has been done with both *Dawn* and *Day of the Dead*. *The Re-Animator* could possibly reach a wider audience with an R rating, but the cuts could diminish the movie's impact; on the other hand, while retaining all its grisly pizazz, an unrated film might find it difficult to land some theaters since the movie doesn't have a horror brand-name like Romero attached to it. You see what problems have to be faced when making movies that deliver the goods to the Fango audience? Yuzna tells us that there is a possibility that *The Re-Animator* may be out for Halloween, but no definite plans have been made as of this writing. Stay tuned for the latest developments.

Yuzna is a long-time horror and gore fan, and he is planning on continuing in the field. He says that he and *Re-Animator* director Stuart Gordon are considering doing another H.P. Lovecraft adaptation, and Yuzna hopes to be able to do the great horror writer justice.

Between grisly takes on *The Re-Animator* set. From right to left: mechanical effects man Tony Doublin, actor Robert Sampson as the zombiefied Dean Halsey, producer Brian Yuzna, and additional makeup artist John Buechler.

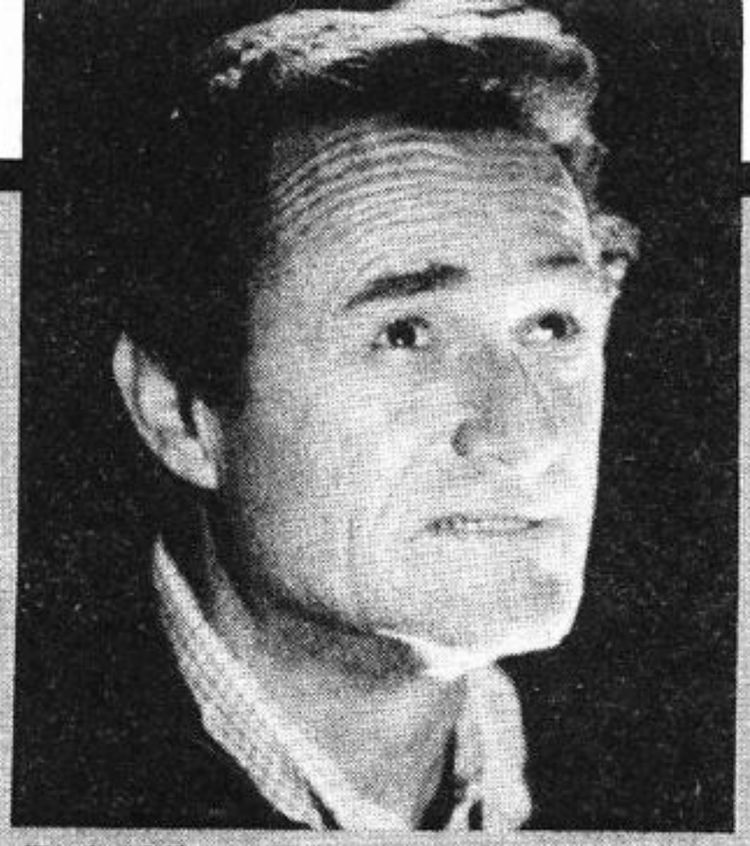
PHOTO: © 1985 EMPIRE PICTURES

SHORT STUFF: Cameras are rolling on three adventure films from Cannon moguls Menachem Golan and Yoram Globus (*Lifeforce*): *Thunder Warriors* lets Laurene Landon (*Hundra*) do her thing; *Alan Quatermain and the Lost City of Gold*, the H. Rider Haggard sequel to *King Solomon's Mines*, co-stars perennial bad guy Henry Silva (*Alligator*) and James Earl Jones; and David Carradine (*Deathsport*) finds himself *Behind Enemy Lines* in the Philippines with Mako (*Conan the Destroyer*)... *Clue* is finally in production at Paramount Pictures. Joining *Halloween* producer Debra Hill on her dream project as an executive producer is none other than John Landis. A top notch cast has gathered for the board-game movie including Christopher Lloyd (*Back to the Future*) and William Smith clone Lee Ving (*Alfred Hitchcock Presents* pilot). Jonathan Lynn is directing in Los Angeles... *Commando* and *Highlander* are two futuristic adventures coming soon from 20th Century-Fox. *Com-*

mando stars ex-*Terminator* Arnold Schwarzenegger and the undying Dan Hedaya of *Blood Simple*. *Firestarter*'s Mark Lester directs. *Highlander*, shooting under acclaimed music-video director Russell Mulcahy (*Razorback*), toplines Sean Connery and Christopher Lambert (*Greystoke*) as rival eternal beings. Clancy Brown of *The Bride* also joins the mayhem ...Make-up man and novice director John Buechler has assembled an offbeat cast for his *Troll* from Empire Pictures, including Michael Moriarty (*The Stuff*), June Lockhart (*Lost in Space*), and the ever popular Sonny Bono...*Poltergeist II: The Other Side* added the skeletal Julian Beck (*The Cotton Club*) and Indian actor Will Sampson (*White Buffalo*) to its cast...Carl Fullerton (*Friday the 13th Part II*) lends his expertise to *F/X*, a New York thriller about a framed special effects man who has to use the tricks of his trade (provided by Fullerton) to stay alive.

ALIENS is the title to the long-rumored sequel to *Alien*, planned to start filming in London on September 30. Back when we spoke with James Cameron about his film *The Terminator*, he confessed that he was writing the sequel; now word comes that Cameron is directing it as well. In a more recent interview with Aljean ("Exploitation is my Beat") Harmetz of *The New York Times*, Cameron explained that *Aliens* is "a straightforward story about a group of United States Marines 200 years in the future...high-tech soldiers against an unseen, wraithlike enemy." Our own spies inform us that the sequel begins with the rescue of Sigourney Weaver, who's been stranded in space for close to 20 years; she subsequently leads the space marines back to the alien's planet. On arrival, they soon find they have only begun to acquaint themselves with the many death-dealing forms that can be taken by the egg-spawned extraterrestrial.

Again in the *Times*, Cameron promised to avoid anything as vulgar as the chest-bursting sequence in the first film. "There are ways to thrill, enthrall and exhilerate an audience without a splash of blood," he said.



Dick Miller will be at the Fango Bash in L.A. Will you?

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After a rousing good time in New York last spring (see the special letters section in FANGORIA #47), the Weekend Of Horrors will be invading Los Angeles, for the first time. The ambassador Hotel (3400 Wilshire Blvd.) is the place, and the dates are Saturday and Sunday, November 23, 24th.

In addition to the FANGORIA Fright Film Fest, a huge dealers room, makeup demos and panels galore, amateur film fans can look forward to attending the 7th Annual CINEMAGIC Short Film Search Awards Ceremony on Saturday night (included in admission for Saturday). All the winning films will be screened, and trophies will be presented by celebrity guests.

Tickets are available through Ticketron or by contacting Creation Conventions (see ad pg. 65). Don't miss this rare opportunity to meet staffers from FANGORIA and CINEMAGIC and to enjoy a bloody good weekend with other Fango fans!

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Each year we try to schedule our tour of the Official STARLOG Festival into different cities around the country. We want to make sure that all readers of STARLOG, FANGORIA and CINEMAGIC have an opportunity to attend (no matter where they live), to meet the staff and celebrity guests, to see the exciting films and other programming.

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Supernatural

(Continued from page 38)

Cicco's rifle by the barrel," as Mixon describes it. "DiCicco pulls the trigger and blows the zombie's head off. The corpse looks at his shattered arm, from which the bones are sticking out, then shoves it into DiCicco's chest, killing him.

"That was my idea. In the original script, they just had the hand explode. I suggested it would be cute if he impaled the soldier with the exposed bones." Cute and complex. To shoot the scene, a mechanical hand with fully articulated elbow, wrist and fingers was constructed for grabbing the rifle. Explosives men blew a wax hand up, and a third arm, which had already been cut with the bones sticking out, was brought in and jammed into the soldier's chest. Tubes connected to a prosthetic breastpiece provided the blood of the victim.

"We have a lot of arm gags, actually," Shostrom admits. "Grabbing of faces, people getting stabbed. This has definitely been the most challenging film of my career so far, due to the sheer volume of work and the fact that the time we were originally given to do it all got cut short.

"Actually, our biggest worry, when we started working, was about who would be chosen to direct the film. We had been four weeks into preproduction, and of necessity had already begun sculpting faces, when Armand came on. I was quite paranoid, afraid that he would want to change everything. Fortunately, he liked the direction we were going in, and he had a number of logical ideas which helped make things so much easier."

Indeed, director Mastroianni couldn't have been happier with the visions coming out of Spook Central, the special makeup trailer. A soft-spoken New Yorker with an admirable string of suspense projects under his belt (*He Knows You're Alone, The Clairvoyant,* several episodes of the *Tales From the Darkside* television series), Mastroianni's approach to the macabre meshed perfectly with those of his collaborators.

"Since we were basically dealing with 120-year-old cadavers," Mastroianni says, "I felt they should be skeletal. But at the same time, in order to make the film work, we wanted to preserve some of the elements that would give it a more frightening look. I don't think walking skeletons would have done the trick. The image of partially decayed bodies is much more frightening.

"The whole idea of *The Supernatural,*" Mastroianni adds, "the title itself, I think is fascinating. That's why films that deal with the spirit world coming back are usually successful. It's something people can't help but be intrigued by, and that's what this film is all about."

Gene Corman

(Continued from page 61)

turned out to be "a Hollywood ripoff." The picture opened the way all Price pictures did, but did not have that solid, down-the-line play. *Tower of London* didn't do it, and, following that, it didn't do it in television—because it didn't have color.

Fang: One of your most intriguing films from that period seems to be your 1961 racial-integration drama, *The Intruder.*

Corman: *The Intruder* was a film that Roger and I always wanted to make, and it violated some of our basic precepts. We got ourselves so caught up in *The Intruder* that it was the only film that he and I personally financed that lost money.

Fang: Was Roger exaggerating when he told an interviewer, "We all risked our lives on this one?"

Corman: [laughs] We were run out of Sikeston, Missouri, the Klan came after us, they threatened us—Christ, I'd never gone through such an experience before in my life! And wearing glasses was no protection!

Fang: You had a curious supporting cast that included writers Charles Beaumont, George Clayton Johnson and William Nolan.

Corman: They were all as dedicated to this project as we were, and we were all friends. Also, Roger and I truly had no money to make this picture. So we called upon as many friends as possible. Each one felt strongly about the film, and they could play specific roles because those roles mirrored, in fact, their own personalities. And if their performances might not be up to what Mervyn LeRoy might have called for, they gave that picture a gritty realism. I think, in many ways, the lack of professionalism helped that film.

Fang: What inspired you to make a career of the business end of motion pictures, rather than the more creative facets of writing, directing and so on?

Corman: That was where I first started, I would be producing and Roger directing, and so it seemed the logical road to continue down. Now that I look at it in retrospect, I probably *should* have directed, and I *have* had two or three different opportunities. Specifically when? When I had my own unit at MGM in the early 70's. I was very autonomous there, and I could have done anything that I wanted as long as the budgets didn't exceed $500,000. So I guess it was just a case of where I found myself, plus the fact that I've been fortunate enough not to have any real problems producing those films that I wanted to make.

Fang: Which of your many films is your favorite?

Corman: My personal favorite is *Private Parts.* Among the older, monster-type things, I think *Giant Leeches* is my favorite—although, maybe if I saw it again, I wouldn't! [laughs] We just had fun. We had such little money, and I remember Bernie Kowalski [the director] shaming me into getting into my bathing trunks and pushing a camera barge with a cameraman and crew on it through the water so they could film.

Fang: Roger's remained a sort of maverick while you've moved on to more mainstream projects. Are you happier where you are now?

Corman: Probably. I've had some nice experiences, and some of the films have been well-received. I think of *A Woman Called Golda,* in which I was fortunate enough to work with Ingrid Bergman, and we both won Emmys that year; and I did *The Big Red One,* which was America's entry at the Cannes Film Festival. It's been very comfortable and enjoyable, and I've met a lot of interesting people.

Fang: Do you think the day will come when you'll work with Roger again?

Corman: You know, I haven't produced a film that Roger's directed since *Von Richtofen and Brown* [1970]. And, whether I've been at the Cannes Film Festival or just talking to the students at U.S.C., everybody keeps asking, "Isn't it time?" And Roger and I keep thinking, "It's time!"

Fang: So you do think it'll happen again soon?

Corman: I would think so, but I'm not at all sure when. I'm here, as you know, vice president of 20th Century-Fox Television, shepherding most of the TV here, and Roger has his New Horizons company. But we *do* talk, now and then, about trying something, doing something, and I think it would be kind of fun to do it all again.

King

(Continued from page 12)

which has been wonderful—so far, knock on wood—we can go for all of it.

But I don't have to mess around with... oh, getting into George's territory, as I would have to with *Pet Sematary*; where you have to think in terms of Hitchcock, and have to think in terms of a craft that I don't have. I've never directed a picture in my life, I don't know that I can do it. We've got stuff in the can, and I *still* don't know if I can direct.

Fang: As a first-time director, is there anyone holding your hand, saying, this is how to direct?

King: I would say that the real support that I've had has been from Dino De Laurentiis and from the producer, Martha Schumacher. If I didn't trust Dino to support me on this, I probably wouldn't do it; it is a big risk. Critically speaking, I'll probably get bombed on this no matter how good it is...no, that isn't fair; if the picture's bad, I'll get bombed; if it's good, I'll only get bombed a little. You know that's the way it's going to be.

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Death lives in Atco, NJ.

—Gregory Sharp

Hey Fango, how about a Martine Beswicke interview?

Andrew, you're my favorite little monster. You can bite my neck anytime. I love you—the Kimmer

To Don Smith of T.A.D. Incompetence is always paid back in full—Supply Slaves

Yeah, ok, move over, calm down, everybody be cool, I'm here. . . . for a second splatterful year! M.H.

Friday the 13th was great—pts. 2, 3, & 4 should have never been made. They ruined a classic.

Van Halen #1 Dawn of the Dead #1 signed Slick and Mr. B

Chorvinsky Studios—let's not have another 3 year wait before "Creatures of Darkness"

GRB—a toast of good home brew to the scariest person I know—Hil

Dana, I hope those nasty Herpies go away real soon
—Jim H.

Thanks for sharing all the horror movies with me Evelyn, Love Miguel

Mercyful Fate, Pink Floyd, the KGB's, Metal Church, Distant Scream, and Venom rule. Still no trace of Syd Barrett.

—Greg McClellan

Grateful Dead, CSN + Y, Bruce Springsteen Kick ass, Dean B

Baker, Bottin, Savini, Smith—Carpenter, Landis, Peckinpath, Milius—KISS, A. Cooper

B.O.C., Yes, Led Zep, Pink Floyd, Rush are the best! Dune, Gremlins, American Werewolf, Videodrome, The Thing are S best!

Long live Michael + Valerie, + Godzilla + Wrestling. To my Tchweetie, have Michael

May Anoy, Ryan, and Tyler some day stay at the Bates Motel, Norman's friend Dick

Ollney Mueller III Happy 19th Birthday Love Mom, Dad and Dawn

See Rosie? My love to you, "Putzi," makes my desire for domestic life thrive. Your Tom.

Happy Valenties Day to Marc from his demented wife Lela

Terry, where are you?

—Paul

A bloody welcome from ponce, Puerto Rico. Here, we take our bath with BLOOD!! And we eat CORPSES!! Instead of food. AARRRRR!!!

Chris China is fresh, Adam Rules Motley Crue #1, Class 7-201 84-85 ROCKS

—Alan F

Transtranger is among you she dreams music watch for the 3 blue dots

Led Zeppelin and Pink Floyd Rule! Mike Antonucci better stop stealing my fries!

—Joe A.

Watch for me a future make-up Artist soon to hit the top. . . Paco Diety

Lemmy, Motorhead Venom and Slayer are #1 in Metal

The A-Team, Knight Rider, The Fall Guy and Hardcastle + McCormick are number one.

I'd like to say hello to Chris, Jim and Sean; the dead that live. Thanks for the Fango sub, Mom—Kyle

Friday the 13th no. 5? Can't they just bury the hatchet and let it rest in peace?

The Jason Hunter

Jason Rules! Wanted: Evil Dead sequel

Elvira, mistress of the dark, Rules! Jason lives! Watch out, Matt and Joe, your nightmare's just beginning!

—Sid Slasher

Friday the 13th movies like forever.
Fame is #one
Carlo Imperato is #one

Whatever happened to the Stepford Wives? Oh, I'm not dead. . . check the initials

—M.M.

Tina, I love you. Halloween #1

—Steve

Cleve says Hi to Fla. Let's pull some lip real soon Hmmm? Are you crazy. We like watching blood movies w/snacks—Jason Winter

Dear Naboo, Love you always & forever—Bebe's

Count Eggula, watch out for the Lndon Broil! Blood-sucking woopiw dog Freaks!—I (been) GOR (ed)

ROADKILL is coming in 1987

You're right, "Doug Martin," The Thing, Dawn of the Dead and Fango live!

Fri 13th & King #1! Where's *Nightmare II*? Hi Aileen!
John

Breth, Karen, Bag, Marianne, Cathy & Braids—who said good friends are hard to find? Kathy—How was France? Happy are those—Jock

THE CURE

Michael Myers is dead. We're safe!

—Mike Wexler

Madman Marz Lives!

Tom Pearce

Terminator, Dawn of the Dead, F13 1-4, #1! Hi Mom, Darryl, Steve, Devon and Buckwheat. Greg and Ricky are Nerds. Dean '85

My Dad's the best cause he paid for this mag.

CJ—Here/it/is/creeps/for/the/creep—XXXXIW

VENOM & MERCYFUL FATE
HEAVY METAL FOREVER
Jason (F13-3) Voorhees Dead? If so, let him stay that way. From Marc, Michael Myer's friend.

Library

(Continued from page 56)

ary and *Human Animals*. It's worth it.

Though I applaud (vigorously) Balun's writing, I don't always agree with his ratings. To pick a couple at random, he slams *The Entity*, which I thought was one of the sleepers of 1983. On the other hand, he actually likes *C.H.U.D.*, which was such a disappointing stiff that I threw my box of Goobers at the screen. Balun also ladles generous portions of praise on the inept director of *Fear No Evil*, which I guess would have been appropriate had the movie been an autistic 8th-grader's summer project.

We do, however, see eye-to-eye on *The Dead Zone, Don't Go in the House*, and *Maniac*.

What makes *The Gore Score* refreshing—and, in its own peculiar way, useful— is that Chas. Balun takes the new breed of horror films for what they're worth. Sorry to say, in most cases, that ain't much. Balun tells it like it is in his introduction. For every worthwhile, genuinely frightening dead-teenager or zombie movie, there are a dozen pathetic, insulting, ripoff imitations. Maybe Chas. Balun is biting the hand that feeds him by pointing this out. Maybe I am, too. But if we didn't both love *true* horror movies in the first place, neither one of us would care. Defenders of the faith—how noble. All I know is that I can watch *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* or the original *Halloween* over and over and never get bored, but when I lay down my five pesos and wind up groaning through some badly-dubbed, plotless sleeping pill that has *National Geographic* stock footage of cannibals spliced into it, I feel like my pocket's been picked. I don't like it. I could've used that money for White Castle hamburgers. The end result is that you end up getting turned off to the whole genre, and you miss out on some potential winners. That's why we're fortunate to have a guy like Chas. Balun around, doing the heavy lifting for us. I now know, from reading *The Gore Score*, that I probably made a mistake in passing on such so-bad-they're-good classics as *Night of the Demon* and *Exterminator 2*. I have also come to the conclusion that Lucio Fulci is the world's greatest living director. I will try to pay more attention in the future.

The Gore Score is fun. I suppose you'd have to write to the author to obtain a copy, but that's all right. Maybe he's lonesome, and your letters will cheer him up.

P.S.: In addition to neglecting to number the pages, Chas. Balun has also neglected to indicate how much money he might like in exchange for a copy of *The Gore Score*. So, if you decide to send away for one, you'll have to play it by ear.

THINGS
To Come

Halloween is the next stop on the Fango express. Appropriately enough, this Fango day will come during the season of the werewolf. *Stephen King's Silver Bullet* has already warranted one story in Fango, and a feature on the effects for the picture is in the works. Not only that, but *The Howlind 2* is in the can and Philippe Mora (director of *The Beast Within*) will be on hand to tell all about the adventure of filming the picture in Czechoslovakia with Christopher Lee and Sybil Danning.

Dario Argento's latest film, previously mentioned in Fango as *Phenomena*, is now in release in the U.S. as *Creepers*. Our trusty British Correspondent Philip Nutman caught up to Argento on the other side of the Atlantic and his interview is on its way.

The Howling 2.

Also from England is coming a story on Freddie Francis' *Doctor and the Devils*, and an interview with Val Guest, the man who directed Hammer's first foray into horror, *The Creeping Unknown*, and who is now working on Hammer's new TV series to be called *Fox Mystery Theater* in the U.S.

Getting off the beaten track a bit, we're also looking into *Remo: The First Adventure*, a film adaptation based on *The Destroyer* books. On the retrospective front, there's an interview with writer David Duncan, who worked on such favorites as *The Thing that Couldn't Die*, *Monster on the Campus* and *The Time Machine*.

Be prepared.

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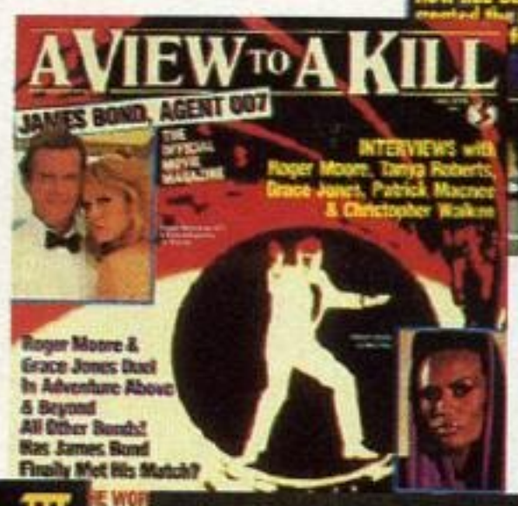

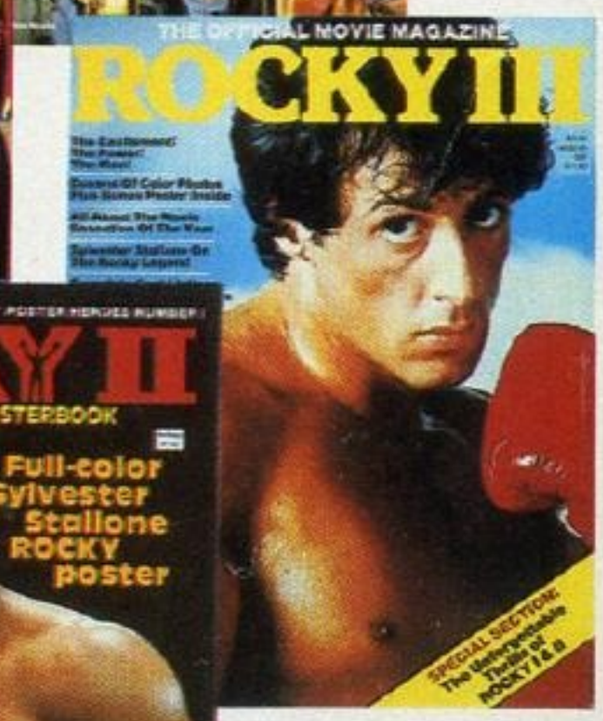

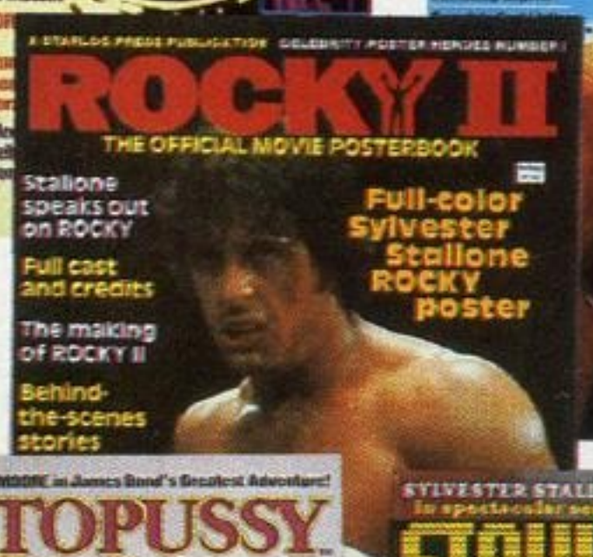

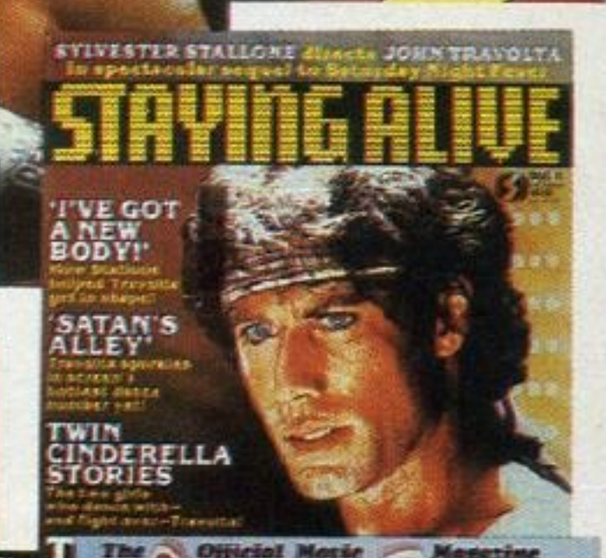

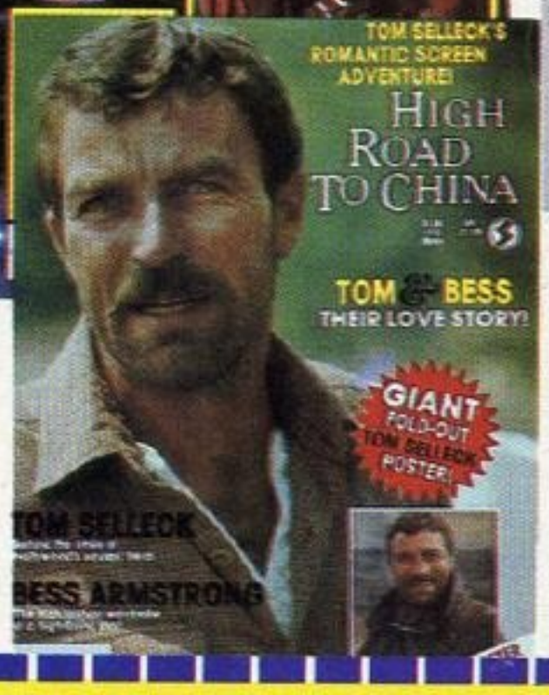

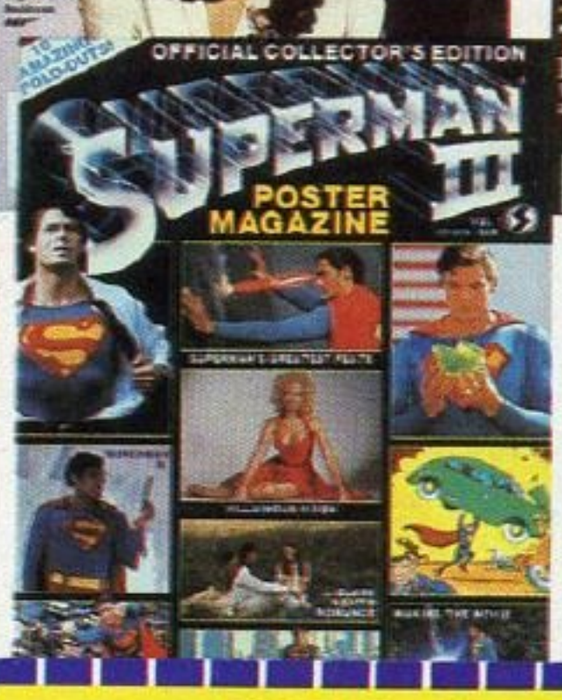

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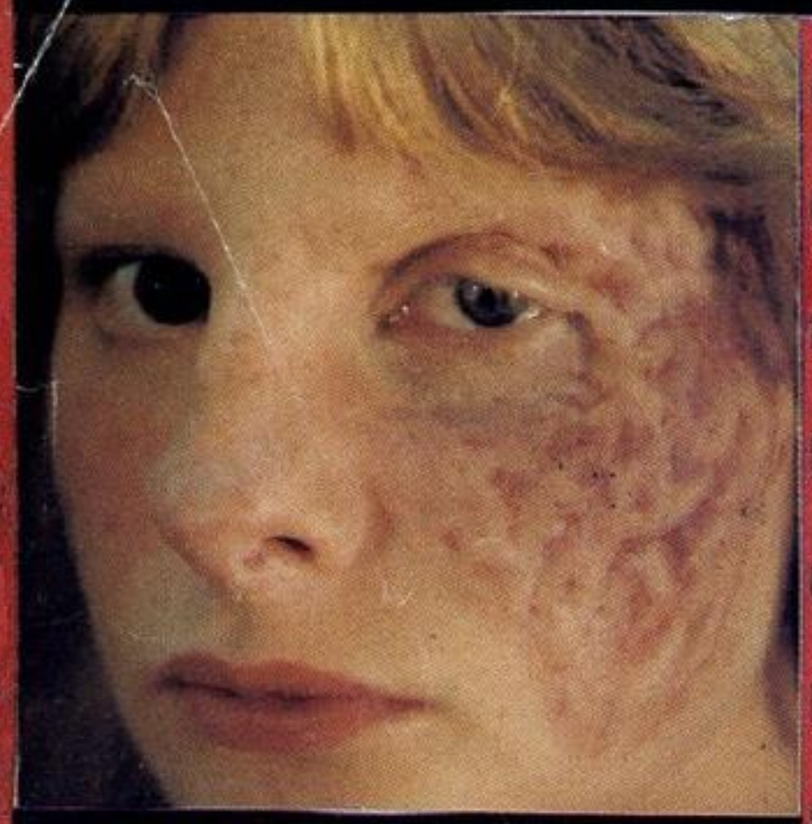

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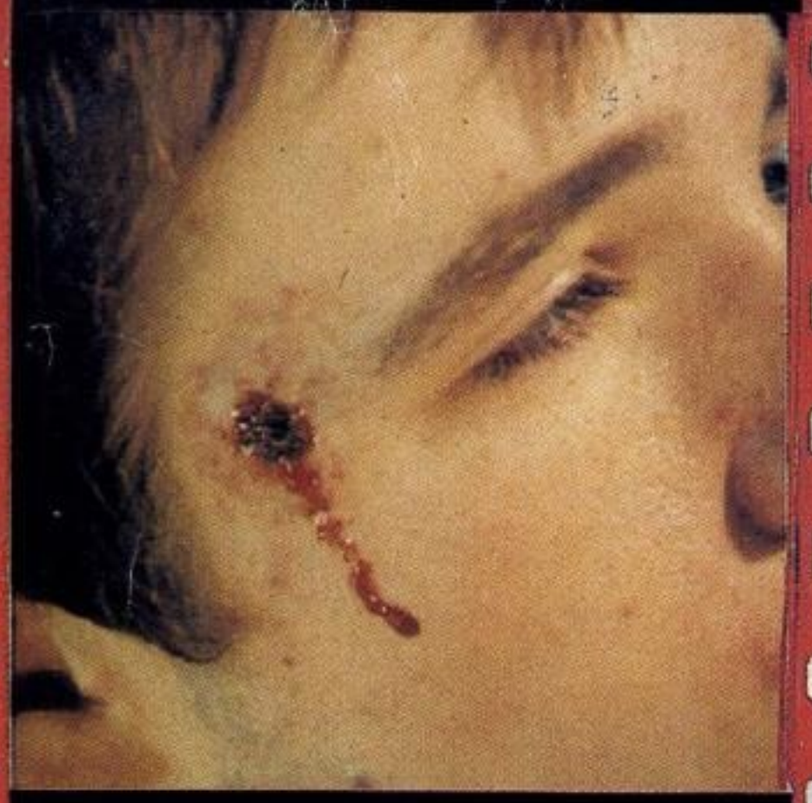

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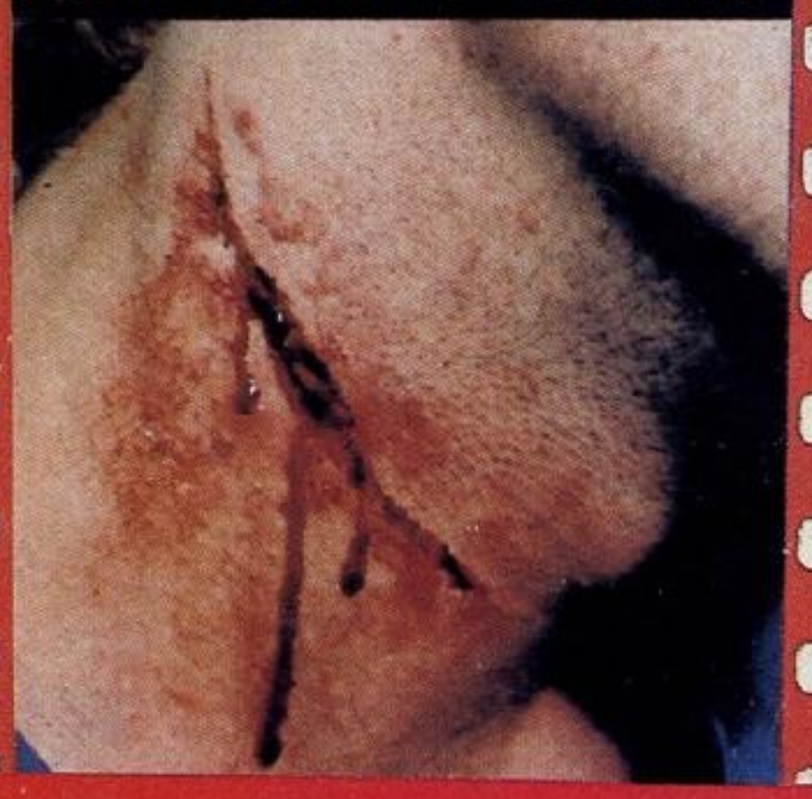

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